



How a bank clerk's imagination
turned a mistake into an important invention

Microfilm Holds the World's Records

By Don Wharton

IN MORE and more countries to day microfilm is playing its part in the lives of the people. Their insurance records, the bills they pay, the cheques they draw, are recorded on film. So are their case histories if they go to hospital.

All this has come about in the past 30 years as a result of an invention by an underpaid bank clerk who grew up on the pavements of New York and never went to a secondary school.

George McCarthy's father died when he was three. At 14 George left school to take an office job at 15 dollars a month. Four years later he was a \$20-a-week clerk at the Empire Trust Company. Soon he was married, had a family, more responsibilities, bigger bills. Trying

to work out some way to make more money McCarthy invented a card game which didn't catch on, then a horse racing game which also flopped.

One day in 1923 his imagination was stirred by an incident at the bank. A large depositor claimed that his account was debited with a 300-dollar cheque he'd never drawn, and since a depositor's cancelled cheques were returned to him with his monthly statement, the bank retained no proof of payment. It had to make good the 300 dollars.

McCarthy knew that this wasn't the first such payment. Sometimes the depositor was right, sometimes he was simply a schemer who cashed a cheque, destroyed it and demanded a refund. So, aged 36,

The India Office Library in London has had about 2,500 documents microfilmed by the Recordak division of Kodak. Every rare or unique manuscript is duplicated in this way. The microfilms are frequently lent to universities and other bodies in India as well as to individual students. One student whose home is in an area not supplied with electricity borrowed microfilm for use with a projector lighted by paraffin lamp.

Some of the library's 35,000 manuscripts (it also contains over a quarter of a million printed books) are scratched characters on palm leaves. The scratches have to be inked in before they can be recorded on microfilm.

McCarthy set out to invent a cheque-photographing machine

He knew nothing about photography. But he had a basement in his home and a wife who was willing to make sacrifices so that he could buy equipment. For a year he poured his funds and spare time into the idea—and got nowhere.

Then one night in 1924, at the cinema with his family, he saw a slow-motion picture of a pitcher throwing a baseball. In a flash the idea came to him. He talked to motion-picture experts about the possibility of photographing cheques in motion. They said it was impracticable. But McCarthy persisted; finally he found an engineer to construct an apparatus which synchronized a cheque-conveying belt with a cinematic camera. In March, 1925, they applied for a patent.

When tried out at the bank, the machine photographed cheques quickly and inexpensively, but it was huge, crude and noisy. Moreover, it wouldn't properly photograph signatures in light blue ink or cheques made of green or blue paper.

The partner became impatient, so McCarthy bought him out, set up a company and in his spare time went from bank to bank, seeking orders for his "Checkograph." Progress was slow. McCarthy demonstrated his piano-sized machine to hundreds of bankers at the 1926 conference of the American Bankers' Association. They were unimpressed.

One person who saw the Checkograph *was* impressed, however—a representative of Eastman Kodak. McCarthy was summoned to their head office at Rochester, New York State. Eastman Kodak wanted to buy him out. But McCarthy, an amateur at inventing, was a professional at bargaining.

Soon he had a contract which gave him nearly 50,000 dollars in cash, ten per cent royalties on all sales and leases of machines, royalties on all film for such machines, and a job at about five times his bank salary.

Eastman engineers quickly discarded the Checkograph, produced a streamlined machine called the Recordak, and began devising more sensitive film to solve the problem of reproducing pale inks and dark paper. In May, 1928, a Recordak

was installed in McCarthy's old bank—the first establishment to use the new machine. By 1933 some 700 machines were operating in 244 cities and towns in the United States, and in Britain the Midland Bank, then the largest in the world, was about to instal one. McCarthy, as president of Recordak, was collecting royalties of 30,000 dollars a year.

The pre-Munich crisis brought McCarthy's company a huge assignment, microfilming the vast records of the Bank of England. Crews worked day and night putting the records on film, which was then stored underground in Wales. Other British banks followed suit. By the time Hitler pounced on Poland, banks, government offices and businesses on the continent were microfilming their records.

Microfilming's biggest war job was the V-mail. Britain started it in 1941 to save cargo space on troop mail to Egypt—150,000 microfilm letters could be put in one mailbag. After V-J day it was estimated that the Allies had delivered 1,500 million V-mail letters.

Incidentally, a crude forerunner of V-mail was used during the Franco-Prussian war of 1870 to get 20-word messages to besieged citizens of Paris. At Tours the messages were set in type and some 3,000 photographed on a single glass plate the size of a visiting card. The image was then transferred to a thin film which was tucked in a quill

tied to the wing of a carrier pigeon. When the pigeons reached Paris a lantern slide projected the messages on to a screen, clerks copied them on telegraph forms for delivery. The Germans shot down some pigeons with rifle fire, attacked others with trained falcons, but 115,000 messages were delivered.

A key step in the widespread use of microfilming was made in the early 1930's by David Rogers, librarian of the New York *Herald Tribune*. Rogers, concerned about the deterioration of newspaper files, was searching for an answer when he was called into court to give evidence about someone's cheque. When a microfilm copy of the cheque was flashed on a screen Rogers had his answer.

He went to see McCarthy, and by 1933 the first newspaper microfilming instrument was developed. The first hundred years of the *Herald Tribune* files had occupied 181,571 cubic feet. On microfilm it went into a cabinet the size of a home book-



case. Today files of some 4,000 newspapers throughout the world are on microfilm. Now *The Times* has been microfilmed from 1785 to 1954; sixteen complete sets have been purchased in America alone.

For about two cents a page the U.S. Library of Congress will now microfilm for you any book or document in its 30-million-item collection. The National Library in Paris has a similar service. Machines have been developed in Britain, Sweden and the United States to project pages of microfilmed books on to the ceiling or on to specially adjusted screens for bedridden patients.

Microfilming has enabled libraries everywhere to acquire much valuable material. The U.S. Library of Congress has filmed the archives of the Japanese Foreign Ministry back to 1868. Expeditions have been sent to film ancient manuscript collections—in Jerusalem, for instance, and in a monastery on the slopes of Mount Sinai. St. Louis University has been microfilming the manuscript collection of the Vatican library—60,000 codices, each containing 10 to 100 manuscripts.

In Britain, where one-tenth of the post is concerned with the football pools, the promoters record each entry on microfilm. The soccer pools in Bavaria and Württemberg-Baden also microfilm all betting slips. The minutes of the Hamburg Senate,



kept since 1740, are now all on microfilm. Three years ago several fugitives from the Russian zone set up an office in West Berlin to microfilm documentary evidence of East Berliners' property rights. If such property is seized by the

Soviets these films stored in the Berlin Central Archives, may one day enable the owners to give valid support to their claims. Some American banks make microfilm copies of several dozen of the notes put into each teller's till. If the bank is robbed, the thieves get currency which can be traced. The most famous microfilms in America were those of the Alger Hiss papers that Whittaker Chambers hid in a pumpkin.

In Havana, telephone information operators no longer have to look up numbers in bulky directories; instead, they sit before microfilm reading-units. To find a subscriber's number the operator simply presses a button which causes the power-driven film to whirl towards the desired part of the alphabet.

George McCarthy headed Recordak until his death last summer. By then microfilming was at work in at least 60 industries. McCarthy left an estate in excess of a million dollars. For him, as for the business and cultural world, the 300-dollar banking error that stirred him in 1923 turned out to be the most fortunate mistake any bank ever made.

It started when a missionary's bride taught three Brazilian children to read. Now it's one of the most lively educational centres on earth

Faith Built This University

By Michael Scully

MARY ANNESLEY CHAMBERLAIN, bride of a Presbyterian missionary, gazed from her window in São Paulo, Brazil, one morning in 1870. Her thoughts were on the children in the street. Born in poverty, without schools, they would grow up shackled by ignorance—unless someone did something. She went to the door and, with pastries, coaxed in two little boys and a girl. Then for an hour she held them wide-eyed with stories from a book.

Mary Chamberlain would be astounded if she could see what has come of her sudden impulse.

The trio came back the next day, and the next. Mrs. Chamberlain showed them how, by drawing letters, they could learn to decipher the book's fascinating tales for themselves. Soon they were deep in a wonderful game of learning to read and write. In a short time they began to bring friends, and the little house bulged with small Brazilians.



Mary's husband, George, realizing that they had an incipient school on their hands, rented a shabby storeroom nearby. Interested parents helped to whitewash it and knock together tables and benches. Then Mary and an assistant began regular classes while Chamberlain, who helped to maintain his mission by part-time work as a travelling salesman, redoubled his efforts to support the new *Escola Americana*.

As new classes were added each year the young missionaries became desperate for funds. Then in 1878, Dom Pedro II, Emperor of Brazil, visited São Paulo and dropped in at the school unannounced.

Dom Pedro, a scholar and amateur scientist, was a hereditary ruler with the odd conviction that he should guide his people towards democracy. On a trip to the United States he had studied Horace Mann's crusade to provide schools for all the people. In the Chamberlains' school he saw a seed of that idea planted in Brazil. The Emperor made a contribution to nourish it, and others followed his lead.

This support gave Chamberlain more time for business. He built a successful importing house, and the profits went to the school.

São Paulo has seen dramatic changes since 1870. The city, then a drowsy coffee market of 30,000, has become a great industrial metropolis with a population approaching three million. And Mary Chamberlain's little *escola*—grown to university

status with 20 buildings—is one of the most lively educational centres on earth.

During the years of its early growth the school was almost entirely supported by contributions from the Presbyterian Mission Board and other friends in North America. It got its name through an incident typical of its unorthodox history. John Mackenzie, of New York, had planned to go to Brazil as a missionary but instead was diverted to a law practice. In the 1880's he heard about the struggling *Escola Americana*. Before he could carry out his plan to visit the school, Mackenzie died, but his will provided funds for the first college building, which grateful students dubbed "The Mackenzie."

Today the *Escola Americana* relies largely on Brazilian contributions and tuition fees. It still begins with elementary school classes, but continues through excellent secondary, technical and commercial schools to colleges of science, engineering, law, architecture, pedagogy and arts and letters. Many of the most distinguished Brazilians are among its 35,000 former scholars and graduates. With 5,350 students, it is South America's largest privately supported educational institution; its reputation is such that for lack of facilities it has to turn away 1,500 applicants a year.

The student body is a sampling of the many races and creeds that make up São Paulo. Two thirds are

Catholic, the remainder Protestant, Jewish, Eastern Orthodox and Buddhist. Nearly all students are Brazilians, but less than half are of the old Portuguese stock. The rest are descended from immigrants who in the past 60 years have brought São Paulo a steady infusion of new blood, talents and ideas.

The teaching staff of 250 has been constantly enriched by this immigrant stream. Doctor Constantino Victoroff, of the University of Petrograd, fled the Bolshevik revolution in 1919, reaching Brazil with nothing but a reputation as an electrical engineer. São Paulo offered him lucrative opportunities in industry. "But Mackenzie fascinated me," he relates. "Old Russia's universities had been only for the élite." For 28 years he has been happily turning out Mackenzie electrical engineers for Brazil.

The chemistry building is named after Dr. Alfred Slater, who went out as a fledgling British scientist in 1904 and who retired this year after 50 years of training São Paulo laboratory experts. Jaroslav Smit, born of Czech parents in Java, made his way through Mackenzie as an immigrant boy, became an electronics expert and has now returned to the science faculty. The dean of the university, Dr. Henrique Pegado, is Argentine-born, a Mackenzie graduate and naturalized Brazilian. "It's odd," he reflects, "that the United Nations struggles so to prove what we take for granted here: that

all races can work together for the only worth-while end—the advancement of civilization."

When George Chamberlain gave the school a new site in 1885, he formed a board of trustees in New York to hold title to its property, now valued at 12 million dollars. Control has since largely passed to an administrative council in São Paulo.

During the 1953 fund-raising campaign for a new auditorium, laboratory and academic buildings, 90 per cent of 3,000 contributions came from the city's business and professional men, many of them Mackenzie graduates. They have also made major gifts such as *Acampamento Cabuçu*, a tract of 175 acres equipped with living quarters and engineering laboratories. Another contribution is equally important: Mackenzie's teaching staff is supplemented by São Paulo professional men who, for a small salary, give as much as half their time to lecturing there. Says Francisco de Salles Oliveira, graduate of Mackenzie and Yale and now a top-flight engineer-industrialist, "We shall be many years repaying what the school has done for São Paulo."

That contribution was given its most fruitful direction by Dr. Horace Lane, Mackenzie's President from 1884 to 1912. Lane, who had spent years in Brazilian missions, asked himself: "What does this region need most?"—then set out to provide it.

The first need was for elementary school teachers. Lane expanded the secondary school course to include teacher training. The programme was so effective that when São Paulo founded a state elementary school system, the *Escola Americana* was taken as a model.

When the world appetite for coffee began to soar in the late 1800's, São Paulo State became the chief beneficiary. Lane saw that the virgin interior would have to be opened with railways, roads, new towns and land developments. That required civil engineers and Lane began producing them. It also meant that the city's export business would expand, so in 1890 he established Brazil's first commercial school to train secretaries, accountants and foreign-trade correspondents.

The city's phenomenal growth began in the 1920's when, by a gigantic engineering feat, scores of streams were consolidated into the world's third most plentiful source of hydro-electric power. Mackenzie anticipated the need with courses in

electrical, chemical, industrial and sanitary engineering and architecture. Now there are two jobs awaiting every graduate.

In 1932 Dr. Benjamin Hunnicutt, then Mackenzie's president, organized Brazil's first complete technical college. Together with a solid groundwork of mathematics, history, languages, chemistry and geography, students receive special training in electricity, mechanics, laboratory techniques and industrial management. On qualifying they are ready for well-paid jobs that can lead to the executive level. Hundreds of young *paulistas* who might have drifted into makeshift lives owe successful careers to the *Escola Técnica*.

Look into the offices, factories and laboratories of São Paulo today, count the Mackenzie men and women who contribute to its dynamic spirit, and you conclude that no school or university has ever served a people more fruitfully, in so short a time, than this amazing outgrowth of Mary Chamberlain's generous impulse.

Hints to Playgoers

*T*O THE actor on the stage, the tiniest whisper in the auditorium is as audible as a pistol shot. In Boston, Jane Cowl once brought down the curtain as a protest against a knot of chattering playgoers. She said she would leave it down until they had finished rather than interrupt them with her own poor little efforts on the stage. Once, in the play "Redemption," when John Barrymore had duly shot himself and reached the floor, he could be heard murmuring, not merely as Tolstoy had meant him to, that he was glad to die, but, on this occasion, adding the further detail that he was "glad to leave a world of barking seals."

—Alexander Woolcott

Woman's Finest Rôle

By Dr. Emily Hartshorne Mudd

EVEN IN these modern days there are many women who feel that their finest contribution can be made through marriage, motherhood and identification with the creative activities of their men.

As one modern and prominent wife puts it, "To be a successful wife is a career in itself, requiring, among other things, the qualities of a diplomat, a businesswoman, a good cook, a trained nurse, a school-teacher, a politician, and a glamour girl. It can be the most completely rewarding of all careers."

Who better illustrates this than Emma Wedgwood Darwin, wife of the great scientist Charles Darwin? Darwin was always physically frail and would, in all probability, have been unable to cope with the complex responsibilities of life and a family—plus creative research—had it not been for the unswerving devotion of this wonderful woman.

Lady Darwin put at the disposal of her husband an absolute belief and confidence in the things which were vital to him—his researches.

She took over the management of his income, his house and children; she protected her scientist from interruptions and worries that would distract his singleness of purpose; in addition to all this, she bore him ten children, of whom five sons and two daughters outlived him. In part, as a result of this devotion, three of these sons have since been knighted for outstanding achievement in their own right.

Again, we think of Madame Pasteur, whose devotion and loyalty to a brilliant and an often misunderstood chemist exposed her to ridicule and persecution and put her loyalty to the test through the illness and death from typhoid fever of two of her three children. At all times she accepted the vagaries of a household whose routine revolved round the exotic and untimely events of an experimental laboratory, believing always in the results of her husband's creative mind.

This great woman also found courage to fortify her own beloved daughter, at the moment of her approaching motherhood, for the continued absence of her young husband, who was closeted behind locked doors in her father's laboratory. Madame Pasteur told her daughter that this was part of the life of a great man's wife and daughter.

Cosima Liszt Wagner summed up this philosophy with the words, "Women are put into the world to

help great men." The majority of women quite consciously identify themselves with this rôle, and many make a success of it.

It is natural and to be expected that the names of such women are

seldom known beyond the confine of their families and friends, unless their husbands become famous. As a generic type, however, they constitute the backbone of our civilization.



Return to Manus

THERE'S something very heartening about the report of Dr. Margaret Mead's findings on Manus Island, in the territory of New Guinea. Having last visited Manus in the late '20's, the eminent anthropologist returned last year to delve into changes wrought in the native culture as a result of contact with Service men during the Second World War.

As long as we can remember, the plot of this sort of story has followed dismally predictable lines. The curtain rises on an Eden-like scene, peopled with healthy, happy, handsome natives singing as they go about the few chores that suffice to keep them well fed, sheltered and prettily unclothed. Fish swim contentedly into nets thrown by laughing young men. The weather is clement; the gods are benevolent; the local king rules with a rod of purest love. Then, alas, enter the white man, an uninvited emissary from the dog-eat-dog world of civilization, and you know what happens!

Even in more modern versions—in which a theoretically benevolent government replaces the rapacious individual as villain—contact with civilization apparently serves only to hoist the happy islanders just far enough out of their primitive existence to make them thoroughly dissatisfied with life. No longer willing to support themselves bountifully by living off the fruits of land and sea, these once-charming, self-sufficient folk become utterly and morosely dependent on their new white masters.

But now, thanks to Dr. Mead, we can hold up our heads again. She says that 25 years ago life on Manus was nothing like the idyllic existence you might suppose. The people were quarrelsome, taboo-ridden savages who spent most of their short lives collecting dogs' teeth, which served as money, and capturing other people to sell to cannibals.

All that has changed since the war. Australian money has replaced dogs' teeth. Majority rule prevails, and disputes are now settled by native courts instead of by personal violence. The islanders laugh a lot more than they used to. They squabble less and go about singing such things as "Nearer My God to Thee" and "You are My Sunshine." What's more, they've scrapped the old taboo against a man's talking to his mother-in-law. If that's not democracy at its best, we'd like to know what is.

—Editorial in *The Saturday Evening Post*



A BELL FOR OKINAWA

By Bruce Bliven, Jr

“I’M THE doctor in charge of the leper colony on Okinawa,” said the caller at the offices of the Blue Funnel Lines in Liverpool. “I have a request to make: will you ship, free of charge, a church bell from Hamburg to Okinawa?”

Lawrence Holt, then Blue Funnel’s senior partner, was puzzled. He listened while his visitor, Doctor Rolf von Scorebrand, an American of German birth, explained. He had been at Okinawa’s 1,000-patient leper colony, Airaku-en (“Garden of Brotherly Love”), since 1949. The colony, located near a hide-out for Japanese warships during the Second World War, had been bombed and almost completely destroyed. Now, in this summer of 1952, they were still rebuilding, and he wanted the bell for a purpose as

*Faith forged it,
and faith moved it half way
round the world*

much medical as religious.

The cure for Hansen’s disease (now the preferred name for leprosy) takes several years, and during that time it is essential that the patient have faith in the possibility of getting well. Okinawa’s native religion holds that this affliction is God’s punishment for sin, and consequently incurable. The bell was to ring for church services at which patients could learn that they had every right, on religious grounds, to hope for recovery. It would also help to persuade the rest of the Okinawans to accept the former victims as part of the community.

With new drugs, at least one fifth of all patients can be cured. "The really tough part of my work," Dr. von Scorebrand went on, "is trying to convince the Okinawans that they should welcome back the colony's cured patients. We're training useful citizens. Our literacy rate is now 100 per cent. We teach job techniques in which strong hands and feet aren't too important—the disease often damages the extremities. The difficulty is in overcoming fear and superstition, and in making the islanders proud of their leper colony and its work. That's where the bell will help. 'Hear that?' Okinawans will say. 'Airaku-en has a fine, loud bell.'

"The question is this," Dr. von Scorebrand continued "Can you pick up the bell in Hamburg and deliver it to Okinawa? I wish we could pay the charges, but unfortunately we haven't any money."

Holt, who up to this point had betrayed no indication of how he felt about the proposal, said briskly, "I'll give you the necessary papers."

Dr. von Scorebrand was dumbfounded. The entire transaction had taken less than ten minutes.

Then the doctor recalled that he had no bell to pick up—yet. He merely hoped he would have. Liverpool was a stop on a round-the-world trip he was making—to confer with experts on Hansen's disease, to report his successes in the rehabilitation field and to look for help, of whatever kind, for Airaku-en.

He had been sitting in a deck chair on a Blue Funnel Lines steamer one day when his eyes fell on a magazine photograph of a bell "cemetery" in Hamburg, one of the cities he planned to visit. The caption said that dozens of "displaced" bells from East German churches were lying on a vacant site where they had been collected by the Nazis for recasting into guns. One of those orphan bells, Dr. von Scorebrand had thought, would be perfect for the leper colony. The patients would be impressed by a bell that had come from so far away. And he, von Scorebrand, who had had to leave Germany in 1933 because of too much anti-Hitler talk, would take special delight in giving a bell, silenced by the Nazis, a chance to ring again.

Arriving in Hamburg, Dr. von Scorebrand asked Bishop Schoeffel if he knew about the bell collection. Yes, the Bishop did, but unfortunately the doctor was too late. All the bells had been distributed to churches in the Western Zone.

Dr. von Scorebrand could not conceal his disappointment, but he was not one to give up easily. By December he was in Berlin. Whenever he spoke to an audience about Airaku-en he won new enthusiasts, and he usually managed to mention his hunt for a bell. "It could be just a little bell," he was quoted in the Berlin *Morgenpost*, "but a bell in our colony on Okinawa would also ring for Germany."

A few days later Dr. von Scorebrand had a telephone call from Dr. Franz Weeren, owner of the Neukölln Iron Works in West Berlin, famous for the bells it makes. Could Dr. von Scorebrand see him?

Dr. Weeren explained that some of his workmen had read the *Morgenpost* interview and had offered one bell's worth of labour if the management would match their donation with the necessary materials and equipment.

"I told them I thought they had a fine idea," Dr. Weeren said. "We'll cast a brand new bell, and put a message or a name on it."

Dr. von Scorebrand thought a moment. "Let's name it *Zuversicht* (confidence)," he said. "That can be a message from Germany to Airaku-en as well as a motto for my patients."

Five weeks later, formal presentation ceremonies for the newly cast bell were held. The Confidence Bell, suspended from a frame, was dressed for the occasion in a dazzling coat of silvery paint with a gold band round the top where the inscription "Weeren—Zuversicht—1953" appeared in bas-relief. The men who had worked on it pulled the bell rope. The air was filled with a deep, resonant tolling.

Now came the problem of getting the bell from West Berlin to Hamburg. "It's risky," Dr. Weeren warned. "The bell weighs close on a ton and a half, and the Russians can be difficult when it comes to

things made of metal." He called in the driver of the road transport firm he sometimes used (the bell was too heavy to fly out).

Dr. von Scorebrand and Dr. Weeren were standing by the bell when Max, the driver, arrived. He looked the bell over carefully. "The fancy paint has got to come off," he said. "The Russians might think it's really made of gold and silver. We'll have to dirty it so that it will look old and worthless."

"Also," Max said, "I'd like a thick stack of documents. It doesn't matter what they say, so long as there are plenty of seals, stamps and signatures. If that can be arranged, I'm pretty sure we can get through all right. And by the way, my company won't expect any money for this job. They've heard about the bell."

No one knows precisely how Max negotiated his way past the Russian check-points, but he succeeded. And from then on everything went smoothly. Mr. Holt's free passage offer was still good, but, as it turned out, Dr. von Scorebrand didn't need it. The United States Lines had a ship about to sail, and they carried the bell to New York; from there, the Nippon-Yusen-Kaisha Company took it to Okinawa.

At Airaku-en, as soon as the patients got word that a bell was on the way, there was tremendous excitement. "Mayor" Yusuke Tokuda, head of the patients' self-govern-

ment, called a special meeting. It was agreed that such a bell deserved a tower, and that the best site was the top of Airaku-en's highest hill. That meant building a road up the hill.

It was an ambitious decision. The colony has no road-building equipment, and the patients find picks and shovels almost unmanageable. But everyone who could—including many seriously crippled—joined in. Undergrowth and soil were carried away in slings suspended from bamboo poles on the shoulders of two-man teams. In order to make the gradient easy, the diggers had to cut deep into hard clay and coral rock.

On the summit they built a handsome tower designed by one of the patients. The open-sided structure, with a hint of the proportions of an

Oriental temple, was roofed over and painted white. Then the entire hillside was carefully landscaped and planted with hundreds of lilies. After the bell arrived and was hung, in the summer of 1953, the colonists named the hill von Scorebrand Park.

The Confidence Bell now rings whenever there are services in the House of Prayer. It rings to call everyone together for any other important meeting. It rings to mark the noon hour. In rich, clear tones it announces that the people of Airaku-en are gradually becoming stronger and healthier, and that some of them are being restored to normal life. All Okinawa marvels at the fact that German workmen, on the other side of the world, should have seen fit to give Airaku-en such a fine, loud bell.



Good Losers Never Lose

A MERCHANT in a small town ran for office, and was overwhelmingly defeated. He polled so few votes that he appeared ridiculous in the eyes of his neighbours, and both his social and business standing were in danger. It's hard to be laughed at and still hold your ground.

But this merchant was a good sport. What is more he knew the perils of becoming the town joke. So he beat the town to it!

The morning after the election he put this sign in his window: "\$25 reward for the name of the man who cast that vote for me."

Everybody saw it, and everybody laughed. But they laughed with him, and not at him. People came into his shop to shake hands, and congratulate him on his sense of humour and sportsmanship. The story of the sign went the rounds of the county, and farmers began to drop into his shop to trade. Thus the merchant turned defeat into a personal triumph by proving that he was the town's best loser.

—Edgar Guest in *The American Magazine*

The Grand Trunk Road to Agra

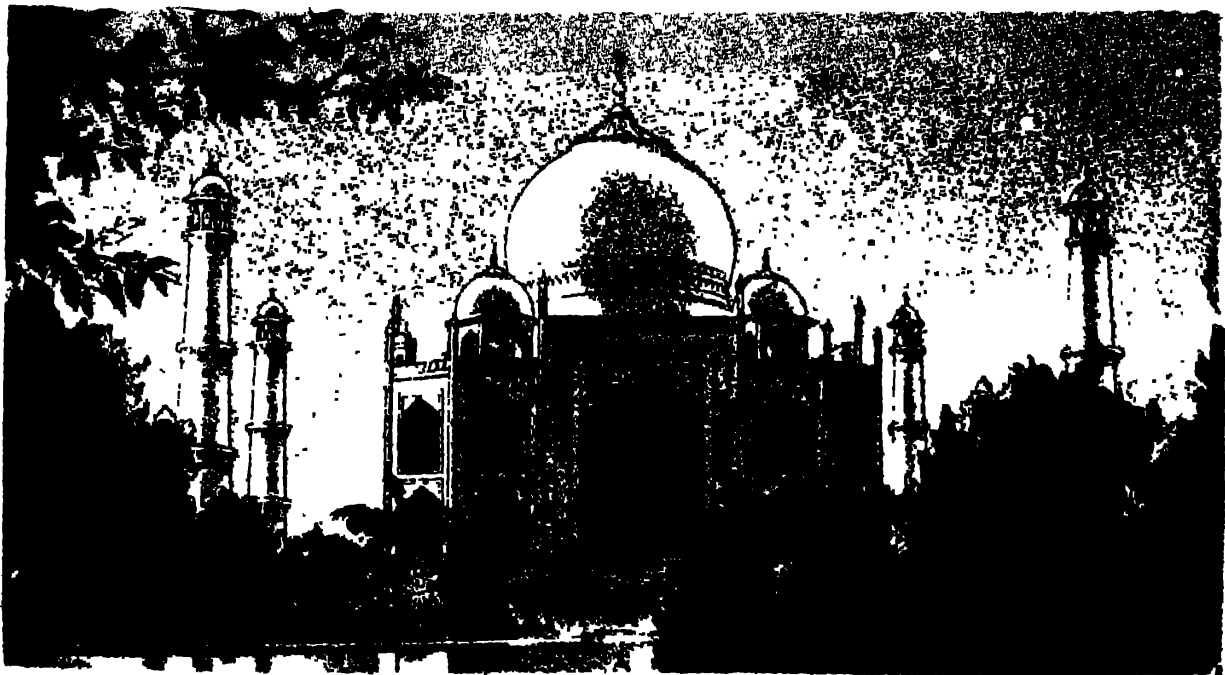
By Vice-Admiral Leslie Stevens, USN (Ret.) *Author of "Russian Assignment"*

WAS brought up on Kipling and had long since reached the regretful conclusion that the magic of India had completely evaporated in the dry heat of modern economics. Today, I know that this is not so. India is full of believers who keep its magic alive. Nor does one need to be a believer to feel its charm.

The Grand Trunk Road, Kim's Road, still runs from Lahore to Cal-

cutta, "bearing without crowding India's traffic for 1,500 miles—such a river of life as nowhere else exists in the world." I decided to travel along it when I learned that Agra and the Taj Mahal are some 125 miles from Delhi on that very road. It was near the time of the full moon, and it is common knowledge that then is when one should look on the Taj Mahal.

In the diamond dawn of a golden



winter day I set forth with a bearded Sikh driver in a little English car. It is tautological to call a Sikh bearded, for his religion forbids him ever to shave or cut his hair. His black beard curls beautifully and his hair is done up in a little top-knot, seldom seen because of his big turban. The Sikhs were some of the finest fighting men of the Indian armies. Most of them are big and like so many Indians, soft-spoken. My Sikh's name was Matrah Singh. He had a plaid rug across his shoulders against the early morning chill, and behind his fierce, swept-back beard, his face was surprisingly young and gentle.

For a space in Delhi the Grand Trunk Road becomes the Chandni Chowk, the Street of Silver. It is crowded with shops all with their floor level about waist high and extending in a shelf along the road. Grave Indians can sit comfortably there and watch the traffic, smoke a big copper water pipe or eat tangerines, huge gooseberries, rich dates, or those unbelievable potatoes that are filled with air.

Three or four elephants, loaded with hay, swaggered down the crowded street past the big red sandstone mosque where a hair of the Prophet's beard is cherished. A doe-eyed, high-humped dun cow with spreading horns painted bright blue and hung with garlands of orange and yellow marigolds went past, followed by a white goat, half of which was dyed pink.

All about, as we left the city, the Punjab plain lay brown and bare, dotted with trees that stood singly or in small groups, as far as the eye could see. It seemed almost desert, but Matrah Singh said that the whole land became green with the rains. Wells were frequent, sometimes being worked for irrigation by cattle or water buffaloes, sometimes by the united efforts of a family, pulling up huge buckets of water drawn by a rope running over a pulley.

The road was lined with spreading trees, so that it ran in continuous shade from the hot Indian sun. Most of them were neem trees which look like giant versions of pepper trees. The neem is good for the teeth, and is used throughout India to clean them. The leaves are sharply bitter to the taste, but there remains a cool after-effect like that of mint. Often there would be a long avenue of bo trees, whose heavier foliage made the road into a dim tunnel. (It was the bo tree under which Buddha first began to teach, and it is the bo or pipal that is the common shade tree of China and of India.)

The Grand Trunk Road is paved, and paved far better than are the roads in some countries, such as Russia, that claim to be more advanced than India. True, some 20 miles from Delhi the double width narrows down until it is wide enough for only a single vehicle. Through the golden dust, one meets

head-on a great herd of sleek, wide-horned cattle or slug-like buffaloes, or passes a string of shaggy supercilious camels with rope muzzles, or a group of monkeys sitting solemnly by the road, perhaps with a baby monkey carried in long, hairy, reddish-grey arms. Green and yellow parrots scream and rocket through the shade to perch woodpecker-like on the trunks of the trees.

We were happy to turn out for a bullock-drawn wedding cart, for weddings mean good luck the world over. The big archaic wheels of the wagons have not changed for millennia, and this one was crowned with a double-domed canopy, like the humps of the Bactrian camel. The bullocks, gay with flowers, moved with a stately gait beneath their embroidered plum-coloured blankets, and a profusion of rugs partly covered the elaborately carved body of the rig.

Bright-clothed women walked proudly in the dust, balancing great shining vessels of copper and brass on their heads. They were clad in lime-coloured saris, lemon-coloured ones, others of burnt orange, still others of tan or cream with red border, and they wore either little trousers with embroidered cuffs, all of peach, chartreuse, apricot or raspberry, or blue-pink pyjamas.

One of the charms of Asia is the sense of being an intimate part of the everyday life of the people, for they live in the streets. A thin, hawk-

nosed man sits by the road while a barber shaves his head with a wickedly thin razor. Kettles bubble appetizingly, and the air is spicy and fragrant with the promise of food. Whole industries are carried on in the street: glazing, pottery-making on the age-old potter's wheel, and rope-making—spread out by the road for a hundred yards or more. And beside the road, people lie peacefully asleep on rope beds.

Once we passed a tall elephant that carried a bed on its back. Leisurely propped up thereon and smoking a hookah was a grizzled, arrogant-looking old man. The elephant's brow and temples were elaborately decorated with blue, orange and yellow designs, and the bed was hung with bells swinging from heavy chains. Matrah said that the tough old rider was doubtless an overseer, for if he were the owner of the elephant, he would be dressed better and would be accompanied by a retinue on foot. Only the rich have elephants, for they are expensive to keep.

The dry, tree-studded landscape stayed essentially the same, although from time to time low hills loomed in the distance, or stony outcroppings rose from the plain nearby. Such places were the abode of tigers. Matrah said that a tiger had been killed recently only 15 miles from Delhi, and another had been shot on the road near Agra.

Almost without being aware of it, we were suddenly in Muttra, one of

the holiest cities of India.

"Do you see that low platform in the hills?" asked Matrah Singh. "There lives a very famous *sadhu*. He was once a professor of English and of science in the university, but when the call came to become a holy man, he gave up everything. Now he wears only a loincloth."

"I have heard that some *sadhus* can leave their bodies," I said. "Can this holy man do that?"

"Oh yes. One day people came to him greatly disturbed, because they thought that he had been murdered. His head and arms had been seen beside the road in different places. That night many people congregated about his house, and he threw his head and arms out to them separately, to show that he could do so without hurt."

The Indians live in a world where the natural and the supernatural go hand in hand. What with their belief in so many marvels, their acceptance of transformations and shape-shifting as a way of life, their firm faith in reincarnation, and the many intricacies of their complex religions, anything can happen.

And then I saw two huge bears in the road ahead of us, held on nose leashes by a pair of ruffians. I told Matrah Singh to stop, and as we pulled up beside the road, one of the men began to chant and to rattle his double-ended mendicant's drum, while the other man rolled over and over on the ground in a friendly wrestling match with his bear. The

other animal, responding to the drum, reared up and danced, a head taller than a tall man. The bells on his ankles jingled merrily as he stepped sideways in perfect time with the drum, rotating both his huge paws, and then he moved his head horizontally from side to side in the classic Indian movement that makes one doubt one's own eyesight.

Everyone knows that the Taj Mahal was built by Shah Jehan as a tomb for his favourite wife. It takes its name from one of the titles of the queen, "Crown of the Palace." I had expected the Taj to be exquisite, but small and jewel-like. Actually, it is imposing and exciting in its very size. The sunlight burns white on its sleek gigantic surfaces, which imperceptibly become a rich antique yellow in the shadows. It seemed like a vast, fabulous ivory carving, set in a wonderful garden of clipped grass, roses, bougainvillea, trumpet flowers and blossoming trees. The still pools in which it is mirrored are filled with darting fish.

Conquerors and thieves have stolen the diamonds and other jewels with which the actual tombs were once crusted, and the looted golden doors have been replaced with carved wood; but nowhere else on earth remains such a vastness of fretted marble. And all over those gigantic sweeping surfaces, both inside and out, are patterns—lotus blossoms, poppies, lilies, and long

• quotations from the Koran in graceful Arabic script—all laid into the marble in jade, lapis lazuli, agate, carnelian, onyx and porphyry with the most beautiful taste and skill

"I pity the poor queen," said Matrah softly, interrupting the silence, "who could not live to see such a wonder"

The sun was setting when we returned to Agra to wait for moonrise

• A shaven headed man in a maroon and silver wrapping caught my eye as he sat on his hunches in the court. Three birds on little leashes, canary-like birds but somewhat bigger, with yellow ochre throats and topknots, fluffed and preened on perches by his side. The man tossed a ring in the air, and one of the birds left its perch and caught the ring in its beak before it struck the ground. Coins were similarly tossed, each to be caught in mid-air and returned to him. At his order, one of the birds broke off a bit of betel leaf and put it in the man's mouth, and another held a needle and thread in its claw and strung tiny beads on it. I saw those birds pick out numbered cards as I called the numbers, and I saw them released from their little leashes in order to bring their owner leaves from the top of whatever tree I might choose. And after each little act, the bird bobbed and bridled coquettishly as the man petted it and fed it tiny grains of millet.

A big moon was riding in the sky that night when we arrived again at the gate to the gardens of the Taj.

The great dome of the marble wonder was itself a dim but perfect half moon. Flanked by its soaring minarets, it was mirrored in the long pool of still water as yet another vast and bellying moon. Everything that did not shine, including the clipped trees that edge the pool, made flat patterns of black silhouette. The tremendous ivory structure dreamed in the blue night, silent and completely unreal.

That would have been enough to keep in one's memory, but the real magic comes when one is close on the broad marble terraces. As one moves about, the moon is suddenly broken up and reflected by the polished precious stones of the inlaid patterns so that the high arches and cornices are lit all at once with living moonfire. The lovely, strange fire shifts and changes, waxes and wanes. Sometimes it seems that there is a strong, soft light from somewhere behind the white ivory, as though there were feasting and gaiety within, again, the lights are strung and festooned in stars and constellations about the dome, ever changing, dying like the coals of a great fire, springing forth in pools of light. And for a background there is a mist on the broad river, and the distant barking of many dogs, with the more familiar stars of heaven dim and unreal in comparison with the bewitched moonfires of the Taj.

Indeed one does not need to be a believer to feel the charm of the Grand Trunk Road.

"I had no special sagacity—only the power of patient thought"



SIR ISAAC NEWTON

Explorer of the Universe

By Robert Strother

EARLY on Christmas Day in 1642 a premature and woefully weak baby boy was born in a stone farmhouse at Woolsthorpe in Lincolnshire. The two midwives at the delivery sadly predicted that the tiny infant would not live through the day.

And so the baby lived 85 years, and the "poor little weak head" that had to be supported by a special leather collar early in life proved to contain the finest scientific brain the world had ever known. Its owner was knighted, heaped with honours, made a fortune and was buried in Westminster Abbey. His name was Isaac Newton.

There was nothing in the ancestry of this frail child to indicate genius. His father was a ne'er-do-well who

died, at the age of 37, a few weeks before Newton was born. His mother was undistinguished in any way from her farming neighbours in the village of Woolsthorpe. Geneticists in later years attempted in vain to trace Isaac Newton's ancestry beyond three generations. They found no clue to his gifts.

These gifts were slow in appearing. As a schoolboy, Newton was often at or near the bottom of his class—until the day he beat a larger boy in a fight. This boy was higher in the class than he, and Newton decided to complete his triumph by proving himself the superior student.

Noting his increased studiousness, an uncle suggested that he be given a higher education, and obtained

SIR ISAAC NEWTON, EXPLORER OF THE UNIVERSE

young Isaac's admission to Trinity College, Cambridge, at 19. Isaac Barrow, Professor of Mathematics, considered him "a man of quite exceptional ability and singular skill." In fact, when Barrow resigned his professorship, he arranged for Newton, then 26, to succeed him.

The Great Plague of 1665-66 interrupted Newton's education and had a remarkable effect on his career. In one ghastly three-month period, one tenth of London's population died. Cambridge University was closed, and Newton, at 23, returned to Woolsthorpe to "meditate." These meditations during 18 months on his mother's farm laid the groundwork for all his subsequent achievements.

As a boy Newton had been regarded as a "wool-gatherer." The true character of this "absent-mindedness" became apparent during his enforced stay in the country. Plainly, the young man had an almost terrifying power of concentration, which he could bring to bear on the most complex problems for hours on end. And linked with this was another great gift—an intuitive sense for penetrating to the heart of a problem without lost motion.

From remotest times, wise men had believed that the sun, stars and planets possessed special heavenly qualities quite unlike anything on earth. To suppose otherwise was unthinkable—until Newton came along.

It may have been, as Voltaire later declared, that the sight of a falling

apple caused Newton to ask himself if the force that drew the apple to the earth might not also be the force that kept the moon in her orbit. This idea seemed to Newton more likely than the accepted theory of Descartes that the moon and planets were carried round their orbits by "vortices" in an unseen, unfelt and unprovable substance called "ether." He went to work on the problem and, although his results were not published until 20 years later, he had worked out the laws of motion and universal gravitation by the time he was 24. He also invented a new mathematical system to prove his theories: the calculus.

During this 18-month period, Newton plunged into an amazing variety of other studies. He discovered the laws of the tides. By a series of brilliant experiments with prisms bought for a few pennies at a country fair, he proved that white light is composed of all the colours in the spectrum, and that each colour bends in its own characteristic degree when passed through a prism. He ground lenses and mirrors and made a new kind of telescope.

In his old age, when praised for his great contributions to man's understanding of the universe, he remarked: "I had no special sagacity—only the power of patient thought." He made his discoveries, he said, "by keeping a subject constantly before me until the first dawns open little by little into the full light."

Newton said nothing about any of his Woolsthorpe discoveries at the time—a reticence which was to involve him in angry controversies later on. In 1667 he returned to Cambridge. There, in 1669, he was made Lucasian Professor of Mathematics, a position he was to hold for 30 years.

Not long afterwards, The Royal Society of London for Improving Natural Knowledge saw Newton's new reflecting telescope and immediately elected him a member. He remained a leading figure in the Royal Society all his life and was president from 1703 until his death. Surprised at the Society's enthusiasm for his telescope, Newton sent in an account of the experiments with light which led to his invention.

The paper touched off a storm—not because the experiments were not accurate and the conclusions drawn from them indisputable, but because his findings did not square with certain theories then held. So many voices were raised in complaint that Newton finally exclaimed in disgust, "I see a man must either resolve to put out nothing new or become a slave to defend it." From that time on he was more reluctant than ever to make his discoveries known.

Although Newton had invented the calculus while an undergraduate, he had not described his method to anyone but Barrow. Some years later Gottfried Wilhelm von Leibniz, the great German mathematician,

came up with much the same system. Leibniz at first conceded that he and Newton were working on a similar system simultaneously. When the issue was drawn, his supporters said that Newton had borrowed from Leibniz.

To test this point, Jean Bernoulli, a famous Swiss mathematician, published two problems and challenged anyone to solve them within a year. Leibniz solved one, and was at work on the other as the year drew to a close. When Newton heard of the problems he promptly solved both in less than 24 hours. He sent his answers to the Royal Society. When the Society published them without disclosing the author, Bernoulli saw them and ruefully commented, "The lion is known by his claw."

The test proved beyond doubt that Newton had indeed invented the calculus. He could not have solved the problems otherwise.

Publication of the *Principia*, the greatest of Newton's works, was largely fortuitous. Edmund Halley, later appointed Astronomer Royal, was baffled in his attempt to compute the orbit of the comet which now bears his name. Going to Newton for help, he learned to his astonishment that Newton had already computed the orbit. But search of Newton's cluttered desk did not at once disclose the calculations—so Newton quickly did them again.

Halley, meanwhile, realized the great value of the unpublished research so carelessly stuffed into the

pigeon-holes of Newton's desk, and offered to publish the work at his own expense. Newton agreed, and thus the *Principia*, which was to be hailed as the greatest scientific book ever printed, came into being. Not until our own day, when Albert Einstein came forward with his theory of relativity, was a single scientific treatise to have an equal impact on the development of human thought. Newton spelled out the mechanics of our universe, Einstein unlocked the atom and established the identity of energy and matter.

In the *Principia*, Newton refined and clarified all that he had discovered about the movements of the planets and their satellites. During the 18 months it took him to prepare the book, he would often sit motionless for hours, then dash to his desk and write for hours more without even bothering to pull up a chair. His secretary reported that he seldom went to bed before two o'clock—sometimes not until five or six—and often forgot to eat.

Newton gave the book a sort of sub-title: "The Frame of the System of the World." Even mathematicians found it difficult to read, not only because the problems dealt with are complex but because Newton purposely made it difficult—so that he wouldn't be bothered by

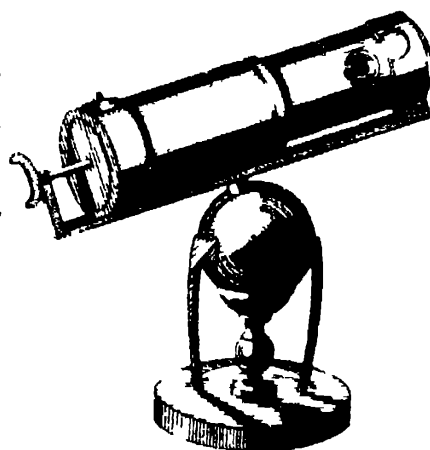
"little smatterers in mathematics." Written in Latin, the universal language of science at that time, the *Principia* consists to a large extent of mathematical formulæ and equations. For two centuries it was the major guide to the world's scientific thought.

All previous thinkers had held that some continuous force was required to keep the planets moving in their orbits. In the *Principia*,

Newton said that a body in motion would continue to travel in a straight line for ever unless some force was applied to stop it. The planets move in circular paths because the gravitational force of the sun exactly equals the centrifugal force of their motion through

space. Since there is no friction in space, no additional power is needed to keep them circling at constant speed through countless æons of time.

Newton developed and explored his law of gravity: that every particle in the universe has a gravitational attraction for every other particle in proportion to the product of the masses of the particles and in inverse proportion to the square of their distances. He showed how to determine the mass of the sun and the planets. He established rules for calculating the orbits of comets. He proved that the gravitational force



of the moon and the sun causes tides in the oceans of the earth, that spring tides occur when moon and sun are pulling together neap tides when the forces are opposed. Such a wonderful uniformity as he found in the planetary system must, Newton said, be allowed the effect of choice by a Supreme Creator.

The greatest of all Newton's triumphs came more than a century after his death. His law of gravitation was so thoroughly accepted that when astronomers found the planet Uranus slightly out of its predicted position they did not suspect a flaw in the theory. Instead they concluded that Uranus must be affected by the gravitational pull of a planet still undiscovered.

By Newtonian law Leverrier in France and Adams in England independently computed the position of this undiscovered planet. Leverrier sent his calculations to the astronomer Galle in Germany. Galle received them on September 23, 1846, went to his telescope that very night and discovered the new planet in the exact spot indicated. It is called Neptune.

The composition of his *Principia* seemed for several years to have exhausted Newton's interest in science and he sought an administrative job. He was appointed Warden of the Royal Mint in which position he reorganized the coinage system, set up branch mints, contended with speculators and generally proved himself an able administrator. He

held the position until his death in 1727.

Newton never married, and if there was any romance in his life no trace of it has appeared. The hostess of his comfortable house in London was his beautiful and vivacious niece Miss Catherine Barton.

In appearance Newton was of average height with handsome rather hump features, a clear ruddy complexion and flashing eye. He was moderate in all his habits. Once when asked why he did not smoke he replied: "Because I do not want to require any new necessities." He had a talent for making money and operated on the stock exchange so successfully that he left an estate of about £32,000, which was a large sum in those days.

In 1705, two years after his election as President of the Royal Society, Newton was knighted by Queen Anne, the first scientist ever to be so honoured.

In his 85th year, mourned by England and the world, Isaac Newton went to his last rest in Westminster Abbey, where he lies today, one of the greatest names among that company of the great. Of his life's work he had written: "I do not know what I may appear to the world, but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy paddling on the seashore, diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, while the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me."

*"The resources of stamina
and power within us all"*

You're Braver Than You Think

By Margaret Blair Johnstone

TWO MEN climbing to a first-floor factory room passed an open pail of naphtha. Thinking it was water, one of them flipped his lighted cigarette towards it. There was a flash of flame. One man turned and ran down the stairs and into the street. The other ran up the stairs to warn the workers.

Had you been there, which way would *you* have run?

Facing this question, many of us suddenly discover that we have two men dwelling in us. Thomas Carlyle named them when he said: "*Every man has a Coward and a Hero in his soul!*"

"Which would I be?" we say, and all too often secretly fear the Coward would take control of us.

But this is not so. Each of us has untold resources in physical endurance, mental reserves, emotional power and spiritual stamina.

I once lived in a neighbourhood

where one dentist had many children as patients. I never knew the reason until I saw the huge chart in his office. On it was a picture of the drill. Under the picture were scores of children's names with stars after them. Over the chart was this banner: "The I-Can-Take-It Club!"

How many times do you say, "Well, there's *one* thing I never could take!" and then name your own pet fear? If you've named it, you can take it. "Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself," Jesus said. Jesus was a realist. He knew that subconsciously we gird ourselves to climb the mountains and then find to our amazement that we climb them well.

No sane man hopes to be free from fear—ever, if he wants to survive. True fear is absolutely necessary to prepare us for life's crises. Gesell, the psychologist, says, "Fear and fortitude are opposites but both are necessary for the growth of character. The full development of fortitude depends upon the experiencing and overcoming of fear. *Wholesome fear generates its own mental antibodies.* Fear is anticipatory pain. Its antibody is fortitude, the capacity to endure and cope with pain."

One of the most delusive hopes in modern times arises, I think, from a simple mis-statement in President Roosevelt's famous "Four Freedoms" speech: "*freedom from*

fear." What the corners of the phrase really meant, I think, was *freedom from funk*. Funk is "un-reasoning fear, cowardice." Fear has dignity. A man can use fear. An Army officer once told me "None *but* the brave can afford fear!" He gave me a cutting from a military journal.

"The awful moments before an attack when each second seems an hour are the most useful moments the soldier has. Fear is the body's preparation for action. The heart pounds faster, pumping blood more rapidly to your arms, legs, brain. Adrenalin, nature's own shot in the arm, pours into your blood stream. Changes occur in your body chemistry. You lose your fatigue even though you have been dog-tired.

Fear, when used, increases your strength and endurance.

Emerson was right when he said that "a hero is no braver than any one else, he is only brave five minutes longer!" You can always try to hold on five minutes longer. And often what the Coward in you may keep you from doing for yourself, the Hero in you forces you to do for something or someone outside yourself.

Love for a person often releases unsuspected emotional power. I shall never forget a man who lived in our street when I was a child. One day, I heard a gang of boys hoot as he went along the pavement with his son's red wagon piled high with laundry. "Hey, chaps, look at the

washer man!" one boy shouted. At that our door slammed and my father crossed over to them. I could not hear what he said, but there was no argument as they walked away.

I do know what my father said to me. "The bravest man in this neighbourhood is John Carr. He has to work at home. His wife will never be well again, there's no one to take care of the baby, and the other children have to go to school. John is doing honest, clean work, necessary work. Some day he will have a bit of business. Just wait and see." And he did.

Love of a cause, perhaps the cause of country, has inspired many to be braver than they knew they were. On the mantel of the Hind's Head Hotel in the English village of Bray is this inscription:

"Fear knocked at the door
Faith answered
No one was there."

The words appended to that inscription read "Lettered at the time of Dunkirk" — the time when every man or boy who could navigate, no matter how amateurishly, found a hero in himself brave enough to help rescue the Army.

During the blitz, many a man under fire not only read but followed the suggestion on a sign that hung down by the London docks. It said "If your knees are knocking, kneel on them!"

If you want to meet the Hero in *your* soul, try it. For "Courage is fear that has said its prayers."

By Wilfred Funk

THE MORE WORDS one knows the easier it is to think clearly and precisely. First write down your own definitions of the words familiar to you. Then, among the suggested definitions below choose the one you believe is *nearest in meaning* to the test word. Answers are on the next page.

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|---|--|
| <p>(1) stolidity (sto'lid i'ti) — A compactness B intensity C dullness D dependability</p> <p>(2) piscatorial (pis'i:tə'ri:əl) — A quaint B relating to the study of plants C pertaining to fishing D rustic</p> <p>(3) sedulous (sed'voo'lus) — A scholarly B secretive C unseen D persevering</p> <p>(4) podiatry (pō'dy:ə'trɪ) — A the study and treatment of foot ailments B a branch of medicine dealing with children's diseases C excessive modesty D abnormal practices</p> <p>(5) bistro (bis'tro) — A a drink B prison C small restaurant D intoxicated person</p> <p>(6) pulchritudinous (pul'krɪtjoo'dɪnus) — A fertile B numerous C foolish D beautiful</p> <p>(7) peroration (per'oh ray'shun) — A closing part of a speech B middle of a speech C opening of a speech D eloquent plea</p> <p>(8) unregenerate (un ri'jen ur'it) — A unborn B ignorant C wicked D stubborn</p> <p>(9) reprieve (ri'preev) — A a recapture B sorrow C suspension of punishment D expression of disapproval</p> <p>(10) circa (sur'kuh) — A concerning an arena B about C spherical D exactly</p> | <p>(11) surveillance (sur vayl'unse) — A slave-like obedience B unusual wisdom C close watch D detailed review</p> <p>(12) spontaneously (spon'tay ni'us li) — A freely without premeditation B innocently C enthusiastically D loudly</p> <p>(13) unimpeachable (un im'peech uh bl) — A blameless B questionable C unconquerable D hopeless</p> <p>(14) windrow (wind ro) — A transparency B row of raked hay C soft breeze D windbreak</p> <p>(15) entrails (en'traɪl) — A lament B intestines C paths D places of admittance</p> <p>(16) tour de force (toor de force') — A an ingenious and impressive accomplishment B combat unit C defeat D fort</p> <p>(17) pinioned (pin'vund) — A strong B set in one's ideas C shackled D decorated with flags</p> <p>(18) opus (oh pus) — A generosity B a literary or musical work C great size D frankness</p> <p>(19) antiquary (an tik wuh ri) — A student of antiques B elderly person C curator of a zoo D sideboard</p> <p>(20) wariness (ware'ri'ness) — A cleverness B caution C fatigue D trickiness</p> |
|---|--|

Answers to

"IT PAYS TO INCREASE YOUR WORD POWER"

- (1) **stolidity** C Dullness of feeling; impassiveness as: His *stolidity* was complete; nothing seemed to move or touch him. Latin *stolidus* dull.
- (2) **piscatorial** C Pertaining to fishermen or fishing as: Isaac Walton, famous *piscatorial* authority. Latin *piscator* fisherman.
- (3) **sedulous** D Latin *sedulus* diligent. Hence persevering, industrious as: Our enemies have been *sedulous* in spreading the lies.
- (4) **podiatry** A The study and treatment of foot ailments. Greek *pod* foot and *iatria* medical treatment.
- (5) **bistro** C A small restaurant or wineshop as: He was an habitué of the *bistros* of Montmartre.
- (6) **pulchritudinous** D Beautiful as: The girls were a *pulchritudinous* lot. Latin *pulchritudo* beauty.
- (7) **peroration** A The concluding part of a speech as: His *peroration* was eloquent. Latin *per* through and *orare* to speak.
- (8) **unregenerate** C Unreconciled to God and the higher spiritual values; wicked, sinful as: This is an *unregenerate* age. Of Latin origin meaning literally "not born again."
- (9) **reprieve** C Postponement of punishment; suspension of a sentence as: 'He granted the prisoner a brief *reprieve*.'
- (10) **circa** - B From the Latin and meaning about, approximately as: 'The period of modern English begins *circa* A.D. 1500.'
- (11) **surveillance** - C Close watch as over a criminal suspect or a prisoner. French *surveiller*, "to watch over."
- (12) **spontaneously** - A Freely without premeditation; instinctively; naturally as: The virtues upon which human freedom depends do not grow *spontaneously* in human nature. Latin *spontaneus* voluntary.
- (13) **unimpeachable** A blameless; free from all fault; not to be called in question as regards honesty or truth as: He was convicted on *unimpeachable* evidence.
- (14) **windrow** B A row as of hay raked up to dry before being stacked or by extension: The trees lay in a *windrow* after the hurricane. From wind plus row.
- (15) **entrails** B The internal parts of an animal, especially the intestines.
- (16) **tour de force** A A French borrowing meaning a feat of strength or skill; an ingenious and impressive accomplishment or production as: The book is a brilliant *tour de force* of the imagination.
- (17) **pinioned** C When a bird is *pinioned*, its wings are bound or clipped. Hence shackled, restrained by binding or holding the arms as: He stood for several minutes before he realized that his arms were not *pinioned*.
- (18) **opus** B From the Latin *opus* work, but in English more specifically a literary work or musical composition as: *Opus 47* of Beethoven is the *Kreutzer Sonata*. Our word *opera* is the Latin plural of *opus*.
- (19) **antiquary** A A student or collector of antiques. Latin *antiquus* ancient.
- (20) **wariness** B From the Old English *waer* heedful. Hence caution, care as: He was handicapped at times by his own *wariness*.

Vocabulary Ratings

20-18 correct	excellent
17-15 correct	good
14-11 correct	fair

My Faith in the Atomic Future

By Lewis Strauss

Chairman U.S. Atomic Energy Commission

April 11, 1954

MANY PEOPLE regard the atomic discoveries of recent years as part of a nightmare that disrupts the peaceful dreams of civilized man. I do not believe history will see them in that light. We have gained control over natural forces that can advance civilization even within a single generation, to a point which man has never attained before. I believe firmly that our knowledge of the atom is intended by the Creator for the service and not the destruction of mankind.

The U.S. Atomic Energy Act of 1946 was a farsighted law. But I had certain specific reservations about it. Nuclear energy, which I believed could change the world, was strait-jacketed in U.S. Government regulations. Research, development, patents, manufacturing and possession of fissionable materials were denied to private enterprise. Atomic energy was an absolute Government monopoly.

Atomic weapons development is necessarily a Government responsibility. But I was convinced that developments in agriculture, industry and power production would not be realized fully until the field was opened to the genius and enterprise of industry.

Actually, the restrictions might have been relaxed sooner but for the attitude of Soviet Russia. Beginning in 1946 when the United States held a virtual world monopoly of nuclear weapons, she proposed international control, subject to rigid inspections and enforcement, which would have limited the use of atomic energy to peaceful purposes. At that time America offered to share her knowledge and resources with all nations.

The Soviets did everything possible to delay, confuse and destroy that plan. Actually, they were launching their own secret atomic programme. The United States

detected their clandestine weapon test in 1949, and was at once engaged in the costly and perilous contest for supremacy in nuclear weapons. Every thinking person knows now that the present great and versatile stockpile in the United States is the major safeguard of the free world.

Meanwhile atomic energy became associated in popular thinking with death and destruction. Yet the custodians of atomic energy in America under President Truman and President Eisenhower never lost sight of its benign potentials. Progress was phenomenal in the production of radioisotopes.* They were produced by U.S. AEC reactors as early as 1947. They were distributed freely to institutions in the United States and other countries, and within a few years revolutionized some areas of medical research and the diagnosis and treatment of certain diseases. Scarce, high-priced radium for the treatment of cancer was rendered virtually obsolete by radioactive cobalt and other elements which are equally effective sources of gamma rays and yet are now available to institutions at a small fraction of radium's cost.

Several different types of nuclear

reactors for the generation of electrical power were designed by the U.S. AEC. But most authorities put the date of their construction in the remote future.

When I returned to the U.S. AEC as chairman in 1953 I was deeply impressed by the growing conviction in the White House and the Congress that the time had come for full-scale development of atomic energy outside the military area.

President Eisenhower, in his address to the General Assembly of the United Nations on December 8, 1953, stated: "The United States pledges before the world its determination to help solve the fearful atomic dilemma to devote its entire heart and mind to find the way by which the miraculous inventiveness of man shall not be dedicated to his death but consecrated to his life."

Two months later the President sent to Congress the message which resulted in the U.S. Atomic Energy Act of 1954. The new law had two great aims: to make international cooperation possible, and to enable private enterprise to develop the atom for peaceful purposes.

The progress of the past 18 months—only a moment in history—has been extraordinary. For example, the U.S. AEC announced its programme to develop power-producing reactors, and invited private companies to participate. The quick response was totally unexpected. The Duquesne Light Company is building the first full-scale nuclear-

* An isotope is the twin of an element. It is chemically identical but differs slightly in atomic weight. Radioisotopes also differ from their stable twins by giving off radiation. Some radioisotopes (radium and uranium, for example) occur in nature. Today it is possible to produce radioactive twins of any stable element (carbon, sodium, phosphorus, etc.) in the atomic pile or reactor.

power plant in the United States. At least four or five others will be constructed in the near future.

These pioneer nuclear-power plants cannot be economically competitive with conventional plants at present. Yet the participating companies are paying about 90 *per cent* of the total costs! This, I maintain, could happen only under free enterprise in an expanding economy.

Indeed, two or three proposed plants will be constructed *entirely* without financial help from the U.S. Government. Mr. Hudson Searing, president of one of these companies, Consolidated Edison of New York, recently told stockholders that nuclear power "is the only way we can

see of bringing about lower electricity costs in the long run."

It is pointless to speculate on how soon nuclear power will be cheaper than power produced by falling water or the burning of coal or oil. We do know that resources of fossil fuels are limited, and that coal and oil will be needed for functions which atomic energy cannot perform. We also know that there are many countries which are not blessed with abundant resources of oil and coal. So to me the present question of "economic" nuclear power is academic. I believe that it will be available before long, and that it logically will be used first where it is needed most.

REAR ADMIRAL STRAUSS brings to the position of Chairman of the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission a deep personal interest in the promise of atomic energy. In 1935-37 his mother and his father both died of cancer. As a memorial, he started a programme at the California Institute of Technology to pioneer in the production of cheap radioactive substitutes for radium in cancer treatment.

Early in 1939 Dr. Nils Bohr, the Danish scientist, took to the United States evidence that the Hahn-Strassmann-Meitner experiments in Germany had definitely fissioned the uranium nucleus, making a chain reaction theoretically possible. To Strauss this was

portentous news: it could mean the mass production of radioisotopes, cheap enough to be available to every hospital. But it also meant much more. One physicist wired Strauss: "I see enormous possibilities . . . leading unfortunately perhaps to atomic bombs." Seven months later Dr. Albert Einstein wrote the historic letter to President Roosevelt stating that the atomic bomb could be made.

In 1946 Lewis Strauss was appointed by President Truman to the newly authorized U.S. Atomic Energy Commission. He resigned from the AEC in 1950 to re-enter private business, but was recalled in 1953 by President Eisenhower and appointed Chairman.

Nuclear power for the propulsion of ships and aircraft will also come sooner than is generally realized. Few people have grasped the significance of the U S S *Nautilus* and her sister submarine the *Seawolf*. With the feasibility and safety of the marine propulsion reactor established beyond doubt, the job is now up to the designers and builders of surface vessels. The time to begin is *now*.

I am convinced that the radioactive isotopes will continue to be the wonders of the atom age. Today they are being used by many industries to control processes, detect flaws and test the durability or wearing quality of all sorts of materials. New uses for them are found every day.

Used as tracers or as radiation sources, these atomic particles can search out the innermost secrets of nature and give man greater control over his environment. For example, plant geneticists have already used radiation from isotopes to produce a new strain of rust resistant oats, wilt-resistant tomato seedlings, and a peanut plant with 30 per cent greater yield. These and similar developments will mean greatly increased wealth to farmers.

By incorporating small amounts of radiophosphorus in fertilizers, and then using instruments to trace the uptake from the soil through roots, stem, leaves and blossom, agricultural experts can now determine the right amount of fertilizer

to use in the most economical manner, and at the proper time in the growing cycle.

For nearly a century science has tried in vain to solve the fundamental secret of photosynthesis, the process whereby nature traps solar energy in the green leaf and converts water and carbon dioxide into the sugars and starches on which all higher life subsists. Using radioactive carbon as the tracer, scientists today seem to be on the point of solving (and perhaps duplicating) this mysterious process. If successful, that achievement might lead to the synthetic production of basic foodstuffs from simple and abundant chemicals—the solution to the world's pressing food problems.

Since 1946 the United States has spent more than 12,000 million dollars on atomic energy. She will probably continue to spend about 2,000 million a year. Most of this money is invested in a stockpile of nuclear weapons, which represents the security of the free world. America has no choice but to maintain that security until the whole world joins in arriving at a safe solution to the "atomic dilemma." I firmly believe that can be accomplished.

But America's nuclear stockpile also represents a national resource of incalculable value. With nuclear weapons you can "beat swords into plowshares and spears into pruning hooks" even more realistically than the Scriptures envisaged. The material is immediately convertible to

peaceful uses. That is what President Eisenhower had in mind when he told the United Nations that the weapon must be put in the hands of those who know how to strip its military casing and adapt it to the arts of peace.

Young people have asked me if I think we shall enjoy the benefits of the atom before the world is overtaken by the destructive power that is within man's grasp. With all my heart I can answer: Yes!

We are living in an era that seems designed to test the courage and faith of free men. Yet I do not believe that any great discovery of the atom's magnitude came from man's intelligence alone. A Higher Intelligence decided that man was ready to receive it. My faith tells me that the Creator did not intend man to evolve through the ages to this stage of civilization only now to devise something that would destroy life on this earth.

The Fur is Flying

MORE and more animals are dropping from the sky nowadays. Alsatian dogs are parachuted in the Austrian Alps to sniff out survivors of avalanches. The RAF dropped cats to rat-plagued jungle outposts in Malaya. The United States Fish and Wildlife Service is dropping fingerling trout in the liquid core of ice blocks to restock remote mountain streams.

Beavers are parachuted in California and other western states of America because they dam so well. Using trees, stones, reeds and mud, two beavers of average eagerness can finish a dam 18 feet long and six feet wide in about three weeks, with water distributing results that can be beneficial or disastrous for miles around.

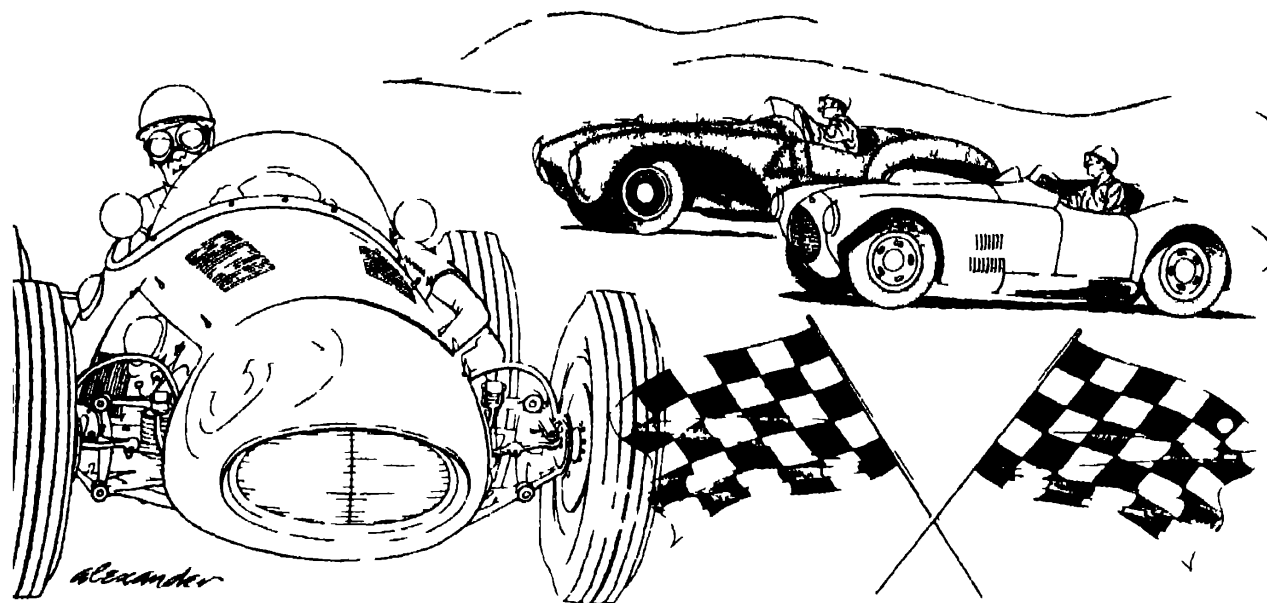
In recent years beavers have been credited with saving thousands of acres in north-west America from erosion. They have kept healthy foliage growing in Palisades Interstate Park despite record drought, and they have raised the level of some lakes near Winnipeg in Canada as much as three feet.

But they can also flood highways and railway tracks, ruin golf courses and deer feeding grounds. Conservation men therefore keep trapping beavers where they aren't wanted and moving them to places where their dams will do good. Parachuting permits settling them in remote country places inaccessible by road and unsuitable for aircraft landings.

Each beaver parachuted by the California Department of Fish and Game is dropped in a coarse canvas sack. It is half filled with straw, and the beaver goes on top of that. As the chute descends, the beaver's weight holds the sack round his neck, his head in the air. When the chute collapses, the landing is cushioned by the straw and he walks out. Two males and two females are usually dropped in the same spot.

—Peter White in *New York Times Magazine*

Motor racing attracts millions to the —



Most Dangerous

Sport in the World

By George Kent

TODAY more cars race more money is spent on them and more people watch them than at any other time in history. The racing fever is breaking all records in Europe and America. Some 25 million people watch the most popular sport in the world.

At the International Trophy meeting at Silverstone, there are usually well over 100,000 spectators, but the 24-hour sports car race at Le Mans, France, where more than 80 people were killed last June, draws 250,000, in Germany, at the Nurburgring Grand Prix, it is 500,000. As for the Mille Miglia — the thousand-mile

road race in Italy — conservative estimates put the number watching at five million. Two other road races — the Pan American in Mexico and the Argentine Grand Prix at Buenos Aires — also bring out spectators by the millions.

The sport in Western Europe comes to full flower in the Grand Prix races, probably the most exacting tests of car and driver ever devised. Each country has its Grand Prix, and a man becomes world champion on the basis of a point score made in nine of them, plus two races outside Europe — Indianapolis and Buenos Aires.

• Averaging about 300 miles, the Grand Prix are raced on enclosed tracks which wind through the countryside. The most challenging of them, the Nurburgring, has a 14-mile course which takes drivers up and down mountains and through woodlands, over a route with 174 car-killing turns of every kind—hairpin, S-shaped, right-angle, horse-shoe.

A racing car entered in one of these races rarely weighs more than 15 hundredweight. (A standard family car weighs upwards of a ton.) Stripped of all unnecessary weight, it looks like a torpedo and is almost as deadly.

All the essentials of your private car are in a racing car but they are stronger, often they are specially built. Tyres are twice the normal price and a driver may have to use two sets in a short race. (The volcanic rock roads in the Mexican race can reduce a new tyre to rags in 70 miles.) Braking systems have special cooling arrangements, but still the linings burn out. In a long race, one powerful application of the brakes every three miles will damage the lining more than a year of normal driving. The great fear of every driver is brake fade; if his brakes fail completely, the race is usually over for him, although men have finished races without brakes by clever use of the gear lever.

The sparking plugs cost three times the normal price and wear out three times as fast. Eight miles per

gallon is considered good; the fuel used has a high octane rating and is doctored with various costly chemicals. Pressure in the tyres varies with the circuit and the temperature. It may go as high as 55 pounds at the front and 60 pounds at the rear, average is about 40. Tyres stay cooler when well inflated.

A driver who pushes his car beyond its capacity can destroy it in 25 miles. For each car that finishes a Grand Prix there is one or more left behind, broken down or wrecked. One year, only four out of 22 starters finished the Grand Prix at Rheims. The best drivers keep an eye on the engine revolution counter, never demanding the utmost performance.

The scene of any of the big races in Europe is like a carnival. Engines roar, loud-speakers blare; the flags of many nations whip at their staffs. At Le Mans, the public spends about three million dollars in 24 hours. Ten restaurants and 30 bars offer food, drink and dancing. In the car parks are 20,000 cars; at the airport, 100-odd private and chartered planes; near the grandstand, scores of caravans and tents for those who scorn hotels. There are 1,000 policemen, 11 infirmaries with 60 beds, 40 doctors, 10 ambulances and a chapel.

Before any race starts there is mounting tension. In the pits, gay with striped awnings, mechanics are giving their cars the final adjustments; drivers are smoking their last cigarettes. Now the competing

cars are pushed on to the starting line by the mechanics, the drivers walking beside them (Racing cars must be push started or, more often, cranked by portable starters.) Painted on the track is a grid on which the cars take their positions, three or four abreast, the places being fixed on the basis of time made in trial laps run off the day before.

Some drivers wear broad corset-like belts to protect back and abdomen muscles. Some strap themselves to the bucket seats. Two years ago John Fitch, an American, went off the road at 140 miles per hour. The car turned over three times but he was uninjured. The belt saved him. In Europe, however, most drivers prefer not to be belted in.

The racer is not a comfortable car, for it has none of the stock car's soft springing. Riding in one has been described as like being dragged along the road in a box. To turn the wheel takes strength. To preserve his brakes, the racing driver uses the gear lever constantly—in a car without automatic devices. At the end of three hours' racing the driver's shifting arm is so tired that it is ready to drop off.

Drivers must pass a rigid physical examination. Many of them have prepared for the racing season by ski-ing, skating or swimming, some go on special diets. In a three-hour Grand Prix race, a driver will lose as much as ten pounds. The only other sport that takes as much out

of a man is a 15-round prize-fight.

The cars are warmed up now. The clutch is down on the floorboards. Bottom gear is engaged. The flag drops—and they're off, ripping out of stationary positions like cannon balls. In seconds they are up to 60 mph, still in low gear. Racing cars are so geared that it is possible to do 80 in first, 100 in second and so on through five forward speeds.

For the first few laps the track is crowded with cars jockeying for position, but soon they are spread out and the race settles down to a battle between three or four. Skill shows most at the corners. A film of Ascari (world champion in 1952 and 1953), who was killed last May, showed him taking the same curve in 15 laps of the same race: each time he entered it at the same place, followed the same line through and out of the corner. Had his car been mounted on rails it could not have travelled with greater precision.

Grand Prix drivers favour the "power drift" as a way of taking a curve. As he approaches a turn, the driver keeps his foot on the accelerator and points the car in towards the inner rail. The car moves forward broadside on all four wheels, practically at right angles to the road so that when it comes out of the corner it is pointing into the straight. To the spectator there is nothing more exciting than the sight of two cars power-sliding, hub to hub, round a curve.

The mechanics in the pits have tools, sparking plugs, fan belts waiting. Spare wheels are piled close to the track edge. The fuel, fed through three inch nozzles which force five gallons a second into a tank, is ready, so are fire extinguishers.

In the ordinary Grand Prix, a driver may make one stop at the pits for fuel and oil. While someone sponges his face, cleans his goggles, hands him a drink, the mechanics swarm over the car. They clean aerodynamic screen and mirrors, check oil and coolant. In most Grand Prix races there can be only three mechanics to a car, and their speed is incredible. A car can take on 30 gallons of fuel, a gallon of oil and four new wheels in 35 seconds.

A big thrill of motor racing is to see an underpowered car win a race by its driver's sheer skill. This is sometimes achieved by what is called slipstreaming (or bulldogging, in America)—the driver gets a few feet behind a faster car and allows himself to be pulled along in the vacuum created. Well performed, this trick can boost speed 15 or 20 miles an hour without increasing fuel consumption.

Slipstreaming is sometimes employed for psychological effect. Old racing drivers say there is no one who can stand up under the strain of being tailed lap after lap. It is also dangerous, for if something goes wrong with the leading car a collision is inevitable.

Car racing has always produced great personalities the world over. Older British enthusiasts will recall the brilliance of such men as Sir Malcolm Campbell and the thrilling duels for supremacy between John Cobb and Captain George Eyston. Today there is a new generation of British racing drivers whose names are household words—men like Stirling Moss, Mike Hawthorn, Tony Rolt, Duncan Hamilton, Reg Parnell and Bob Garrard.

Among manufacturers, the achievements of Germany's Daimler-Benz is outstanding. In 1946 the company's works were 70 per cent in ruins. In 1948 the assembly line was moving. Four years later one of Daimler-Benz's Mercedes won the Pan-American in Mexico. Last year, thanks in part to the Argentine driver, Juan Manuel Fangio, this make of car won more races than any other.

Fangio, the 1954 world champion, is 44 years old, five feet five, stout and bowlegged. He has gentle, smiling eyes but on the track he becomes a man with "a cold fire in his belly." Said one driver: "Fangio ahead of you is an aeroplane, behind you he is a tiger." Fangio began life as a garage mechanic, has twice been champion of the world and in the 20 years he has been driving has won every important race in the world except the Mille Miglia and the Indianapolis Sweepstakes.

All great racing drivers have spent

time mending in hospitals. At Indianapolis alone 25 drivers and 14 mechanics have been killed, including the American champion driver, Bill Vukovich, this year. In the last Pan-American, six people were killed, about 20 injured; Italian driver Giovanni Bracco said, "This race will kill us all."

From the driver's point of view, the Pan-American is perhaps the most dangerous of all races. But every one is packed with potential

death. At Le Mans earlier this year, a silver Mercedes driven by Pierre Levegh, of France, and travelling at about 125 mph, spun off the track on to the embankment. It disintegrated and flying debris killed more than 80 people and injured 78 others.

The Le Mans disaster was the worst tragedy in the grim history of a sport that is essentially a race with death—the most dangerous sport in the world.



Are You a Good Judge of Character?

IN SIZING people up we all fall back now and then on certain outward signs of inner character. You can check up on the accuracy of your character readings by marking each of the following common beliefs "true" or "false."

1. Long, slender hands mean an artistic temperament
2. Redheaded people are more temperamental than other people
3. A slow learner remembers what he has learned better than a fast learner.
4. A person who does not look you in the eye is likely to be dishonest.
5. A receding chin denotes lack of will power
6. Blondes are apt to be less trustworthy than brunettes.
7. Fat people are typically good-natured
8. Ears pointed at the top warn of foxiness, selfishness or even dishonesty.
9. Wrinkles at the outer corners of the eyes show that a person has a sense of humour.
10. Curly hair is a symptom of exuberance and vitality
11. A high, bulging forehead is a sign of superior brainpower.
12. Cold hands are a sign of affectionate disposition.

Psychologists who use these questions to test candidates for personnel jobs say a score of seven correct answers means you're probably a pretty good judge of character. A score of six is passing. A score below five indicates you're substituting false stereotypes for direct observation.

And what are the correct answers? According to scientists who have checked these beliefs against actual fact, all are false.

—John Kord Lagemann in *This Week*

A fanatic—but a fanatic touched with genius

Angel of the Madhouse

By STEWART HOLGROVE

ON A Sabbath day in March, 1841, Dorothea Lynde Dix, a shy, sickly spinster of Boston's bluest blood, taught a Sunday-school class in the House of Correction at suburban East Cambridge, Massachusetts. She went home so shocked and terrified that she could not sleep that night. For in the gaol she had seen the ghastly condition of four insane people confined in a dark, airless, unheated cell, its walls shimmering with frost and so filthy as to be unfit for pigs.

This first experience with the plight of the insane changed Dorothea Dix's whole life and gave it a purpose. She arose next morning and set out immediately with a determination that never faltered, to win a monumental

fight to have the mentally ill considered as human beings. She became a fanatic—but a fanatic touched with genius.

Through enquiries she learnt that the condition of the insane in East Cambridge was considered perfectly

all right. The insane were born depraved, it was held, and the best way to handle them, therefore, was as so many dangerous animals. Close confinement, usually with chains or manacles, was generally accepted as the only solution, and even the mildly insane were imprisoned. Worse, many a warden

or attendant made a private income from charging visitors a fee to visit the "crazy house." It was thought good sport indeed to watch the fantastic features of these unfortunates,



to listen to their ravings and to goad them to fury with prodding sticks.

Such was the state of civilization regarding treatment of the insane little more than a century ago. An apostle was needed to call attention to the evils resulting from the cruelty and indifference. Dorothea Dix became that apostle, and presently developed a drive, furious in its intensity, that lasted 40 years.

The first thing she did was to bring public attention to bear on the insane in East Cambridge, and only after a stout battle was a stove installed there and some attempt at sanitation made. Then, so far as the general public was aware, Miss Dix dropped out of sight. This was a relief to most public officials and prominent citizens, who had roundly condemned her "unwomanly conduct" in matters better left to men.

Though out of the spotlight, Miss Dix was, nonetheless, busy. Quietly, unobtrusively, she began a two-year investigation of the hellholes in which the insane were kept throughout Massachusetts. She made no report until her dossier was overflowing with as shocking and damning a mass of evidence as was ever collected. Then she wrote, at white heat but with calm good judgment, a document entitled *Memorial to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts*. It was to become as effective in its way as Swift's *Modest Proposal*.

"I shall be obliged to speak with great plainness," wrote Miss Dix,

"and to reveal many things revolting to the taste, and from which woman's nature shrinks with peculiar sensitiveness. I proceed, gentlemen, briefly to call your attention to the present state of insane persons within this Commonwealth, in cages, cupboards, cellars, stalls, pens—chained naked, beaten with rods and lashed into obedience."

Miss Dix managed to convey a very real and horrible sense of what she had seen. With simple, direct prose, she related the dreadful practices going on in what was thought to be the most enlightened state in America. She named places and victims.

At an almshouse in Danvers, a town near Boston, she found a young woman confined alone in a tiny outbuilding. "There she stood, with dishevelled hair and unwashed body, clinging to or beating the bars of her caged apartment, the contracted size of which afforded only space for increasing accumulation of filth—a foul spectacle, gentlemen." The legislators squirmed.

At Newton, another nearby town, Miss Dix had found a woman chained to a wall, living in what amounted to a toilet. At Groton she had discovered a youth, heavy irons round his neck, chained to the wall with six feet of great steel links. She described these cases, and scores of others, piling horror on horror.

Her effort was not in vain. With a speed hardly ever given to law-making assemblies, the

Massachusetts legislature, at once provided rooms—and good rooms—for 200 insane patients at Worcester Hospital. This was the forerunner of many measures taken by Massachusetts in subsequent years.

Miss Dix never stopped. Although her entrance into public affairs was still widely resented, she received encouragement, both financial and otherwise, from a number of Bostonians of her own aristocratic class. And as soon as she had turned Massachusetts officialdom topsy turvy she went to Rhode Island and started methodically to work as before. The report she finally presented there was even more searing.

At Little Compton Miss Dix had found one Abraham Simmons, chained by one leg in a stone cell seven feet square. It was double-walled, the keeper casually admitted, so that he would not hear Simmons's "piercing screams." There was no light, no aperture for air. When Miss Dix visited the hole the walls were covered with frost. The keeper's wife told her, laughingly, that in winter they often "raked out as much as a bushel of frost at a time," but that Simmons had "never showed any signs of freezing." The poor man had been confined in this den for "above three years."

Miss Dix prepared a special article on Simmons, a sardonic piece, mordantly entitled, "Astonishing Tenacity of Life," which she had published in the *Providence, Rhode*

Island, Journal. Beginning her indictment as though it were an article of scientific interest, she presently described the plight of Simmons and studded the description with barbs. She supposed, she said, that Rhode Islanders considered themselves Christians but she doubted gravely whether they could address themselves to the God of the unhappy Abraham Simmons, there in his ghastly den.

Abraham Simmons immediately became a martyr, known throughout the United States, and Rhode Island hurriedly followed Massachusetts in providing care for its insane.

New Jersey and Pennsylvania came next then this untiring woman moved on to invade the U. S. West and the South, every state in America east of the Rockies—and Canada. For 20 years, until the outbreak of the American Civil War, she travelled by stage coach, steamboat and horseback, and in primordial railway trains. In the first three years alone, she travelled over 10,000 miles and visited 18 penitentiaries, 300 gaols and more than 500 almshouses, hospitals and houses of refuge where the insane were kept.

Once she was nearly drowned in a stage coach, fording a river. Again, in Michigan, her coach was held up by bandits. She remonstrated with one of the robbers, who looked at the slim, white-haired woman, then exclaimed "My God! I know that voice." It turned out,

that he had heard Miss Dix speak in the insane ward of a Philadelphia gaol. The robbers returned the loot.

The courage of Dorothea Dix was without bounds. Into a New Jersey dungeon she went to talk to an alleged maniac, chained by both arms and legs and kept in darkness. The keeper warned her that the man was extremely dangerous, but she went directly up to the poor fellow and gently called him by name. He stared for a moment, then broke down and wept. She had this desolate man removed to a clean bed in a pleasant room and, after two months, he was so far recovered that he was performing useful work about the hospital.

Time and again she went into filthy dungeons, all alone, and talked with the victims of man's stupidity; and she showed what decent treatment and medical attention could do for allegedly hopeless cases.

As Miss Dix made her way throughout America, badgering, charming, praising, blaming and pleading with the legislatures, new asylums sprang up in her wake, all staffed by doctors—not sadistic

thugs—who believed that something could be done for mental cases. Wherever Miss Dix went, their plight was vastly improved.

With her own native land at last alive to the great curative powers of humane treatment, Miss Dix sailed for Europe in 1854. There her investigation found conditions extremely bad, and she was responsible for the founding of large hospitals in Jersey and in Rome.

During the American Civil War Miss Dix became Superintendent of Women Nurses for the Union Army, serving her country ably and courageously for four war years. Then, when peace returned, and in her 60's, she went back to her work for the insane. She did not stop until death overtook her at 80.

That she is almost completely unknown today is due in part to Miss Dix herself. She never permitted any personal interviews or what would today be called publicity. She would allow no asylum to be named after her. Yet she was probably one of the most distinguished, and certainly is now the most forgotten woman that America has produced in 300 years.

ON A FERRY I boarded in the Sudan, scores of people stumbled over the squatting form of a small boy, who persisted in sitting in the bottom, despite oaths and kicks. I asked the Captain to move the boy somewhere to keep him from being hurt

"Very good, your excellency," he replied, "but it is only fair to warn you that if that boy gets up the boat will sink."

—H. C. Jackson, *Sudan Days and Ways* (Macmillan)



OF WHAT USE IS POETRY?

By Dame Elith Sitwell

FROM TIME TO TIME an outcry arises on the subject of the use of the arts in general and of poetry in particular. This strikes me as very odd. Why should everything in the world, necessarily, be 'of use'? And yet, although poetry has the beauty of the lily, it is as unseeing to ask what is the use of poetry as it would be to ask what is the use of religion.

The uses of poetry are many. The poet should stand beside the priest in his work of restoring to mankind faith in God and in the heart of Man, in this terrible age when the only faith seems to belong to the grey and murderous creeds.

Emerson said of Plato "He, from the sunlike centrality and reach of his vision, had a faith without cloud." This is true of the great poet. It was true in the past, it is true now, in this age when so many, because of the outer circumstances of the world and their lives, suffer

from a tragic weakening or total loss of faith. Poetry will help to keep us immovably centred.

Seeing the immense design of the world, one image of wonder mirrored by another image of wonder—the pattern of fern and of feather echoed by the frost on the window pane, the six rays of the snowflake mirrored by the rock crystal's six rayed eternity, I ask myself "Were those shapes moulded by blindness? Who, then, shall teach me doubt?"

The poet speaks to all men of that other life of theirs which they have smothered and forgotten. The poet helps his brother men to be more merciful to each other, remembering the words, "Little children, love one another." To Shakespeare, for instance, even the meanest thing that lives is worthy of the light of the sun.

Poetry has many uses. It is the deification of reality. Such poetry as

Wordsworth's, for instance, teaches us that God is in everything, in a stone, in a straw. Reason and tranquillity were the companion angels of Wordsworth as he walked through an everyday world made splendid by the light of a genius which illuminated but did not transform. Common speech and common experience were here, but all made radiant and unforgettable by inspiration. For Wordsworth had the warmth of the earth and of the human heart and that genius which was of the heart rather than of the soul had taken all the chill from Reason.

*The earth and every common
sight*

To me did seem

Apparelled in celestial light

Poetry ennobles the heart and the eyes, and unveils the meaning of all things upon which the heart and the eyes dwell. It discovers the secret rays of the universe and restores to us forgotten paradises.

As Walt Whitman said, "All truths lie waiting in all things. They unfold themselves more fragrant than roses from living buds, whenever you fetch the spring sunshine moistened with summer rain. But it must be in yourself. It shall be love."

I wish that everyone could share the rapture of the poet. In some ways—I say this with all humility—the experience of the poet in creation is akin to the experience of the saint. I do not believe that anybody

who loved poetry could have an ugly soul. Human faults, yes. But the soul would still have radiance.

Foolish people say that the poems made simply for the love of beauty are useless, they are butterflies. They are 'spivs'. And yet I cannot but remember that when the great seventeenth century naturalist, John Ray, was asked "What is the use of butterflies?" he replied, "To adorn the world and delight the eyes of men—to brighten the countryside serving like so many golden span-
cles to decorate the fields." And he added of those butterflies made by the Hand of God: "Who can contemplate their exquisite beauty and not acknowledge and adore the traces of Divine art upon them?" At least the poems of which I speak, those butterflies made by the hand of man, have the traces of human art upon their wings.

I must at this point consider a question that will be asked by many: "Why do not more people care for modern poetry?"

I have two answers to that question. The first is that a great deal of dull rubbish is being written at this time, and is encouraged recklessly by reviewers. The unfortunate reader brought face to face with this feels a lethal boredom, and says to himself, "If this is poetry, I will have none of it." So he never comes to the poetry that is real, and will make the world more beautiful to him.

Another reason is that many people have an inherited way of

seeing and hearing, and have, too, a certain deafness as to rhythm

In my youth, I and my young fellow poets derived a considerable amount of amusement from the writings of our uninstructed elders on the use of rhyme. "Why," they enquired, "could not the young poets rhyme like Tennyson?" If we asked what particular poem of Tennyson they would wish us to emulate they replied, almost invariably, "Tears, idle tears"—in which no rhyme occurs.

They judged us by hearsay only, without reading us. All skilful unrhymed verse runs so smoothly that in the case of familiar poems it is almost always taken by the uninstructed for rhymed verse. Consider these lines from a modern poem

Such are the clouds—

*They float with a hite coolness and
sunny shade*

*Sometimes preening their flight
less feathers*

*Float, proud swans, on the calm
lake*

*And wave your clipped wings in
the azure air,*

*I then arch your neck, and look
into the deep for pearls*

*Now can you drink dew from tall
trees and sloping fields of Heaven*

Gather new coolness for tomorrow's heat,

*And sleep through the soft night
with folded wing*

Is not that as melodious as any rhymed verse.

Rhythm, as I said in the preface to my *Collected Poems*, is one of the principal translators between dream and reality. Rhythm might be described as, to the world of sound, what light is to the visible world. It shapes, and gives new meaning. Rhythm was described by Schopenhauer as 'melody deprived of its pitch.' 'Every great poet,' said Shelley "must inevitably innovate upon the example of his predecessors in the exact structure of his peculiar versification."

There is a great deal of opposition to the revivifications of rhythmic patterns. But then, the greatest of all rhythmic patterns, those not made by the hand of man, have been misapprehended. Doctor Thomas Burnet, who died in 1715, was so seriously disturbed by the unsymmetrical arrangement of the stars that he rebuked the Creator for His lack of technique. "What a beautiful hemisphere they would have made," he exclaimed, "if they had all been disposed in regular figures—all finished and made up into one fair piece, or great composition, according to the rules of art and symmetry."

When a certain kind of person is not grumbling about lack of symmetry, he is grumbling about symmetry. One English critic, for instance, F. R. Leavis, has decided that there is little, if anything, to be said for Milton. The sound of a great deal of Milton's verse affects him much as the sound of a motor

bicycle affects my less sensitive nervous system "We find ourselves," he declares, "flinching from the foreseen thud "

My ardent hope is that readers will go out and find poetry for themselves, and will not be dismayed by certain critics who tell the reader he must not ask for delight in poetry, but for instruction, and who read into every poem something that is not there. A good deal of clean healthy fun without the slightest trace of vulgarity can be gained from reading these critics if we do not take them seriously or allow their self complacency to irritate us beyond endurance.

F. W. Bateson, an English critic, declared that Gray's *An Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard* is a "plea for decentralisation." The same gentleman wrote that Tennyson suffered from schizophrenia. And, also, that we should not insist on the presence of delight in poetry. "To insist on its delight, to us is a kind of perversity."

Luckily, delight in beauty has not yet been made a crime in law!

One of the purposes of poetry is to show the dimensions of man that are, as Sir Arthur Eddington said, "mid-way in scale between the atom and the star,"—and to make all the days of our life, each moment of our life, holy to us.

In an apocryphal letter published originally in a Moscow paper, Picasso is supposed to have said, "There are painters who transform the sun into a yellow spot, but there are others who, with the help of their art and their intelligence, transform a yellow spot into a sun." Which is the greater and more important work? Yet many are angered when the yellow spot is transformed into a sun. It is deception, we are told. The artist is not using a great subject. Why ennoble the commonplace? Why show our common life as if it had some purpose beyond the grave?

Poetry is the light of the Great Morning wherein the beings whom we see passing in the street are transformed for us into the epitome of all beauty, or of all joy, or of all sorrow.



THE FIRST intelligent expression of the infant is wonder, this quickly develops into active curiosity, until life becomes an enthralling and breathless voyage of discovery. Its possession is the great distinction between youth and age. Youth is past when the sensation of adventure is ended, when instead of boundless expectation and of curiosity that penetrates into all the corners of existence, a man is content to take things as they are, when eagerness gives way to complacency and questioning to the cynicism of experience. The man devoid of curiosity is the man who in the end attains nothing.

—The Living Age

Probably nothing quite the equal of this appalling mess has ever happened before or since

THE GREAT MOLASSES FLOOD

By Ralph Frye

FROM the earliest days of the American colonies, ships loaded with wooden hogsheads of thick, dark molasses sailed regularly from the West Indies to unload at Boston's wharves. Molasses took the place of sugar, which few colonists could afford, and it made Yankee rum. It was a keystone of Boston's prosperity and trade for almost three centuries—until January 15, 1919.

I was a reporter on the *Boston American* on that fateful day. The stories coming in over the wire were predicting, rightly, that on the morrow Nebraska would become the thirty-sixth American state to vote "dry," thus bringing Prohibition

upon the entire nation (and rendering great quantities of molasses virtually useless). But even before the news could be printed, the biggest molasses storage tank in Boston burst and sent an angry deluge of the stuff rampaging through the old North End, tearing down the elevated railway, demolishing buildings, drowning and crushing 21 people and dozens of horses, wreaking property damage of more than a million dollars.

For years the tank, a bulging



giant 50 feet tall and 282 feet in girth, had loomed above the freight loading depots, stables and fire station in Commercial Street, near Boston's inner harbour. Three days before, the pumps of tankers from Puerto Rico had filled it right up to the brim with 2,320,000 gallons — 14,000 tons—of molasses.

At five minutes before noon on that mild winter morning, a telephone rang in the molasses factory's office in the shadow of the tank. Superintendent William White picked up the receiver, heard his wife insist that he join her in town for lunch, and left—thus undoubtedly saving his life. But the busy market district was thronged with people destined to be less fortunate.

Along Commercial Street, new-fangled motor lorries and horse-team drays clattered on the cobblestones beneath the elevated railway. In the doorways of shops and brick dwellings across the street from the tank, residents were taking advantage of the warm weather to sun themselves. In stables of nearby draying companies, dozens of horses were placidly munching hay. Drivers chatted over their lunch boxes on the freight loading platforms. Mrs. Bridget Clougherty, 68, stood watching them from the doorway of her frame house at the corner of Copp's Hill and Commercial Street. Her big son Martin, a well-known boxer and referee, lay in his second-floor bedroom, sleeping soundly. The time was 12:41.

At this moment Patrolman Frank McManus was making a routine phone call at a police signal box down the street. Suddenly he heard a grinding, rumbling noise. Looking up, he saw a dark sea of liquid gush from the bottom of the tank. He saw the big tank open out and fall apart, and a towering wall of molasses roll over the ground with a seething, hissing sound. Going 35 miles an hour with a push of 25 tons, it enveloped the fire station; then buildings began to collapse. McManus yelled for all the ambulances and policemen available.

At the same moment, the guard of a northbound train coming round the curve on the elevated railway yanked his emergency cord. All he could see was molasses rushing towards him. The guard later said: "The train stopped just as the elevated railway structure ahead sagged into the raging molasses below; the forward bogeys of the first coach were lifted off the rails."

Mrs. Mary Musco, watching from the window of her house when the explosion came, saw the three-story Clougherty house rise from its foundations and "fly into the air," then disappear beneath the elevated railway in a cauldron of floundering horses, people, jagged timbers, splintered wagons, huge crates of goods and—molasses. "I ran for help," Mrs. Musco said. "It was awful. People were running all over the place, all covered with molasses."

To many people the breaking of the tank came with a tearing sound, like the ripping of a huge sheet of paper. To a U S Navy gunner on a ship in the harbour it was like a succession of reports from an impossibly enormous machine gun. The tearing sound was caused by the initial giving way of the tank at its base: the machine-gun reports were muffs bursting upwards from the bottom, like buttons popping off a waistcoat.

Then the very steel and the plates themselves sundered and burst outwards. One 400-square foot section of steel weighing two and a half tons was catapulted 182 feet into North End Park. Another murderous ribbon of half-inch steel plate swept across Commercial Street, sheared through a tree trunk size steel column of the elevated railway like a knife through butter.

A few hours later, boxer Martin Clougherty, bandaged like a mummy, was able to tell reporters: "I was asleep on the second floor, and I awoke in several feet of molasses. A little way from me I saw my sister. I struggled out from under the wreckage and pulled my sister on to a board. Then I began to look for my mother." But the roof had fallen on Mrs. Clougherty and crushed her.

Russell McLean, a commuter from Waverly, Massachusetts, was on his way to North Station when the tank burst. The next thing he remembered was lying in a doorway

across the street with a young woman unconscious in his lap. "All around me horses and men were struggling in the thick molasses." One man, running from the onrushing molasses when it overtook him, landed sitting and was swept right out into the harbour. Members of the crew of a naval tug U.S.S. *Pawnee* picked him out of the water sticky and frightened, but unharmed.

We at the Boston *American* knew nothing of any of this at the time. I was on my way to lunch when a single fire alarm came in. Henry Daily, assistant city editor, called to me: "Ralph, take a look at this fire. Probably nothing to it, but there are a lot of old fire traps down there."

I went north to Commercial Street. At first there was no sign of trouble until, away up past Constitution Wharf, I saw it. What looked like a moving wall of volcanic lava filled the street and was moving relentlessly towards me. Everything it overtook—horses, cars, people—disappeared. I telephoned Henry: "Where's the fire?" he said.

"Wait!" I yelled. "This is no fire. I don't know what it is. Shoot some cameramen and messengers down here fast. Listen, there seems to be an awful stink of molasses around here. Maybe molasses has something to do with it."

"Molasses?" Henry was outraged.

When I got nearer I realized that this was the story of all stories. It was unique and it was terrifying and it was the biggest mess since the Augean stables. Sailors, firemen and policemen, wallowing thigh-deep in the wreckage, were coated from head to foot with molasses; it gave them a weird copper colour.

The big fire station had been shoved off its foundation and stood with its tower canted at a crazy angle. Inside several firemen were still trapped. It took nearly four hours before their comrades freed the last of them—and discovered George Layhe dead at the foot of the sliding pole, with the fire station piano and billiard table piled on top of him.

Even in the shallow places the molasses was dangerous. It was worse than quicksand. It held your feet. Well-meaning bystanders waded in to help floundering victims and couldn't get out. Scores of people trapped in the upper floors of buildings kept up a plea to be rescued. Fire lines were strung around the area, but the crowd pressed so hard against the ropes that some people slipped into the goo. Ambulances manned by molasses-stained young doctors were continually carrying away victims.

One ambulance unit of Red Cross girls arrived in Oxford-grey uniforms with shiny black puttees and pretty white blouses. They were very beautiful and very earnest and they plunged into the flood.

When firemen dragged them out, swollen and tottering with the weight of molasses, they looked like loathsome creatures of the primordial slime.

By mid-afternoon the flood had settled. Hundreds of residents and curious spectators went slipping and slopping through the mess and tracked it all over the metropolitan district. The next day if you sat down in any public place or conveyance in the city of Boston, you stuck to the seat. Riders in trams and buses in Worcester, 44 miles away, found them smeared. There wasn't a telephone booth in Boston where the instrument didn't stick to your fingers.

Streams of water were played on the molasses to wash it into the sewers and the harbour. But ordinary fire hoses proved useless to dissolve the muck. Firemen discovered that salt water managed somehow to "cut" the molasses. Fireboats and pumping equipment were called in to play. Police used huge hydraulic siphons to pump molasses out of flooded cellars. It was nearly a week before all the bodies were recovered, and months before signs of the disaster disappeared.

The distillery owners tried to wash their hands of responsibility for the disaster, only to find this as sticky a task as the molasses itself. Accident-insurance underwriters, too, tried not to get stuck. "They do not believe," reported the *Boston Globe*, calmly, "that the aggregate

claims made on behalf of the dead and injured will be very great, as the persons affected were for the most part of the wage-earning class "

The courts of Massachusetts took a different view. One hundred and nineteen separate suits for damages were filed. Hearings, continued as late as 10 p.m. to give workmen a chance to be heard, consumed 309 days. Three thousand witnesses spoke more than six million words of evidence, filling 40,000 pages of court record.

The defendant distillers spent more than 50,000 dollars on expert witnesses, built three tanks and blew them up in an effort to show that the

disaster had been caused by an "anarchist bomb." But when it was shown that the molasses tank had been built of thinner plates than were specified in the plans filed with the Boston Building Commission, the defence collapsed. In 1925 the company settled the suits out of court, for a total of more than a million dollars.

Cleaning up the mess took longer than the litigation. Men scraped and scrubbed and painted, but the taint of molasses persisted. It is said that even now, on humid days, a sickly sweetish aroma surrounds some of the older buildings of Boston's North End.



Comedies of Error

OUR ELECTRICITY showroom serves a fast growing suburban estate development in which whole blocks of houses are almost identical. One morning a customer phoned and said excitedly "You'll have to send someone out to move our cooker. It was installed at the wrong address."

"But you were there yourself," protested the manager, "and your family was there."

"Yes, yes I know," replied the customer. "We moved into the wrong house."

—Contributed by Florence Eng

A WOMAN was seated next to a middle aged man, a stranger, in a large church one extremely warm Sunday morning. Suddenly the man seemed to slump to the floor. The woman instantly knelt beside him. 'Put your head between your knees,' she whispered urgently. "You'll feel better if the blood can get to your head."

Putting her hand on the back of his head, she pushed down and was surprised to hear the man splutter in vigorous protest.

"Madam," he snapped when he had finally eluded her grasp, "I'm trying to retrieve my hat."

—George Fuermann

POINTS
TO
PONDER

I AM NOT SO fond of efficiency as some are. Those energetic neat people who go about the world furiously tidying things appal me. I like a little dirt about. It shows there has been activity—that people have been present—that there is life. The neatest places I know are museums stuffed with dead things.

J. J. FIVE S P L A M

ONE OF THE delights known to age and beyond the grasp of youth is that of *not going*. When we are young it is almost agony not to go. We feel we are being left out of life—that the whole wonderful procession is sweeping by, probably for ever—while we are weeping behind bars. Thus we torment ourselves in the April of our time.

Now not only do I not care whether I receive an invitation—but I can find delight in knowing that I am *not going*. But don't I like to enjoy myself? By *not going* that is just what I am trying to do.

J. B. Priestley *Delight* (Heinemann)

“I HATE to be indebted to anyone. I recently heard a woman remark

Most of us share her attitude. When a friend does us a favour we can't feel grateful for it and accept it graciously. No, indeed. We rush out and buy a gift for the friend and tell ourselves we've paid our debt. If Mrs. Smith has the Joneses to dinner, Mrs. Jones can't rest until she has had the Smiths to dinner.

This fear we have of being indebted to anyone puts friendship on a business basis—it keeps us from letting another person have the happy feeling that he has done something for us.

Kith Millett

HERE IS AN idea for every young man who works for a living—the worker gets the biggest profit out of any job that is well done. This profit is entirely aside from the money that changes hands in the transaction. It is the profit of increased ability—the capacity to do better work.

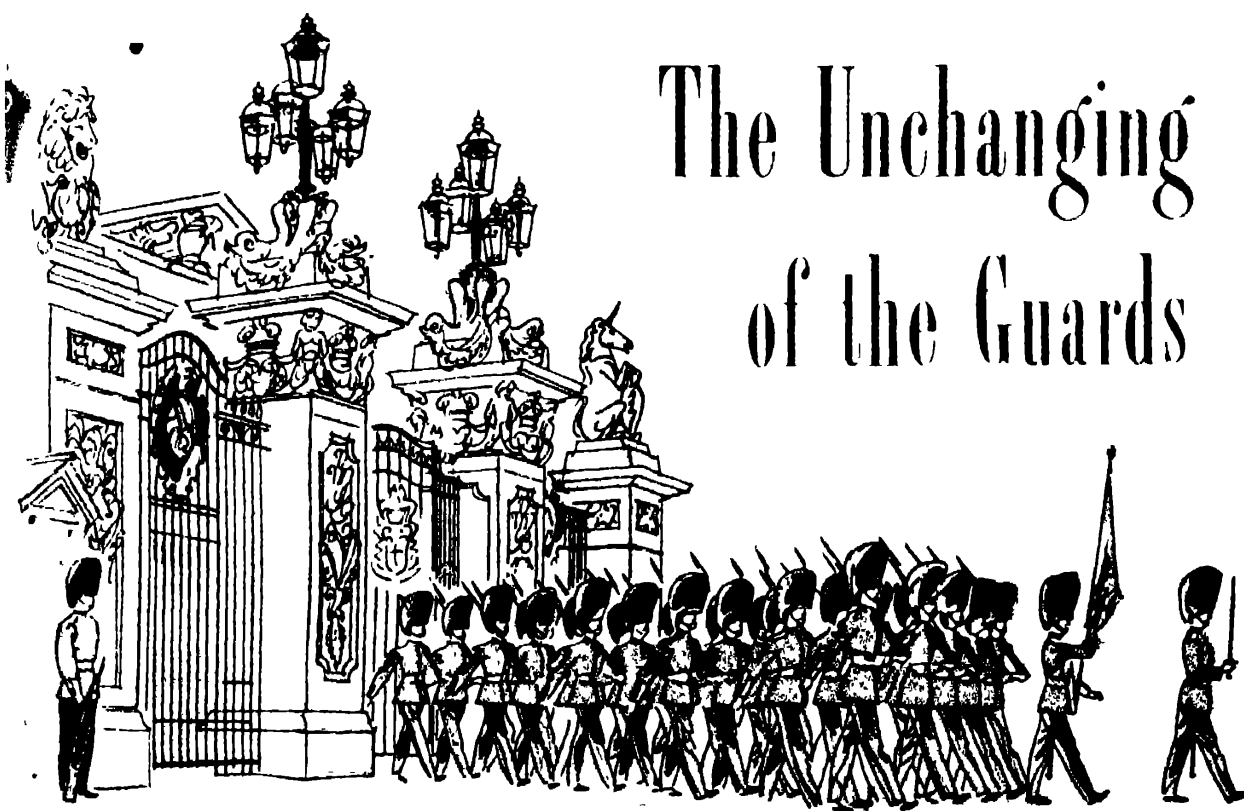
Our best knowledge is that which we absorb as a result of work. It is part of us. We do not forget it. It is always ours to command.

If any young man will get this thought rooted in his mind, he will increase his chances for promotion 100 per cent.

L. L. William *Illustration Magazine*

It is a misfortune that many people think it is a mark of saintliness to be easily shocked—whereas the greatest saints are the people who are never shocked. They may be distressed, they may wish things different, but to be shocked is often nothing but a mark of vanity, a desire that others should know how high is one's standard, how sensitive one's conscience.

—A. C. Benson



The Unchanging of the Guards

Magnificent to look at, indomitable in battle

By Richard Collier

AMONG THE most colourful sights in London are the soldiers in scarlet tunics and tall bearskins who do sentry duty outside Buckingham Palace and St. James's Palace. The Brigade of Guards is the embodiment of spit-and-polish, parade-ground perfection. But though they are famous for their immaculate appearance and bearing, the Guards in time of war are chosen for some of the toughest front-line fighting jobs. Since 1660 they have taken part in almost every great campaign Britain has fought.

For three centuries the Guards'

tradition of iron discipline has been a force in moulding the nation's character. Even under appalling conditions, they have always set an example of flawless turnout and discipline.

In the advance on Tunis during the Second World War, a platoon commander of the Irish Guards fell, fatally wounded. His sergeant cracked his heels and saluted punctiliously. "Sir, have I permission to take over your



command?" The officer assented, returned the salute, then breathed his last.

"The Guards die with their boots clean," is a saying of the Brigade. In the fighting in Italy, when 33 had been killed and 152 wounded in a company of the Coldstream Guards, a sergeant strode between the slit trenches, braving bullets, and exhorted the men to remember they were Guards and to put their "tin hats" on straight.

During the heartbreaking retreat through France in 1940 they stood fast for three days as a rear guard against the German advance, covering the withdrawal of the Army from Dunkirk beach. Only at the eleventh hour did the Guards retreat, marching to the beach in the height of an air attack, boots shining, brasses gleaming.

In the bitter North African campaign in 1941 they were the first troops to defeat the invincible Rommel. The Guards fought at Anzio beachhead. With U.S. paratroopers they stormed the key bridges at Nijmegen, in the Netherlands, and opened the road to Berlin.

When Regimental Sergeant Major John Lord parachuted into Arnhem with the First Airborne Division in 1944 he was wounded, then captured by the Germans. To Lord, a moustached and magnificent six-foot-two Grenadier Guardsman, the squalor of the prison camp, Stalag XI B, was intolerable. He was put in charge of 6,000 prisoners of all

nationalities, and he set out to organize the camp on the lines of a Guards' barracks.

It seemed an impossible task, for 400 men were pressed like cattle into each hut. Those who weren't lucky enough to sleep two in a bed crouched shivering on the filthy floor. The fear of epidemics was always present. As winter drew on, those who could not face it lay down and died.

Lord began by dividing each hut into companies with non-commissioned officers in charge. After weeks of patient questioning he was able to draw up personal documents for all the men. Then he set to work to instil a sense of purpose and routine into them.

Three times daily he would force all those who could walk to exercise for an hour in the compound. Dispensing old rags, cold water and hand made twig brooms, he saw to it that every hut came as close as possible to the Guards' standards of cleanliness. Sometimes there was only one razor among 100 men, but Lord would persuade the owner to share it. Coaxing, but taking an iron hand with the shirkers, he gave his men something more than a daily task, he restored the men's self-respect.

Stalag XI B at war's end dazzled its liberators. It had grown to include 17,000 men. "At the main gate," recalls Major Ralph Cobbold, an officer of the Coldstream Guards, "a sentry as immaculate as if he

were at Buckingham Palace saluted. Everywhere we received crisp salutes. In his office, Sergeant-Major Lord—white belt, gleaming boots and buttons, razor-edged trouser creases—rang for tea, and in a few minutes produced a complete record for every man in the camp.”

The strength of the Brigade of Guards is 542 officers and 9,392 other ranks. Any soldier can volunteer for the Guards, but acceptance depends upon intelligence, alertness, poise, and on exacting physical qualifications. Height is a prime requirement: at least five feet eight for most regiments. The tallest men of the First Battalion are chosen for the élite Queen’s Company of the Grenadiers.

Recruits are sent to the Guards’ Depot outside London for 12 weeks of training. Here the “rookies” learn to stand erect, their heels together, their toes at an angle of 30 degrees, and to march with precision, 120 paces to the minute. In advanced courses, a drum beats time and a sergeant strides along beside the troops, measuring their steps with a pace stick.

Resplendent in red sashes, it is the squad instructors who virtually lay down the flawless standards of the Guards.

The Guards lay tremendous stress on cleanliness as well as obedience and efficiency. Recruits have a wry jest: “Join the Army and see the world, join the Guards and scrub it.” Their barracks floors shine like

plate glass. Buttons must be polished till they gleam. Boots are kept shining throughout the day. Each evening in the barrack-room there is a 60-minute “Shining Parade”: while the sergeant lectures them on regimental traditions, each man works in silence to perfect his boots and his brasses.

After 12 weeks in the Guards’ Depot and nine weeks of rugged field training, the “rookie” is entitled to call himself a Guardsman.

Because of the Guards officer’s social opportunities, his life is sometimes compared to membership in an exclusive country club.

Guards’ pay is no different from any other branch of the Army: for a newly enlisted private, £2 9s. a week, £6 16s. 6d. for a sergeant; £1,460 a year for a colonel.

Before the war, at a cost of upwards of £200, Guards officers had to buy their own full-dress uniform, glittering with elaborate gold embroidery. Today, after drastic post-war economies, these uniforms are issued from store, much of it bequeathed by earlier generations. (The life of a bearskin is about 40 years.)

King Charles II formed the first permanent regiment of Guards from loyalists who accompanied him into exile. This regiment is now the Grenadier Guards. When Charles was restored to the throne he created a new regiment, the Coldstream Guards, from the men who had marched with General

Monk from Coldstream, on the Scottish border, to London. Two years later, to strengthen his bodyguard, he created the Scots Guards. The Irish Guards were formed in Queen Victoria's reign and the Welsh Guards during the First World War. There is almost no difference between these five regiments, and to a great extent they are now regional in name only.

The Guards play their part in policing trouble spots abroad; today, they may see service in Germany, Malaya and elsewhere. Battalions of the five regiments take turns of duty in London.

Before going on sentry duty at Buckingham Palace or St. James's Palace the Guardsman spends about an hour in preparation. There are the buttons to polish on his scarlet tunic, boots and brasses to be cleaned, his white collar-piping to be chalked. The 20-inch-high head-dress, made of real bearskin, is placed in a damp towel to achieve its high gloss.

Sentry duty at the palaces—two

hours on and four off—is a stern test of fibre. If a Guard so much as scratches his nose he is likely to be reported for misconduct. For fainting while standing rigidly at attention (except when actually ill) he gets extra drill. He is often beset by tourists, who pose beside him for snapshots, pretend to untie his shoelaces, or wave their hands in front of his face to see if he will flinch.

When, four times each week, 60 of these soldiers of the Queen perform the intricate and breath-taking manoeuvre of Changing the Guard in the forecourt of Buckingham Palace, crowds come to watch the performance. But the most impressive moment of the Guards' year comes with the Trooping the Colour early in June, on the Queen's official birthday, when a scarlet phalanx of more than 600 Guardsmen bears the Regimental Colour of a chosen battalion in solemn march past their Queen.

The Guards, with their blend of toughness and ceremony, are an inspiration to the people of Britain.

A CANADIAN priest tells of hearing the confession of a rough-and-ready fellow who said it had been two years since he last confessed. He explained that he was a trapper in a remote part of Canada; that it took him the better part of two weeks to get to confession, travelling on foot, by canoe, and then by train and bus, and that usually he could not afford to leave his trap lines untended for that long.

"You're way behind the times," the priest said. "You could fly to the city, go to confession and Communion, and be back home in 36 hours. Why not take a plane next time?"

"I've thought of that, Father," the man said. "But for venial sins, it's too expensive—and for mortal sins, it's too risky."

—Contributed by Ed Anderson

By Alan Devoe

food it will starve to death in less than a day. A shrew uses up its life force so prodigally in preying and feeding that it dies of old age at about 16 months.

Probably not one person in 100 is aware of ever having seen a shrew, yet in many countrysides it is the commonest animal of all. It looks like a wee mouse with a sharp pointed muzzle, tiny eyes that are barely visible and velvety dark-grey or sepia fur. What we see is just a scurrying little blur as the shrew whisks through the grass in its ceaseless search for food.

A shrew is so savage that it will attack, kill and devour animals twice its size. It has such a prodigious appetite that it can eat the equivalent of its own weight about every three hours, and it burns energy so fast that if deprived of

* The true shrews family *Soricidae* are all small mouse like animals as described in the article. To this family belongs the Blue Musk Shrew or Musk Rat found in India, Burma and Ceylon. A night visitor to Indian houses it leaves a strong musky smell which permeates clothing or other articles with which the animal comes in contact but the popular belief that the contents of a sealed bottle are contaminated if the shrew runs over the outside is not founded in fact. The fruit eating tree climbing animals called Tree Shrews in India, Malaya, Indonesia and the Philippines belong to another family the *Tupaiidae*.

or a butterfly, slug, centipede or cricket.

A shrew will eat almost anything, and it gobbles so fast—all the while shaking in spasms of excitement—that it devours its prey in a few seconds. The fact that it dispatches hordes of insects of all kinds makes it one of the most valuable of animals.

It is afraid of nothing. When I was a boy I put a shrew into a cage with a young white rat, intending to leave it there for a few moments while I got its own cage ready. Instantly the furry midget reared up, bared his teeth and let loose a high-pitched chittering squeak of rage and hunger. In panic, his hulking adversary cowered in a corner. Then in a flash the shrew was across the cage, slashing at the rat's throat, swarming all over him. At the end, the shrew gobbled up every last vestige of the rat, including bones, claws and fur.

The life of this bloodthirsty creature begins in a loose ball of leaves and grasses usually hidden in a hollow stump or log. In this nursery is born a litter of four to ten pink, crinkly babies smaller than honeybees. They begin to creep around the nest when they are about a week old. At three or four weeks their mother weans them, changing them to a diet of flesh—usually earthworms.

A few days later she unceremoniously boots them out of the nursery, and each youngster is on his own.

Twinkling the top of his pointed nose in a frenzied alertness for a sniff of prey, he goes rushing off through the grass stems on the indomitable hunt to which his whole life will be given. Whatever small fellow creature he may meet, it will never cross his mind to think, "Is he bigger than I am?" There is just one thought in his tiny skull: "Let me get at him!"

In periods of family-raising, father and mother shrew live devotedly together. But this is the only time in a shrew's life when its ferocity subsides, even towards its own kind. It is fatal to put two shrews in a cage for in a few minutes there is just one shrew, licking its chops.

What of the shrew's natural enemies? Only a few strong-stomached hunters like the great horned owl, weasels and bobcats eat shrews. For on each of the animal's flanks is a potent gland containing a sickening musk that the shrew can let loose when overwhelmed.

Tests of the short-tailed shrew have proved that its salivary glands contain a venom similar to that secreted by such poisonous snakes as the cobra. When its teeth slash an enemy the victim grows foggy-minded, then has trouble in breathing, then is stricken by a numbing paralysis.

As far as naturalists can tell, the short-tailed shrew is the only species that carries such powerful venom. But every shrew carries a ferocious hostility, a ravenous hunger and reckless rage.

The wife of Free China's Generalissimo sends the world an inspiring message of hope and dedication



THE POWER OF PRAYER

By Madame Chiang Kai shek

I HAVE great hesitancy about writing this message. I do not want to give the impression that I am a better Christian than I am. But no one who has had a unique experience with prayer has a right to withhold it from others.

Some five years ago I started a small prayer group here on Formosa. The results of this tiny effort have convinced me that a chain of prayer groups all round the world could help to bring about world peace. Such a chain would be more powerful than any propaganda.

In order that you may understand why I think so, I must first sketch in the circumstances that have influenced my thinking.

Both my parents were devout

Christians. Even as little children we attended Sunday school and church and observed daily family devotions. I sometimes rebelled against having to sit and listen to tedious sermons but, fortunately, I absorbed Christian ideals without consciously realizing what I was getting. Even after my marriage to Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek I was really only a nominal Christian. Intellectually I was convinced of the Divinity of Christ. I believed, too, that Jesus came to the world to atone for sinners, but this meant little to me. Although He did die for me, He died for everybody. This fact had no personal import. It was like enjoying a cool breeze on a hot summer day. Everybody enjoyed it who

felt it. As for sin, everybody was a sinner; certainly my sins were no more wicked than the average.

I knew that my mother felt differently. Mother lived very close to God. She spent hours praying and communing with Him. Whenever we had problems we would go to her and ask her to pray for us.

To Mother, praying to God was not merely asking Him to bless her children. It meant *waiting on Him*. With her, religion was not a one-way traffic. She lived according to His precepts to do justly, to love mercy and walk humbly with Him. She often emphasized to me that we should not ask God to do anything if it would hurt someone else.

Her death was a terrific blow to all her children, but it hit me perhaps even harder than the rest, for I was her youngest daughter and had leaned on her more heavily than I realized.

At that time, in addition to the threatening Japanese encroachment, my husband had the added burden of suppressing the Communists then rampant in the province of Kiangsi. Also, floods had overrun the dikes of the Yellow River, and a large section of our people was threatened by famine. I had worked closely with my husband for many years in his attempt to build a unified and modernized China. Now discouragement close to despair overwhelmed me, and Mother was no longer there to pray me through. What was I to do? To whom could I turn?

In retrospect, I realize that this was my first great spiritual crisis.

My husband was faithful to the promise he had made to my mother before our marriage to study the Bible. She had converted him to Christianity just before her death, and he was still studying daily by himself, trying to understand the complexities of Old Testament history. It was tedious work, for there were few comprehensive Chinese biblical histories which made sense to one who was not brought up a Christian. When I saw him struggling, I knew I should help him as Mother always did.

While attending Wellesley College in the United States, I had taken a course in Old Testament History. (How strange that years later that course should prove so useful in the enlightenment of the Generalissimo!) With my old notes and textbooks, we now began a daily session which is still part of our everyday life. Every morning at 6.30 we pray together and share devotional reading and discussions. Every night before retiring, we also pray together.

My own faith grew with fresh understanding. A deeper meaning permeated our marriage. I had reached the first plateau of my spiritual development.

The habit of daily morning devotions proved to be a rock of sustaining strength to my husband when he was taken captive in Sian in 1936 by some of his officers who were

secretly in league with the Communists. Despite dire mental distress and physical injury from a fall when captured, he was spiritually at peace as a prisoner, even though death faced him at any moment. His captors held him incommunicado for ten days while the world's headlines screamed of his plight and the nation clamoured for his immediate return to safety.

I finally succeeded in flying to Sian to be by his side. When his captors let me see him, he was as startled as though I were an apparition. When he recovered, he showed me a verse he had read that same morning in the Bible (Jeremiah xxxi:22) which had said that the Lord had "created a new thing in the earth" by causing a woman to protect a man.

Is it any wonder that he and I believe so strongly?

I reached my next plateau of spiritual growth during the Sino-Japanese War. Perhaps the greatest migration in history was the 1938 trek of the Chinese people to set up Chungking as a new capital, 1,400 miles from the coast through mountains and gorges.

Here we lived in a deadly nightmare for seven long years while bombers came in seemingly never-ending waves of death. We were in underground shelters almost as much as we were above ground. The dugouts were sickeningly damp, with stones sweating and water dripping from the sides of the caves.

They were vile from dead air. Some days the raids were so close and numerous that no one had time even to prepare food. Moonlight nights were the worst; then the marauding planes came in successive waves. Terrible tiredness permeated every nerve and bone. We knew that the enemy was trying to break our morale through sheer physical exhaustion. We were therefore determined not to give in.

Determination and will power, however, are different entirely from the power that comes from faith and prayer. During the third seemingly endless year of being a human target and living half underground, I came to a new point of desolation. I said my prayers and they meant nothing. And I realized that I was being slowly poisoned by resentment, hate and bitterness.

Have you ever tried to pray for an enemy? Have you ever tried to love someone who is ruining your life and the lives of those you love? I knew Christ's directive, but I could not follow it. I could not bless the aggressors no matter how I tried. Surely, even God could not ask that of me.

Then one morning, during a period when the bombing was most intense, spiritual help came in a remembered experience. Weeks before, my husband and I, on one of our trips to the front, had stopped at an orphanage for blind children. Though I hated the tendency in myself, I had always been repelled by

any abnormality, mental or physical, and I went to the orphanage only as a matter of duty. As I looked at those children, the expression on their faces seemed unnervingly dull and apathetic. As they gathered round me, I instinctively shrank from them. Then a thought flashed which enabled me to embrace them: if I was, even temporarily, so repelled by *physical* blindness, how much more repelled must God be by my *spiritual* blindness?

At devotions that morning, I asked myself whether I was not being deliberately spiritually blind when I hated. Suddenly I was enabled to unload hatred at the foot of the Cross. Now when I pray I can turn the enemy over to God, *His* mercy and *His* justice.

Never again have I been obsessed by hate. I still get angry, but that is a momentary reaction. No bitterness can go so deep within me as to possess my every thought.

Now I was freed and recharged. We are called upon periodically to progress or else we retrogress. At these times many Christians lose their faith and fall away entirely. But to those who persist in prayers there will suddenly come a fresh burst and flowering of faith. And with it, a wider and deeper joy than ever experienced before.

Soon after my arrival in Formosa, after the Communists seized China, I felt summoned to form a prayer group. I quailed at the thought. I shied away in self-consciousness. My

friends would think that I was over-pious, as I once thought my mother was. Isn't it odd that most of us feel no reticence in proclaiming our love for our family and friends, but are most unwilling to let people know of our allegiance to Christ? Because this is true, our devotion to Him withers, for only in reaffirmation can we keep love alive.

So now I invited to our new home five of my friends who were devout Christians, and told them that from that day forth I hoped to have a prayer group. I repeated Christ's promise that when two or three are gathered together in His name, there He is also. If they agreed, we would pray together for the fate of China and for the world.

Now a prayer group is nothing new. My mother held such meetings in our home every week. Prayer groups have recently sprung up in many places; people seem to be catching the same religious spark in many parts of the globe.

Our prayer meeting has been held every Wednesday afternoon ever since, without fail, for five years. At first, a certain self-consciousness had to be overcome. We were somewhat abashed at the start. Some of us had never prayed aloud. People who have known each other intimately can suddenly seem strangers in the presence of God. But there comes a moment when God takes over; there comes a moment when the Holy Spirit is really with us, at times filling the room.

We take turns in leading the meetings. We usually start with two minutes of silent prayer followed by some well-loved hymns. The leader reads from the Scriptures and tells of her own spiritual testimony in relation to the text. After that comes open discussion on the subject. Then members request prayers for particular conditions or people. Reverently we kneel and one at a time pray as the Spirit moves us. Three or four prayers are offered. There is no rigid schedule, we feel that spontaneity and diversity are conducive to enthusiasm. But we always end with prayer for China's future and for world peace according to God's will.

At one of the earliest meetings a leader asked all who had experienced the Holy Ghost to raise their hands. I did not raise mine. It was only later that I recognized the Holy Spirit within me. This is how it happened.

One day while reading of the Crucifixion, I paused at a passage describing how the soldier used a spear to pierce His side and how blood and water flowed from the wound. Now, I had read that passage many times before, and it never particularly moved me. This time, however, I wept. For the first time I realized that His suffering and pain were for me. I cried and cried, overcome with my own unworthiness. It was a peculiar sensation, at once great grief and great release. I seldom weep, for as children we

were trained not to show emotion. But this was a torrent, like a flood. I could not control it. At the same time, my heart felt light and relieved, feeling that my sins were washed away with those tears.

I had experienced what is called an old-fashioned conversion. No other word will do. Thenceforth I was not only intellectually convinced but personally attached to my Lord. *If any man be in Christ he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new* (II Corinthians v:17).

When I told this to a few of our group, some of them instantly understood and recognized what I tried to convey. (Conversion is difficult to explain to those who have not been through it.)

As time went on, the prayer group enlarged its membership. There are now 40 members, far more than we originally planned. It has been a struggle to keep it small, it is hard not to take in the many who would like to join us. But an intimate feeling of unity and informality cannot be had if too many people are present.

Branches headed by our members have been organized all over the city of Taipeh. We have a joint meeting once every three months.

We prepared a pamphlet with the Ten Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, the Beatitudes and the Apostles' Creed. We found that memorizing a favourite Bible verse and repeating it at odd moments during the

day provides the material needed to practise the presence of God

Soon the Holy Spirit showed us that faith without work is dead, and so we embarked on evangelical work among the armed forces, first in the military hospitals, later in the army. For the first time in history China now has a chaplain service. Eleven trained full-time chaplains do bedside visiting among the sick and the wounded and hold regular Christian services. This project is supported by voluntary tithing of our members and by contributions from my sister, Madame Kung and her friends.

Our prayer group members make weekly visits to military hospitals. This is not merely social service; it is simply doing God's work and furthering His Word. We have heard it said that "he who teaches a prayer, prays in many voices." Our group knows that hundreds, even thousands of prayers would never have been offered without us.

I have experienced what I had so often heard about and never understood: spiritual joy and exhilaration. Soon I realized that others were feeling the same thing. This is the strange fruit of a prayer group: intellectual conviction in the proof, all about its members, of the power of prayer, plus an entirely fresh resurgence of inward joy. This is one of the ways in which religion truly becomes personal.

With a dedicated group, loving thy neighbours as thyself becomes real.

Whether among strangers or close friends, a new bond is forged in praying together. We each felt an exultation and joy whenever an unbeliever became a Christian and was baptized. We did not ask nor did we care to what church denomination he belonged.

Our members formed prayer groups with their own friends without our urging. Some of these consist of married couples only. One member moved away from the city and started one in her new village. Still another, while undergoing further professional training, started one among her fellow students. There are now hundreds of such groups throughout Free China.

At Easter our prayer group leads Good Friday services which are broadcast. We stress what happened after Christ was crucified. With the exception of Judas Iscariot, who in remorse and shame hanged himself, the apostles became veritable spiritual giants and developed amazing qualities of leadership. They were tortured and persecuted, yet they proclaimed the Gospel and fought for the Kingdom of Righteousness. Instead of scattering like lost sheep without a shepherd, this small handful of Christians became an invincible unit so closely knit that despite formidable oppression and persecution, the meagre band of believers proved to be a more potent force than the entire Roman Empire. Why aren't we as eager and fearless as they, instead of half-alive,

half-ashamed Christians who know little, if anything, of what we believe?

It has been part of the Communist technique to rob us of our faith. It has been part of the devil's cunning to dry-rot us with cowardice, cynicism, compromise, indifference. We Christians of the present generation have lacked the spiritual fire to *insist* on a better world. We can have a better world only if we care enough. I have frequently heard my husband say that Christ willingly gave up His life for the Cause, and that we shall not be able to solve our own great problems until more of us are ready to do likewise.

The Gospels record that throughout Christ's ministry he frequently had to get away from the multitudes to commune with His Father, not only by Himself but together with His band of disciples. He, the Son of God, needed to recharge His spirit by prayer. We too must pray—and together. Aloud. With fervour and desire to see His will prevail.

I firmly believe with Father Patrick Peyton that "the family that prays together, stays together." Would it not also be true of nations?

Civilization will advance in proportion to the personal concern and faith through prayer that we soak into it. That is the sure victory.



Many Ways to Skin a Cat

CUTLING the outskirts of a small New England town, the New Yorker wasn't driving recklessly, but he was clocking it a trifle above the official speed limit. As he rounded a bend he saw half a dozen cars parked on the verge, and a police officer signalling him to stop. When the constable approached him, pulling out his charge book, the New Yorker thought he had been caught in a speed trap.

The policeman reminded him politely about the speed limit and estimated accurately how much faster the motorist had been going. "In this town," the constable told him gravely, "that could cost you \$50 or even a spell in gaol."

Then, before the victim could get a word in, the constable asked suggestively, as if reciting a carefully memorized piece, "Did I hear you say, sir, that you were hurrying down to our local Red Cross headquarters to donate a pint of blood in the drive we are now conducting?" It didn't take the New York driver long to "agree" that he was.

"Well, now," the policeman said approvingly, putting away his book and motioning towards the parked cars, "you just get in line behind those other patriotic folks, and I'll lead the way myself, so you won't get lost."

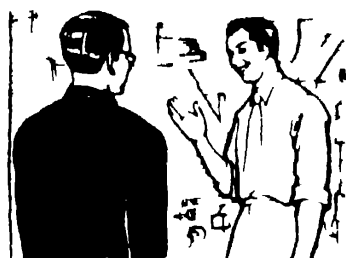
—Editorial in *The Sunday Evening Post*

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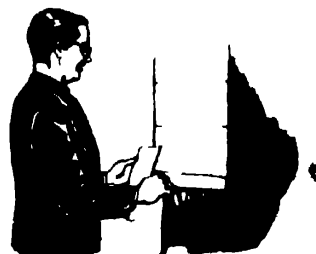


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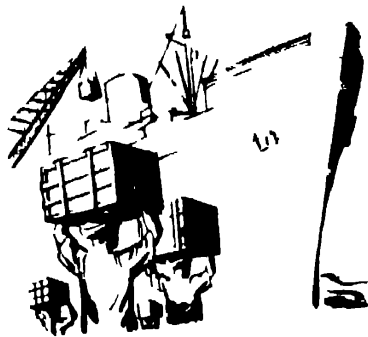
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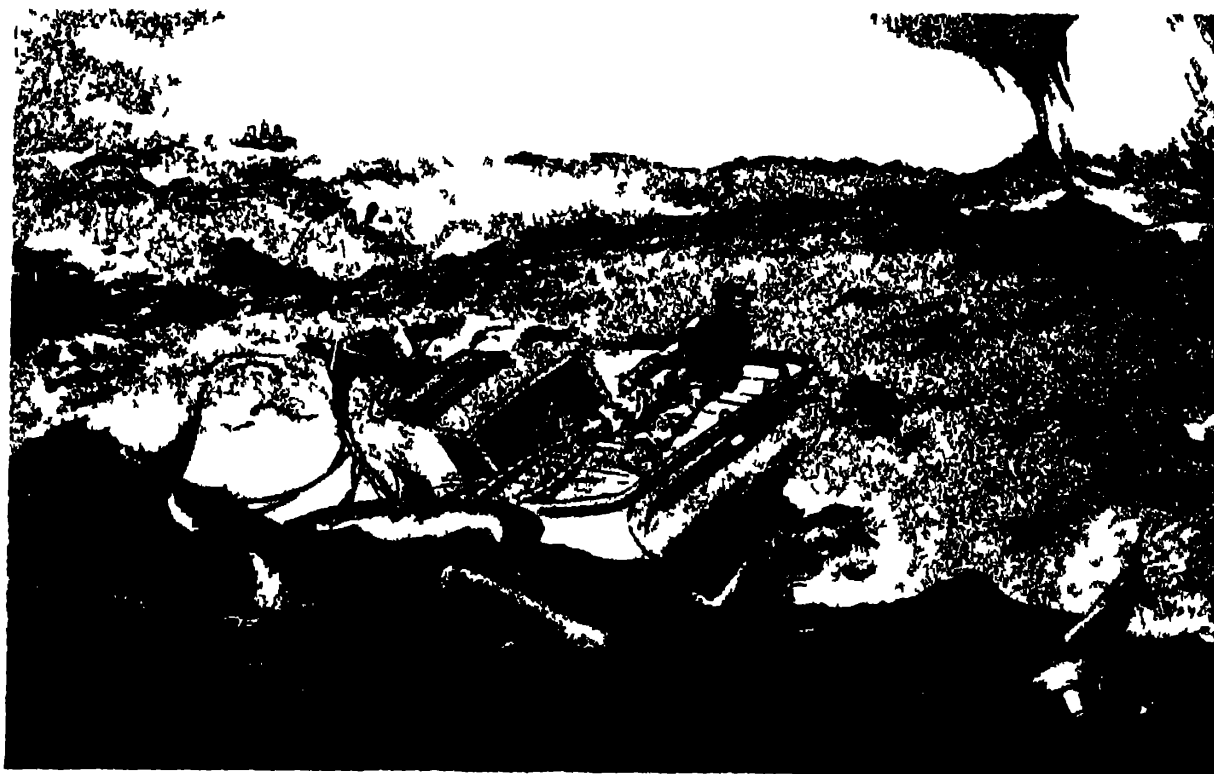


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Winslow Homer, who mastered the sea—on canvas



Reproduction of *The Gulf Stream* by Winslow Homer courtesy of The Metropolitan Museum of Art New York

HE SPURNED SUCCESS— AND ACHIEVED FAME

By Malcolm Vaughan

THE GREAT WAVE crashed around him with an explosive roar. Spray flew in every direction. But the man who was studying this wave was snug and dry. He was working in a small waterproof cabin with a large plate-glass window, mounted on runners and anchored to the shore.

The time—early twentieth century. The hour—just after daybreak

The gale the night before had been one of the roughest the rocky Maine coast had experienced for years. The man warmed his hands at a little stove, then hurried back to the canvas on which he was recording the storm-swept ocean. The picture was destined to be one of his grandest masterpieces, *Early Morning After a Storm at Sea*.

Winslow Homer, then one of

America's foremost artists, enjoyed the roar and riot of a stormy sea.

The rougher it got, the more violently the waves crashed, the more he revelled in it. Although he occasionally painted the ocean when it was calm, he is best known for his pictures of raging waves, the perils of the sea and the men who strive against its power.

Some people thought Homer eccentric because he had become a hermit. Legend in his family says there was a woman involved, a woman he didn't marry because he couldn't afford her. We know that he kept, where he could always see it, a painting of a pretty brown-haired girl with large dark eyes. She held a hand of cards and looked straight at you. The title of the picture was *Shall I Tell Your Fortune?*

Whatever the reason, Homer built himself a little house on a wild, craggy promontory jutting into the Atlantic. He did his own cooking, gardening wood-chopping. To a friend who suggested visiting him, he wrote: "I have never yet had a bed in my house. No other man or woman within a mile, and four miles from railway and post office." Once an art collector who had come from New York to pay homage to the great artist stopped a poorly dressed fisherman roaming the cliffs and said, "I say, my man, if you can tell me where to find Winslow Homer I have a quarter for you." "Where's your quarter?" the fisherman flashed back; then, pocketing

the money, said, "I am Winslow Homer."

The ocean was not originally Homer's speciality. He began as a magazine illustrator, painting old-time American rural life—harvest dances, maize-shelling, Thanksgiving Day and Christmas on the farm, the one-room schoolhouse.

When the American Civil War broke out, a magazine sent him to the front as an "art correspondent." He soon made a name for himself. His first major work, *Prisoners from the Front*, became the most famous American picture of the time. It made him a celebrity overnight.

Yet, at the peak of his success as an illustrator, Homer turned his back on it and thenceforth devoted his days to non-topical painting. He cut himself off from family and friends, sailed for England and settled in a tiny Northumberland fishing village.

It was then that the sea became his dominant theme. Two years later—his art changed as if he were another person—he returned to the United States and moved to the Maine coast. There he painted in the remaining 26 years of his life the most tremendous series of sea pictures ever produced by an American, varying his Maine-coast scenes with paintings made during winter trips to Florida, Bermuda, Nassau. From such a trip came his famous *Gulf Stream*, the picture reproduced here.

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In Homer's paintings, as he grew older, human beings gradually played a smaller and smaller rôle, probably because he himself was so solitary. Now he seldom painted the ordeals of men who go down to the sea in ships, or disaster wreaked by the sea, but rather the grandeur of the ocean and its never-ending battle against the shore.

"There was something in that solitary soul which responded with passionate joy to the call of the tempest," a biographer, William Howe Downes, has said.

Unlike many artists, Homer, for all his arduous life, never suffered

hunger. He had no trouble selling his pictures. In time they brought large sums—up to 6,000 dollars each. In recent years three have brought 50,000, 60,000 and 75,000 dollars respectively. Even one of his water colours has now sold for 15,700 dollars.

Decade after decade Homer climbed to new heights of achievement. In his 70's he was painting better than ever. Of his last two pictures painted before his death in '910, his latest biographer Lloyd Goodrich says, "They reveal a mastery and richness . . . like the final ripening of fruit."

Information

AGRICULTURAL RESEARCH, the official journal for reporting high scientific findings in the U.S. Department of Agriculture, has announced a discovery. After months of study, Department master minds have found that you can't make good chicken soup out of skin and bones. Most of the flavour is in the meat, the scientists reported. — *Minneapolis Tribune*

FOR A DIME, payable to the superintendent of documents, U.S. Government Printing Office, parents can obtain Children's Bureau pamphlet No. 41-1954 entitled "Your Children's Feet and Footwear." The pamphlet is a bargain. In what other publication costing a mere 10 cents can one obtain such nuggets of wisdom as:

"The time to replace shoes is when the child has outgrown them."

"Ballet slippers, loafers, moccasins, and high heel cowboy boots are designed for a special purpose."

"When a child is learning to walk, he needs to have shoes that allow him to make natural use of his feet."

And for the winner in profound advice, the following:

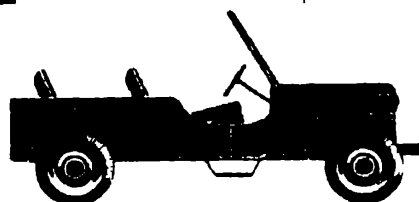
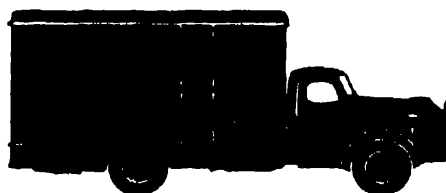
"The widest part of the shoe should fit the widest part of the foot."

—Walter Trohan

A U.S. AGRICULTURE Department report last autumn predicted: "The year will bring considerably better conditions for farmers in areas that were seriously affected by drought in 1954—if precipitation increases in those areas."

—*Capper's Weekly*

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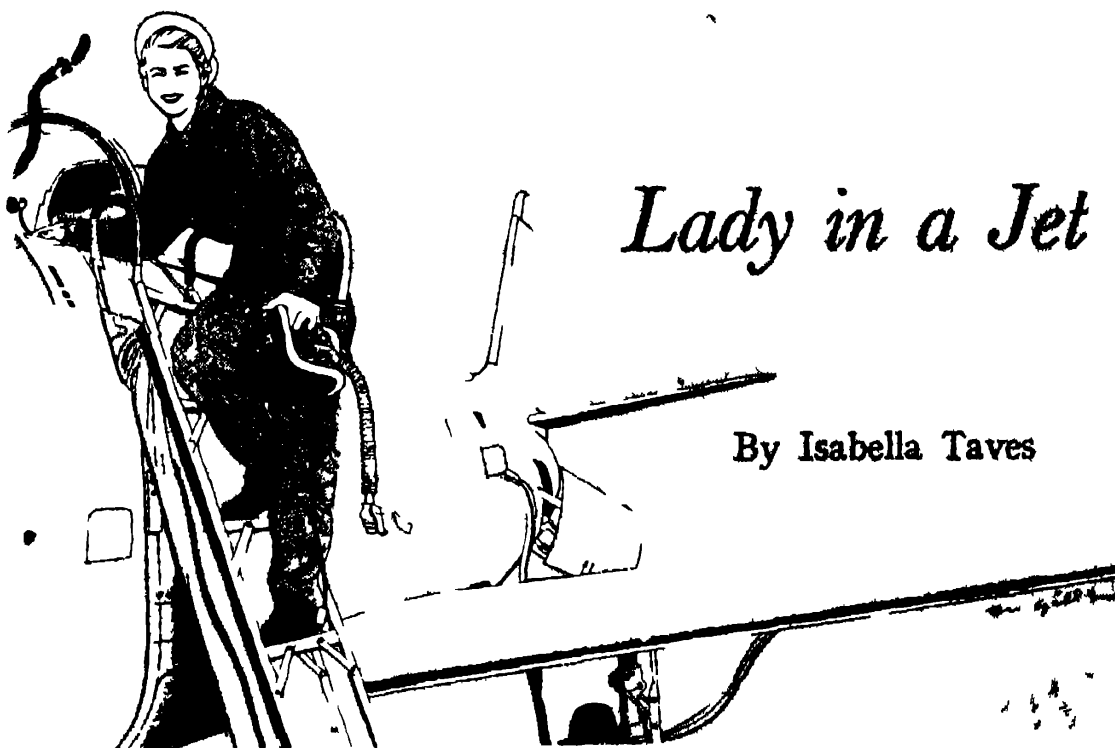


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Lady in a Jet

By Isabella Taves

THE SLIM blonde girl waiting to take off in the Bendix Transcontinental Air Race across America was running into trouble. First, the manufacturer, dissatisfied with the performance of the plane she was to fly, asked her to withdraw. But no woman had ever competed in the Bendix races before, and Jacqueline Cochran had been permitted to enter only after getting the sanction of all the men pilots. She decided not to give up.

Then, just before her 3 a.m. California take off, the fog rolled in from the ocean. The flier starting just ahead of her crashed and was killed at the end of the runway.

While the wreckage was being cleared away, an official of the Civil Aeronautics Administration warned Jackie that fog and her heavy fuel load were a murderous combination.

Jackie Cochran was a waif who became an outstanding pilot and a successful businesswoman

As she warmed up her plane the company representative again asked her to withdraw. Photographers flashing pictures of her in the cockpit blinded her with their lights.

Jackie took off.

She didn't win the race. She didn't even finish, but today she thinks that if she hadn't flown that night she might never have raced again.

That was in 1935. Three years later Jackie was back. Again trouble haunted her. Her plane had been delivered just before the race. She literally had to test it en route from California to Cleveland, over the mountains. She ran into bad

weather. The fuel tank in the starboard wing was blocked and wouldn't drain unless she tipped the plane. She went to higher altitudes to save fuel. She was 20 minutes behind her carefully plotted schedule—but she won.

As the wheels of her plane touched the ground, some 200,000 people were waiting. A judge rushed to the runway to escort her to the platform. He found Jackie tidying her hair and repairing her make-up.

"Isn't that just like a woman!" he exclaimed.

"Well, a woman won the race, didn't she?" Jackie retorted.

In the 23 years since she learned to fly, Jacqueline Cochran has asked no concessions because of her sex. Vying with the best, she has gone after new records more than 70 times, competed in many races, tested experimental planes. She has won a long string of honours and awards, including the prized gold medal of the *Fédération Aéronautique Internationale*. She was the first woman to make a totally blind landing in a plane. And in 1953 she became the first woman to fly faster than the speed of sound in a jet plane.

She gets no thrill out of courting danger. In ordinary circumstances she is an extremely careful pilot (and she has never had a motorcar accident), but she has had to accept danger as routine. Once she crash-landed in flames from 10,000 feet, had the plane repaired and was

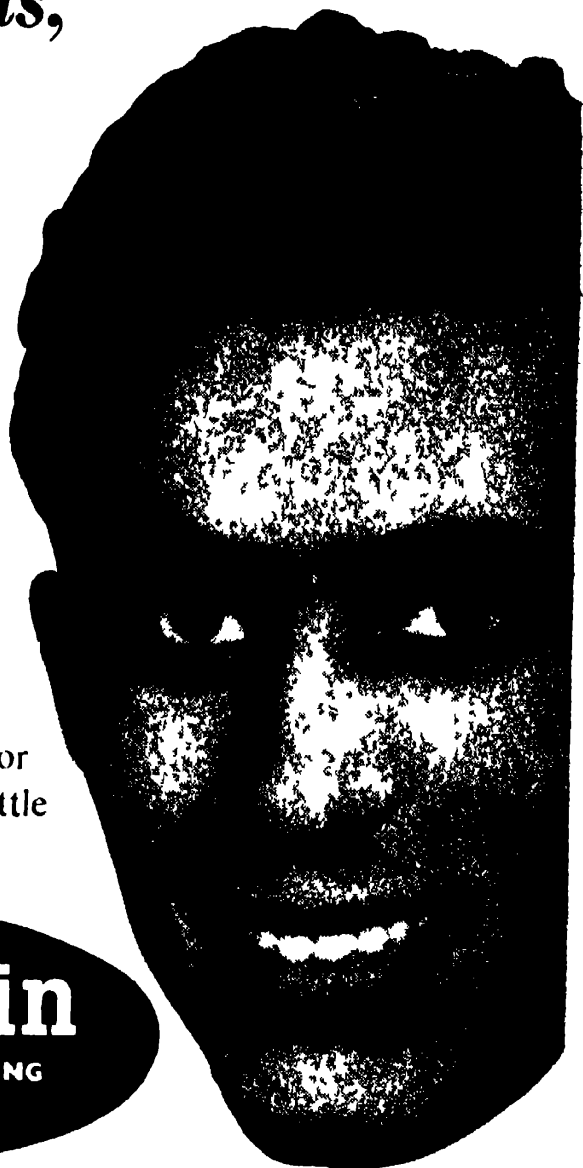
flying it a week later. Again, doubled up with pain, she climbed into her plane at Albuquerque in New Mexico at midnight, flew to California, landed at the Long Beach airport, and two hours later was on the operating table. Another day, she crash-landed at Indianapolis with such impact that her plane split in two on the runway. She refused to go to hospital and 20 minutes later was on a commercial plane bound for New York and a dinner appointment.

"I'm not afraid of dying," she says, "but I have a lot of minor fears. Once I delayed making an emergency landing in the Rocky Mountains because I am afraid of snakes. But when you fly, you don't have time to get in a tizzy. You have to make your decision fast, and stick to it."

Jackie Cochran's present position as a leading aviator, the wife of millionaire Floyd Odlum, and head of her own highly successful cosmetics business, is a far cry from the sawmill towns of northern Florida where she grew up, a hungry and barefoot orphan. She lived in a series of shacks built on stilts in the swamps; her bed was a quilt on the floor—or nothing at all. She had no shoes until she was old enough to earn money to buy them herself. Her dresses were usually discarded flour sacks. Nobody cared whether she was clean or dirty, whether she went to school or not. One day, when she was still a small child, she

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heard the woman she called Mama tell a neighbour that Jackie wasn't her own daughter.

"My only reaction was happiness. I was glad that I wasn't related by blood to those shiftless people. Just knowing I wasn't really one of them gave me an incentive to get away and improve my lot." When she was still so small that she had to stand on a box to reach the stove, Jackie went out to work as a mother's help, cooking and cleaning house. She earned ten cents a day.

Her schooling was limited to two years, when a teacher in the sawmill-town school took an interest in her. She bought Jackie a real dress, from a mail-order catalogue, taught her to brush her hair and wash her face. She introduced her to books like *The Count of Monte Cristo*, which Jackie remembers mastering with the help of a dictionary. More important, that teacher gave the lonely little girl the motherly affection she had never known.

When the teacher didn't return after the second year, Jackie went to work. Her first big paying job was in the cotton mills, earning six cents an hour for a 12-hour day.

To this day, Jackie does not know who her father and mother were or how old she is. Until she was about to be married, she made no effort to trace her parents. Then she found two people who said they knew something of her background. She asked them to write letters setting down the facts and she put these,

unread, in a sealed envelope and gave it to her husband-to-be. He returned it unopened. The letters lie, still unread, in her safe-deposit box.

When Floyd Odlum and Jackie were married in 1936 he was being called "the wizard of Wall Street." His zest for living equals Jackie's and his ceiling-less imagination fires hers. A friend has said: "Theirs is one of the great love affairs of all time. Everything she does revolves around him, and he is enthralled by whatever she is doing."

Jackie got into the beauty business by accident. She was doing housework for a woman who had a beauty shop. Soon she was working in the shop and she became the kind of operator whose intelligent competence was a passport to a job anywhere. Today Jackie's business includes, in addition to cosmetics under her own name, Parfums Charbert and the American distributorship for a French perfume.

She flies a Lockheed Lodestar and thinks nothing of having breakfast in New York and dinner in Texas, with a stop in St. Louis to do business. She makes speeches all over the country on behalf of aviation and is a director of North-East Airlines. In between, she has found time to write her life story.

The affection felt for Jackie Cochran throughout aviation is based on honest admiration. Major Charles Yeager, the first man to pass through the sound barrier in a jet, is one of the many great pilots who respect



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Jackie as a professional equal. He says: "Few people realize that she holds practically all the recognized men's international speed records for propeller-driven planes. Yet she went out to set up a few with jets, and came through without mussing a single strand of her blonde hair."

In the brotherhood of flying Jackie Cochran found the feeling of comradeship and belonging she had never known before in her brief schooling and meagre family life. Captain Kenneth Behr, who managed Floyd Bennett and later La Guardia airports for a span of 16 years, remembers: "We couldn't help cheering for Jackie. Here she was, a pretty blonde who hadn't even finished grammar school, but she buckled down over the heavy textbooks and mastered celestial navigation and the Morse code. A lot of good men were never able to learn instrument flying. But Jackie rigged up a blind hood for herself and hired a student pilot to look for other planes and tell her when she was going wrong."

One stormy night when she was talking to an airport tower on the radio, preparing to make an instrument landing, she heard another plane asking for clearance. The tower answered: "There's a lady up there I have to get on the ground first."

The pilot said promptly: "Hi, Jackie! Go ahead."

Later she asked the pilot how he knew who she was. He told her: "I

knew no other lady would be up there flying in this weather."

Much as Jacqueline Cochran loves flying, she insists that if she were faced with having to give up flying or her business she would give up flying. "I've seen what happens to people who forget how to make a living," she says. "I think everybody, regardless of circumstances, should be taught to work."

She abhors waste—waste of time, waste of talent, even waste of food. She is an excellent cook who puts left-overs to good use. One has only to remember Jackie's childhood, when to be hungry was routine, to understand why she is so thrifty.

One of Jackie's particular interests is helping children to get education. She has educated or helped to educate 47 to date. These are not planned, formal adoptions, but often result from casual encounters with needy boys and girls. "No child of mine is spoiled," Jackie says. "I only help those who want to help themselves."

In a recent television interview she remarked that she had been blessed with abundant energy which had helped her to achieve her goals. To this, her TV host replied that lack of energy keeps many talented people "sitting in their chairs wishing they could do something . . ."

Jackie listened, her brown eyes bright. Then she shook her head and said simply: "Well, those people don't wish hard enough or they'd be doing something."

The Orchestra That Refused to Die

By Dan Paonessa

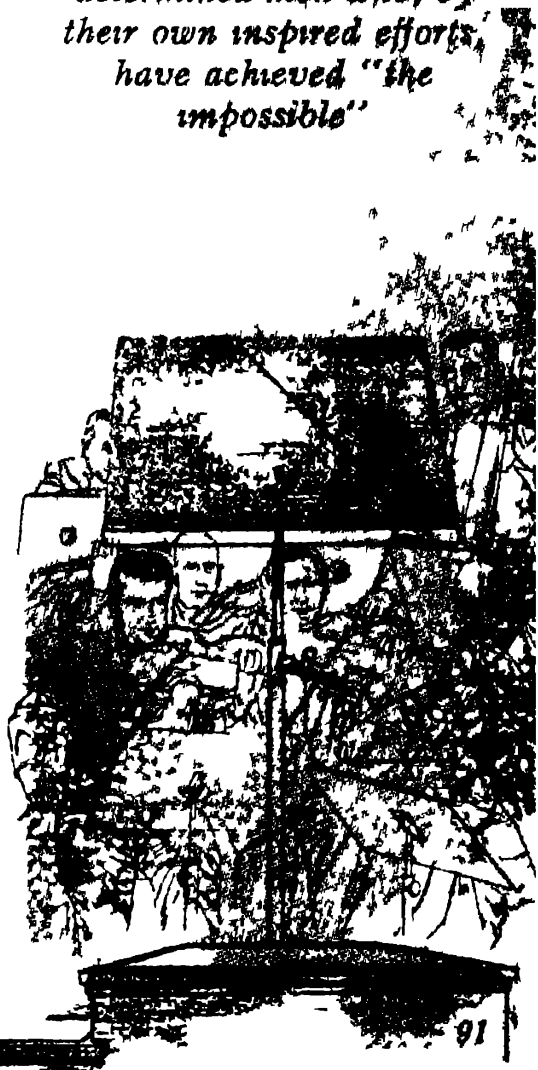
ON THE evening of October 27, 1954 a world famous orchestra of 92 musicians began tuning up in routine fashion before a tightly packed audience in New York City's Carnegie Hall. But this was not a routine concert. It was, in fact, a unique performance: the conductor's rostrum was empty; the orchestra would perform without a conductor.

To begin the concert, the leader merely nodded his head. At this almost imperceptible signal the orchestra broke into Berlioz's *Carnaval Romain* overture with breath-taking precision. And thus the concert continued—in stunning brilliance. At its close the audience rose in mass tribute. Next day Olin Downes, music critic of the *New York Times*, typified the unanimous praise of other reviewers when he hailed the “brilliant results” of the performance, with its “intimate understanding of every passage.”

As heartwarming as any of the reviews, however, was the experience of one of the musicians as he left Carnegie Hall. “How did we sound?” he asked the doorman.

“You were magnificent!” the doorman

*The unusual story of 92
determined men who, by
their own inspired efforts,
have achieved “the
impossible”*



From Parade, with additions by the author

beamed. "Why, I felt that Toscanini was still there."

For this orchestra that performed without a conductor was the former National Broadcasting Company Symphony which, under the relentless, perfectionist direction of Arturo Toscanini, had been, in the opinion of many, unsurpassed anywhere in the United States in its virtuosity. Since its beginning 17 years before, a generation of young Americans had grown up listening to its Sunday-afternoon broadcasts. Its fame had spread throughout the world and it had become almost a personal possession to millions of listeners. It was one of America's greatest cultural institutions.

Then in April, 1954, Toscanini, at 87, retired. NBC decided to disband the orchestra. Without the maestro, it was felt, the magic of its performance would be gone.

Soon the musicians drifted apart. One man, a violinist, retired. Another, a percussionist, went to work at a filling station. Some, of course, got other orchestra jobs. But years of hard work and devotion to a single ideal seemed to have been wiped out. It was as if this superb orchestra had never existed.

Some weeks later one of the bass players, Michael Krasnopolsky, opened his album of Toscanini's recordings of Beethoven's symphonies—the maestro's last Christmas present to his men.

"As I listened," Krasnopolsky recalls, "the quality of the music was

so great that I suddenly knew that our orchestra could not be permitted to die."

So, one night, a group of the older members of the orchestra gathered in Krasnopolsky's basement to talk things over. After hours of fruitless discussion they decided that if *all* the musicians got together they might find some way of keeping this orchestra alive. A formal meeting was called two weeks later, June 17, for all 92 men. That night they voted their orchestra back into existence. Don Gillis, former musical director of the NBC broadcasts, was made chairman of what was vaguely called the "steering committee."

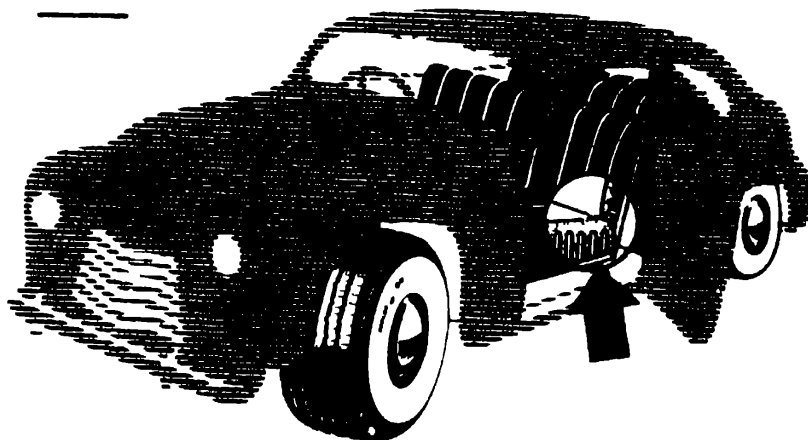
The committee, consisting of six members, several of them jobless, began meeting daily to scheme up ways of raising money. They wrote to major industries, seeking sponsors. They made appointments with radio and television executives, and officials of recording companies.

Armed with a portfolio of plans and dreams, Gillis and Krasnopolsky went to see David Sarnoff, chairman of the board of the Radio Corporation of America, NBC's parent organization. Sarnoff personally regretted that NBC had been forced to drop the orchestra. But, he explained to the men, the symphony had cost the company from 600,000 to 1,000,000 dollars a year. Without Toscanini, an orchestra of this size was a luxury that no radio network could afford.

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the musicians' determination to prove that an orchestra trained under a great master could be great by itself. The steering committee continued to meet, usually in a self-service café, using a public phone booth for "business" calls.

Meanwhile they debated possible names for the orchestra; they couldn't be just "the former NBC Symphony." Then a member pointed out that the orchestra was a child of radio. What better name than "Symphony of the Air"?

Now they had a name, but they were a long way from having an orchestra. "If we hadn't been so serious, it would have been funny," Gillis says, grinning. "We didn't know from one day to the next if we could even raise enough money for phone calls."

Several members of the once highest-paid orchestra in the country were now nearing the end of their savings. One evening a discouraged member prefaced a remark with, "If this orchestra gets off the ground . . ."

"Don't say, 'if,' " Krasnopolsky interrupted. "Say '*when*.' If we have confidence, the public won't let us down."

What happened next was almost miraculous. Word of the group's efforts had spread, and contributions began to trickle in. Newspapers printed the story of the orchestra that refused to die. Soon money was pouring in from all over America, and from many parts of the globe.

"Play for America or the world, but keep playing," one man wrote.

On September 1, a little more than four months after the NBC Symphony was declared dead, the new-born Symphony of the Air took its first firm step: it rented an office in Carnegie Hall for 1,500 dollars a year.

In gratitude to their well-wishers, the men gathered one midnight at Carnegie Hall and made three recordings — the *Carnaval Romain* of Maurice Ravel; Tschaikowsky's *Nutcracker Suite*; and the last work which the maestro had conducted, the overture to Wagner's *Die Meistersinger*. This record album—"a gift to the giver"—was made for those whose contributions had kept the orchestra alive. A collector's item, it is still being given to those who send donations of 10 dollars or more to Room 1101, Carnegie Hall, New York.

It was time now for the cold plunge—a concert début. The men engaged Carnegie Hall for October 27. Rehearsals were scheduled. But one problem remained: who would conduct? Suddenly, Michael Krasnopolsky had an inspiration. "Why have a conductor at all?" he asked. "In what better way could we prove that we aren't just another orchestra than by playing before an empty rostrum?"

The question horrified the members. For nearly 100 musicians to plunge into a major musical work without a leader seemed as hazard-

ous, as taking a ship to sea without a captain. The split-second mistake of only one man could throw the entire performance into chaos.

But for 17 years Toscanini had hammered these men into a single, integrated instrument. "Toscanini had given us a way of *thinking* that was unique," says leader Daniel Guilet. "He didn't interpret the music, but taught us to play a piece the way the composer intended it to be played.' "

The men rehearsed day and night, sometimes until four in the morning. At first the main burden fell upon Guilet who, as leader and concert-master, had to guide each section through the technically troublesome spots. But as rehearsals went on, every man tried to anticipate all possible difficulties.

"With the baton of a conductor to lead him, a musician is concerned merely with knowing his own part," says Guilet. "Now, all of us had to know *every* part, listen carefully to the phrasing and tempo of the whole orchestra, so as not to get lost."

On the momentous evening many people went to Carnegie Hall out of sympathy—and many out of curiosity. A conductorless concert would be at best, they felt, a brave stunt. They applauded politely as the 92 men filed in and sat before the empty rostrum.

Now a stillness settled over the packed Hall as the musicians, their

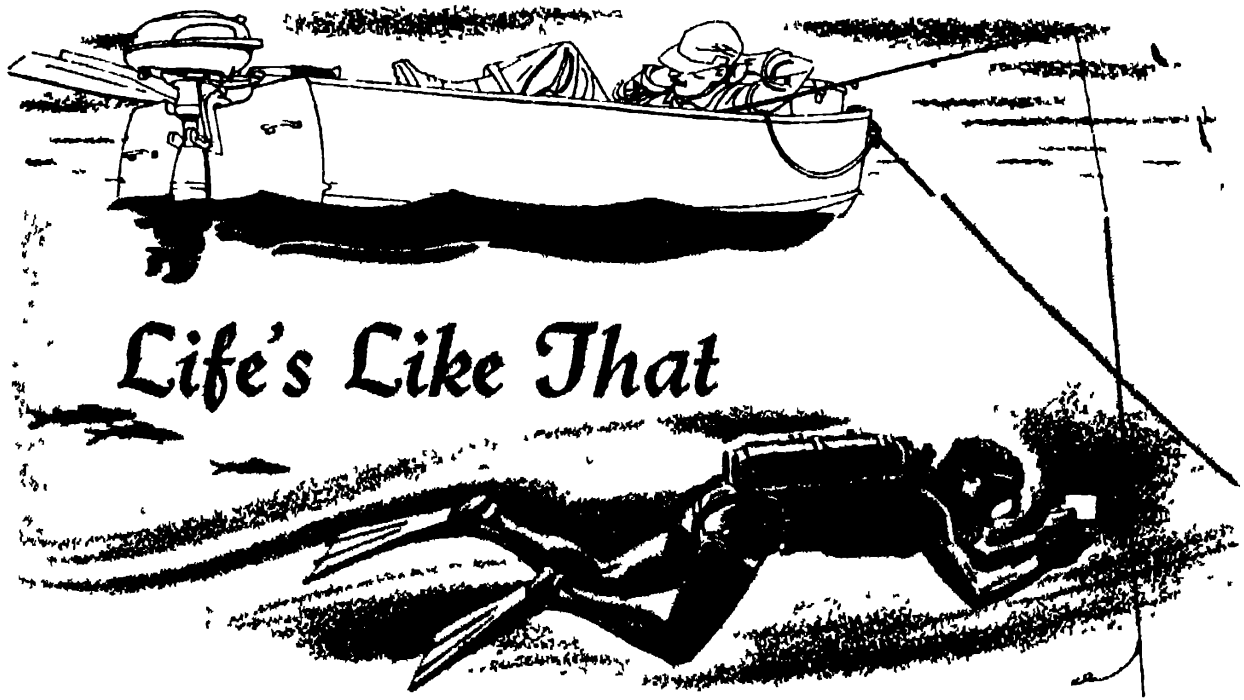
faces drawn and tense, fixed their eyes on the leader. Guilet, his violin poised, gave a slight nod—and the tribute to the beloved maestro began.

As the men played, they began to relax and the guiding genius of Toscanini once again seemed at hand. What the sceptical audience heard was the rebirth of a great orchestra, an overpowering concert of defiance by 92 men who had refused to quit. Critics called the performance "one of the most exciting events in New York's musical history."

The future of the Symphony of the Air is still unknown, but the men face it with confidence and determination. Donations have provided more than 50,000 dollars, and since their initial concert they have contracted for 500,000 dollars' worth of employment. The world's finest artists have joined in the battle by working with the orchestra in enthusiastically received concerts. Kirsten Flagstad came out of retirement to sing with it, gratis, before a packed Carnegie Hall.

But the musicians are proudest of the fact that this year the orchestra was selected, as part of an International Exchange Programme, to represent America in a two-month tour of Asia—the first time a major symphony orchestra has toured the Orient. This, the men feel, was final recognition that Toscanini's orchestra will live on.





Life's Like That

A FELLOW I always thought of as quite shy and reserved with girls was driving me to the cinema when he suddenly went round a sharp corner and I slid over to his side of the car. I commented on what slippery seats he had.

He answered, with a frank grin, 'I wax them.'

—MARY BROWN

WHEN OUR landlord asked us to move, I could scarcely believe my ears. "Why?" I stammered. "We've lived here nearly two years and I thought we were good friends. We've always paid our rent punctually."

"Look," he said to me, "I've run a boarding house for a number of years. You come to know the people who belong in them and the people who don't. You and your husband don't. I've seen people live in boarding houses until it became a habit. After a while they couldn't stand each other. Your husband's got a good job. You're expecting a baby. I've been

overcharging you five dollars a week for almost two years. That's 250 dollars Here it is. With this and a loan from a building society you can buy a little home. Now get out, please, while the going's good."

—(Name withheld by request)

WHILE working for an oil company I announced my engagement to a U.S. Army Air Force captain whose home was on a ranch in Montana. The girls in my office were very excited and curious, so I told them all I had learnt from my fiancé about cattle, round-ups and branding.

Later, I heard one of the girls relating it all to a young engineer in the firm. "And," she said, "he even has his own monogrammed cattle!"

—MRS PHILLIP HAGLUND

SEVERAL salesmen friends were with me aboard my fishing boat on a cruise when we noticed a small craft in which a solitary fisherman was dozing. That gave me an idea. I put on my aqua-lung, slipped over the far side of my

boat, and swam under water to the man's line. I attached my business card to his hook and swam back. We all enjoyed watching his amusement when he reeled in the line and found the card.

Several days later in my office I received a telephone call from a stranger. He placed a large order with me. At the end he said: 'Catch many other mugs with that aqua lung old man?'

KAYMAN COOK

I HAD MOVED into a remote rural community and because I was considered an outsider I tried to avoid doing anything to offend.

When my tool shed was finished I added a bright new lock to it. Next morning a neighbour came over and then several more strolled in. After quite a bit of polite talk one of them said: 'Mr Hicks we are sorry you don't trust us.'

Of course I do. I replied. What makes you say that?

You keep your tool shed locked. Don't you know that nobody here never stole nothing to work with?

C. I. HICKS

A FRIEND of mine, a young parson, was asked to speak to the convicts in the gaol next here. As he walked into the assembly room and down the aisle under the cold, hard stares of the inmates he realized that his inspirational stories would be far from fitting here. His heart pounded and he wondered what he would say to these

men. As he closed his eyes for a moment in prayer for guidance, going up the steps to the platform, he stumbled and fell flat. The prison walls rang with laughter.

My friend got up, broke into a smile of delight, rushed to the speaker's stand and shouted: 'Men, that's exactly why I'm here—to tell you that a man can fall down and get up again!'

—R. E. C.

I RECENTLY received from my father the following:

Dear Son,

I have something sad to tell you. Mother and I are not living together any more. It seems a strange thing to happen after 35 years. I certainly miss her.

Until about four months ago, I could look up from my paper confident of seeing her sitting contentedly in her chair opposite me. I always felt how fortunate I was to get such a wonderful life partner. Now suddenly all this has changed and I sit here alone while she is feasting her eyes on some good looking younger man. I must admit she seems happier and this of course only adds to my misery.

As I write this in the loneliness of my dining room exile, she is in the sitting room with her new love—TV.

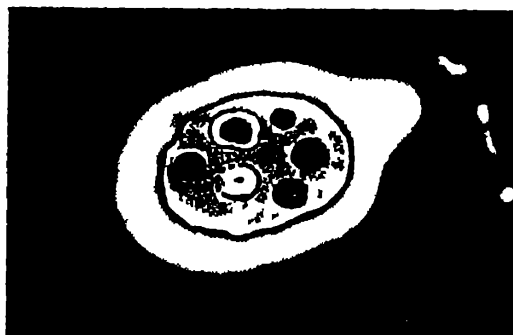
Dad

JAMES ELIJOT

Type written contributions may be addressed to Life's Like That, Filter, The Reader's Digest, 27 Albemarle Street, London, W.1. Payment will be at the usual rates. Rejected contributions cannot be returned.

ZOOLOGIST Dr. Konrad Lorenz has come up with an answer to a question that has baffled science for centuries: 'I believe I've found the missing link between animal and civilized man. It is us.'

—Woodrow Wirsig



Endamoeba histolytica is a minute animal parasite — 1,000 times smaller than this drawing—which can cause amoebic dysentery. Parasite can live in and destroy vital intestinal, liver, lung, brain tissues.

What you should know about amoebic dysentery

MOST people know that amoebic dysentery can be serious. If they think they have it, they see a doctor. Yet thousands have amoebic dysentery *without knowing it*—because their symptoms are too mild to alarm them.

But even a mild case of amoebic dysentery can be dangerous. Untreated, it may infect healthy people. Unchecked, it may suddenly become acute—even cause death.

It is important to remember that amoebic dysentery *can be fatal*. Many Victims of amoebic dysentery suffer from one of its most serious complications—abscess of the liver, with destruction of vital liver tissues.

Today, with new infection-fighting drugs, new medical knowledge and vigorous public health measures, we can avoid extensive epidemics of amoebic dysentery. But to prevent the smaller, serious outbreaks of amoebic dysentery that can strike our families, every adult should know the answers to these vital questions.

What is amoebic dysentery? A disease caused by minute one-celled animal parasites called “amoebae” which may invade our intestines. As these parasites burrow into our intestinal tissue—they cause tiny lesions which eventually may become dangerous, large-area ulcers. Dysentery parasites may also travel to the liver, lungs, brain and cause serious abscess.

How do you "catch" amoebic dysentery? By eating and drinking contaminated food or fluids. Flies help contaminate foods and fluids with dysentery amoebae. The fly that comes through your kitchen window may have picked up parasites on a garbage dump half a mile away!

Human beings who do not realize they have the disease can be dysentery "carriers," too and if they are food-handlers, actually introduce the amoebae into the food they prepare.

What are typical dysentery symptoms? Acute amoebic dysentery may produce nausea, chills, headache, abdominal pain, fever, vomiting, moderate to severe diarrhoea, mild dysentery symptoms often overlooked can be slight but constant fatigue, indigestion, abdominal discomfort, moderate diarrhoea, loss of weight.

What should you do if you notice any of these symptoms? See a doctor immediately. If he suspects amoebic dysentery, he can make special laboratory tests to definitely establish the presence of amoebic parasites.

What can your doctor do about dysentery? Today, your doctor has powerful new drugs, new antibiotics and other anti-parasite drugs to wipe out dysentery parasites. Prompt medical care will prevent further complications and restore your health more quickly, more surely.

How can you help keep your family safe from amoebic dysentery? See your doctor immediately if you note any of the above symptoms. Follow the precautions listed opposite and ask your doctor's advice for further suggestions.

Together you and your doctor can remove the menace of debility and death that may result from a tragic, unnecessary outbreak of amoebic dysentery in your home.

These simple precautions can help prevent dysentery



Boil all water used for drinking, toilet purposes, and washing dishes. Boil milk if not pasteurised.



Vegetables, fruits should be scrubbed thoroughly, should be well cooked if dysentery is prevalent in your neighborhood.



Keep food-preparation areas clean, free from flies, other insects. Spray kitchen area with insecticides. Keep screens on windows.



Do not swim or bathe in waters that may be infected. Ponds, canals are often contaminated with human wastes.



Make sure rubbish or waste disposal is sanitary. Keep rubbish containers closed—disinfect them regularly.



Teach children to bathe regularly and use plenty of soap to wash hands after going to toilet, before eating meals, not to share dishes, towels.



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One day—17 hours—in the life of a houseman in a large hospital

Surgeon in

By Quentin Reynolds

At 6 15 every morning the phone rings in room 2104 New York Hospital. It rings only once for doctors develop the knack of sleeping with their ears open. Doctor William Fuller, aged 28, answers the call and his day begins.

Bill Fuller is a tall, sandy haired young man with a ready grin and steady blue eyes. He is one of 15 "housemen" in the hospital's Division of Surgery.

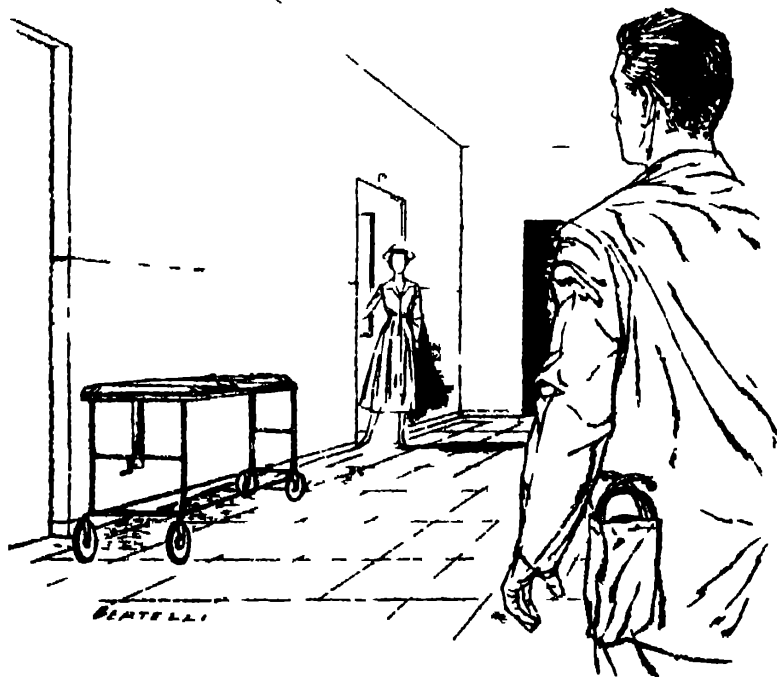
He has a fast shave and shower, and by 6 30 he's on his way down to the doctors' cafeteria in a sub basement of one of the largest hospitals in the world.

The restaurant is crowded with men in white—resident surgeons, assistant residents, housemen. There are no leisurely breakfasts: upstairs, hundreds of restless patients are waking.

Bill Fuller hurries to

the eleventh floor. He will assist in operations today but first he must look in on a few patients recovering from operations. Nurse Anne Smith, in charge of what is always called the "floor," tells him the condition of every patient under her care.

"Mrs. O'Brien has had considerable pain," she says to Fuller. "Would you write a prescription for more drugs?"



Fuller nods. "Let's increase the pethidine to 75 milligrams every four hours if necessary."

"Miss Kirk is complaining of a sore throat," Nurse Smith says.

"We'll give her some E A B (ethyl amino-benzoate) tablets," Fuller says. He scribbles orders on a pad and the nurse goes to the dispensary for the pethidine and the tablets.

Fuller then visits each of his patients who have undergone operations. He leaves orders for drugs to be discontinued for one patient, for intravenous fluids to be given to another, smilingly tells a woman whose gall bladder was removed the day before that today she is to have a little ambulatory activity. "That means you're going to walk from your bed to the window," he says.

At 8.00 he hurries to the room where the first patient to be operated on—for hernia—is being got ready. He washes the patient's abdomen with water and strong soap, then goes to the scrub room, adjacent to the operating room.

There Dr. John Jones, a senior attending surgeon, is scrubbing up. He will perform the operation, with assistant resident Dr. Henry Mannix as his helper. Fuller is junior member of the team.

When the three doctors have scrubbed up, nurses slip sterile gowns on them, help them into sterile gloves and adjust their gauze masks. The patient, fully anaesthetized, is already on the table.

Dr. Mannix paints the area of the incision with an antiseptic and places sterile towels on the man's abdomen, leaving only the operating area in view. The anaesthetist at the head of the table nods to Dr. Jones, indicating that the patient is ready, that his blood pressure, pulse and general condition are good. Alongside the surgeon is the nurse in charge of instruments. Dr. Jones stands on one side of the table, Doctors Mannix and Fuller on the other.

Dr. Jones makes an oblique incision in the patient's groin with a scalpel. Inevitably, as he goes deeper, he encounters what surgeons call 'bleeders'—blood vessels, which Dr. Mannix automatically clamps and ties off with black silk or catgut. When Mannix holds up the end of a ligature, Fuller clips it as close to the knot as possible. Dr. Jones calls out, "Retractor." This is an instrument that keeps the operating field open so that the surgeon can have a good view inside. The instrument nurse hands a retractor to Fuller, who inserts it and gently pulls back skin and tissue.

There are a dozen fourth-year medical students in the theatre now. Dr. Jones explains what he is doing, and they listen intently, making occasional notes. The students look with envy at Bill Fuller as he holds the retractor. Only a year ago he was just another medical student; now he is Dr. Fuller, a member of an operating team.



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Fuller remembers the first time he saw Dr. Jones operate—ten months before. Another houseman was doing then what he is doing now. It was the young man's first time at the table. He handled the retractor well and held it firmly, but Dr. Jones had said gently, "Jimmy, don't you think the patient would be able to breathe better if you weren't leaning your right elbow on his chest?" Fuller had never forgotten that common mistake made by surgical housemen.

When Dr. Jones's scalpel has cleared away layers of skin and tissue he begins to talk. "See that ilioinguinal nerve, Bill? We've got to preserve it carefully." His hands move quickly; Mannix's movements complement his perfectly. Then, to Bill again: "Shift your retractor to the right. Draw back the edges a bit." Then: "Cut that ligature, Bill." These are simple tasks, but they give the embryo surgeon the feel of instruments and a sense of confidence.

Now Dr. Jones repairs the hernia by cutting and stitching the bulging, weakened part of the patient's peritoneum (the sac surrounding the abdominal organs), then strengthens the abdominal wall by sewing up the layers of muscles. In an hour the operation is finished.

Fuller writes his post-operative report: "Observe Q 20 minutes until reacts. Then Q H. Pethidine 50 mgm Q 4 h P r n." These symbols stand for both English and Latin

words, and mean: "Take patient's blood pressure, pulse and respiratory rate every 20 minutes until he recovers consciousness, then repeat every hour. Give him 50 milligrams of pethidine every four hours as necessary." (The Q which appears so often on prescriptions and medical orders stands for the Latin *quaque*, which means "every"; the letters "P r n" stand for *Pro re nata*, meaning "as dictated by circumstances.")

Sometimes Dr. Jones, his assistant and young Fuller are in the operating room until four in the afternoon. Today the hernia operation is the only one on Fuller's schedule. He washes and heads for the eleventh floor again.

"Who is ready for dressings, Miss Smith?" he asks. She reports on five patients and then discusses Mrs. Johnson.

"I'll do Mrs. Johnson last," Fuller says. "And see that she gets morphine immediately, will you?"

Nurse Smith nods, and there is sympathy in her eyes. "You and she have gone through a lot together," she says. Fuller shrugs his shoulders.

With a nurse wheeling the dressing wagon, Fuller hurries to the bedside of Mr. Abramson, who looks at him anxiously. Patients always fear the removal of stitches.

"This is what you've been afraid of for a week," Fuller says. "But you're going to get the surprise of your life." He makes eight quick snips with surgical scissors and,

plucks a few bits of black silk from the scar. This takes about 20 seconds.

"Well, let's get it over with, Doctor," Mr. Abramson says nervously.

"It's all done," Fuller says calmly. "You've got a nice-looking scar, Mr. Abramson. You'll be able to take it home in two days."

Abramson sighs gratefully.

The next patient is a woman recovering from the repair of a perforated gastric ulcer. The nurse exposes the seven-inch incision made 24 hours earlier. A tube is sticking out of a small cut to the side of the main incision. Fuller examines the fluid from the tube carefully and smiles with satisfaction. If bright blood were seeping from the tube he'd be worried—this could mean internal bleeding. But only traces of clear fluid show. This is normal.

The tube leading from the patient's nostril through her esophagus to the stomach prevents gas and other secretions resulting from the operation from bothering her; it also restricts her speaking. With her left arm she motions to her right forearm where a needle, fastened to the arm, is inserted into a vein. A tube leads from the needle to a bottle of dextrose and water suspended above the bed.

"Does that bother you?" Fuller asks anxiously. She shakes her head. "Do you want to know what it is?" Fuller asks. She nods.

"Until we take that silly tube out of your throat, you can't be fed by

mouth," he explains. "Meanwhile, we're feeding you intravenously with sugar and water. You aren't uncomfortable, are you?" She shakes her head. "In a day or two out comes the tube."

Mr. Jordan, who is recovering from a mitral valvuloplasty, a serious heart operation, is next. He is in an oxygen tent but is breathing normally. A tube leads from his chest to a bottle on the floor which is half filled with a saline solution. For two days the chest cavity has been draining small amounts of fluids into this bottle. Today the bottle is only slightly discoloured.

"Vaseline gauze, please, nurse," Fuller says to the girl who stands by a wagon which has every type of medicine, gauze and instrument used in dressing wounds.

"Good news, Mr. Jordan," he says, pushing aside the oxygen tent. "We can get rid of the tube. Everything inside is going fine."

Deftly he removes the dressings and slips the tube out gently. He studies the scar; it is healthy. The nurse, using a pair of large forceps, holds out a vaseline gauze from the sterile container on the dressing wagon. Fuller takes the forceps and places the gauze over the wound.

"When we do this, Mr. Jordan, you're well on your way," he says. "Tomorrow we can stop the intravenous feeding and give you something to eat. Your worries are over." The patient grins weakly and his eyes show gratitude.



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Next is Mrs. Johnson. An attractive woman of 38, she is sitting up in bed. She greets Fuller cheerfully. When the nurse lowers the bed-clothes the bandaged stump of her right leg is revealed. She looks apprehensively at Fuller. "It's going to hurt as usual?"

"No more than I can help, Mrs. Johnson," he says gravely.

Sometimes the heart throws off a foreign body called an embolus. These can clog an artery and limit or stop the supply of blood needed for health. This has happened to Mrs. Johnson, her lower right leg, deprived of life-giving blood, had in effect died. Gangrene had set in and amputation had been performed. The stump has to be treated every day and any infected flesh removed.

As Fuller talks to his patient he takes scissors, curved clamps, irrigating syringe, a bottle of saline solution and a rolled bandage from the dressing wagon to the dressing table beside the bed. He allows Mrs. Johnson to remove the outer layers of bandage herself. When she reaches the last layers she shakes her head. "You do the rest," she says.

Inevitably the gauze sticks to the raw flesh of such a wound. Fuller places a basin under the stump and then spurts the saline solution, irrigating the gauze. He pulls it away gently, but Mrs. Johnson gasps and clenches her hands. "That morphine must be weak."

"Ten milligrams is all we can give

you," Fuller tells her. "It helps . . . now, there's the last of it. . . . It looks better, Mrs. Johnson."

As he inspects the stump, he notices a tiny spot of green against the red wound. He takes two small pairs of scissors, with one pair he carefully lifts the infected spot, and with the other snips it off. Mrs. Johnson cries softly.

"There—that wasn't too bad, was it?" Fuller asks anxiously.

"It's just that it has to be done every day," she says, smiling now and brushing her tears away. "I get awfully tired of it. You must, too, Doctor."

"You're very brave, Mrs. Johnson," Fuller says. "Let's bandage it."

It's past noon now, and Fuller goes down to the doctors' cafeteria. His lunch costs him 90 cents. The hospital gives him his room, laundry and 68 dollars a month to pay for his meals. His salary is 25 dollars a month. He is on duty 140 hours a week and gets alternate week-ends off.

Bill, who calculates that his professional education — pre-medical university course and medical school—cost his father about 12,500 dollars, won't be self-supporting for some time. Next year, if all goes well, he'll be an assistant resident surgeon at 100 dollars a month. The following year he'll receive 130 dollars. Most surgical housemen assume that they'll be at least 30 before they can meet their own bills.

Of the 15 housemen in the Department of Surgery, nine are married. Most of the wives work.

After lunch, which has taken about 20 minutes, Bill hurries to the main floor to pick up his mail. There is a letter from home, and for a while he is back at home, hearing the gossip about the family and neighbours.

Now he returns to The Floor, where he looks at each patient's chart, paying particular attention to the most recent temperatures. (Every patient's temperature is taken four times a day) There are half a dozen more dressings to do. Then the patients who have been operated on during the morning begin arriving from the recovery rooms. As they emerge from the unreal world of anaesthesia, Fuller talks to them soothingly. He notes pulse, blood pressure, colour of complexion.

Soon Nurse Smith reminds him that it is time for "rounds." Each afternoon at four, Dr. Mannix, accompanied by two housemen, visits 30 to 40 patients. The housemen learn a great deal from Dr. Mannix, who can often see things the young men are not yet attuned to. He takes a look at the legs of one patient, to see if the veins are inflamed. He chats affably with all of them, making mental notes not only of their physical condition but of their emotional state. He looks at the dressings the housemen have done during the day and discusses them in detail. If not completely satisfied

with the condition of a patient after an operation, he may order an X-ray—and Bill Fuller makes a note of it.

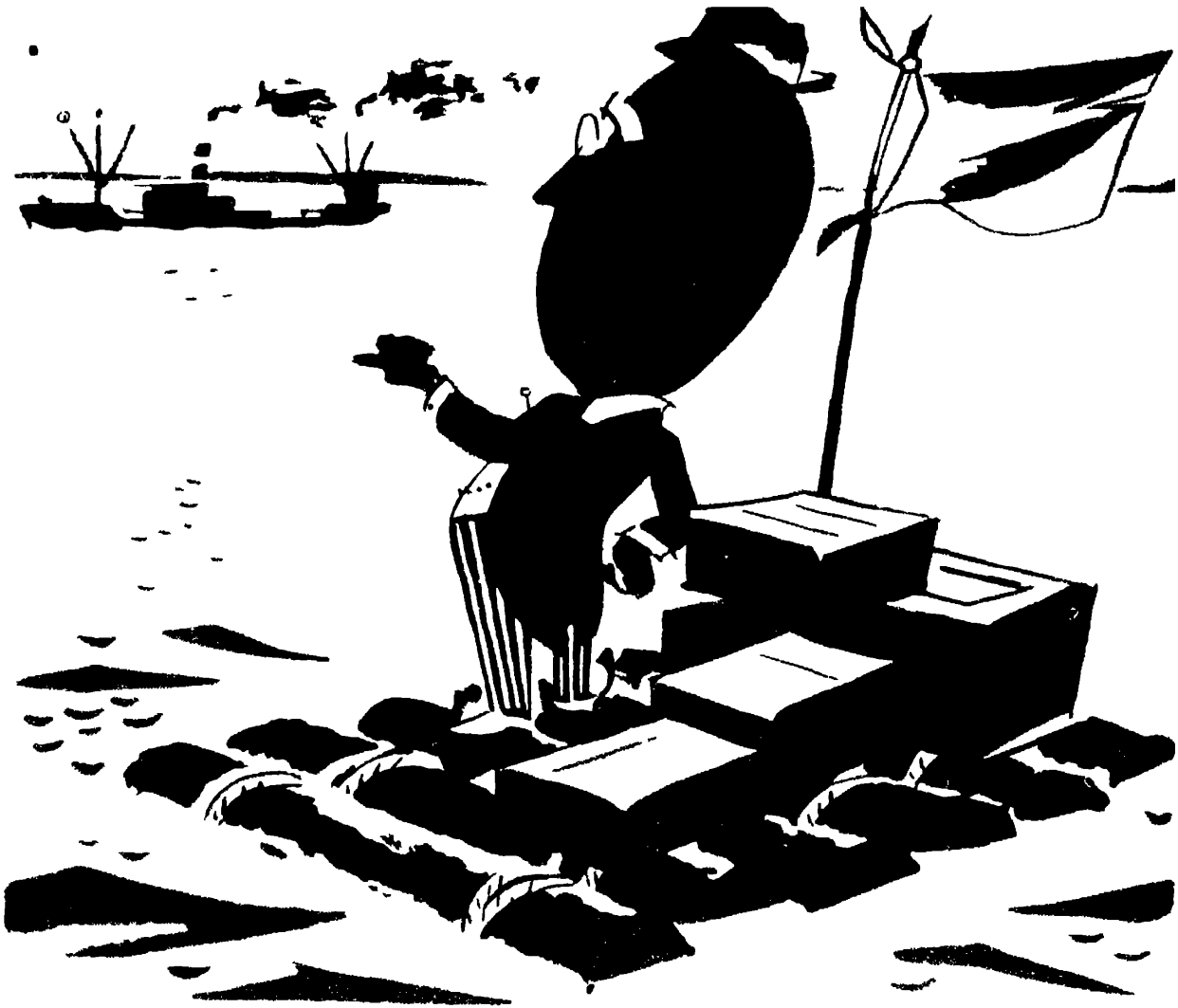
"Rounds" over, the three men go to the X-ray room. There the radiologist is waiting with plates of all X-rays taken during the day in the Surgical Department. Many of these have been taken of patients to be operated on tomorrow. Dr. Mannix studies them, often turning to Fuller or his fellow houseman to ask "What do you see?"

Usually they can spot the trouble if there is any. Occasionally they miss. "There's a little fluid in that right lung base," Mannix will say. "Hard to spot. You have to look carefully for it."

At six o'clock Dr. Mannix nods to his assistants, and they return to The Floor. Fuller now writes orders for patients to be operated on the following morning and then goes to the doctors' cafeteria for dinner.

By 7.30 he is back on The Floor, interviewing new patients, most of whom will be operated on during the next day or two. He takes a medical history of each, makes a thorough physical examination and writes orders. This one may need a cardiograph, another a chest X-ray. He orders sedatives for those who seem nervous and drugs for any in pain. He spends at least half an hour with each patient. Finally, at 11.30, he is finished.

Fuller is on duty all night on alternate nights. This is his night on



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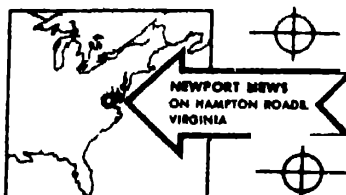


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call. He goes to his twenty-first-floor room and tumbles into bed. Just as doctors learn to wake up quickly, so they learn to fall asleep quickly.

At 4.30 he is awakened. The night nurse on the eleventh floor is on the phone.

"Sorry, Doctor, but Mrs. Johnson is awake and asking for you."

"Is she in pain?" he asks quickly.

"She is in some pain, but she seems upset emotionally."

"I'll be right down."

Five minutes later he is sitting with Mrs. Johnson. "I've had such awful nightmares," she sobs. Fuller talks to her soothingly. He gives her a sleeping pill, and gradually the patient relaxes. "Shall I ever walk again, Doctor?" she asks.

"Of course you will," Fuller says confidently.

"I believe you, Doctor," she

The training of young doctors in India is among the chief concerns of the Health Ministry. In August, 1956 it is expected that the first batch of students will be admitted to the new All India Institute of Medical Sciences which is being built in New Delhi at a cost of Rs 5 crores. The Institute will provide medical training for undergraduates besides opportunities for post graduate studies. Training will also be given to nurses. It will have its own 650 bed hospital.

whispers, and falls asleep.

Fuller goes quietly out of the room and walks to the night nurse's desk.

"I hope I shan't have to call you again tonight, Doctor," she says.

"Don't worry about that," Fuller grins. "That's what housemen are for."

They Asked For It

IN THE car tax renewals office of a large county hall, a woman was wandering around, holding her log book in her hand. An inspector, trying to be helpful, told her, "Stand in that line, madam."

"I can't. I'm married," she replied, pointing to a sign that read "Single Line Only."

—AP

AN EMPLOYMENT agency, checking references of a job applicant, asked one ex-employer, "Was he a steady worker?"

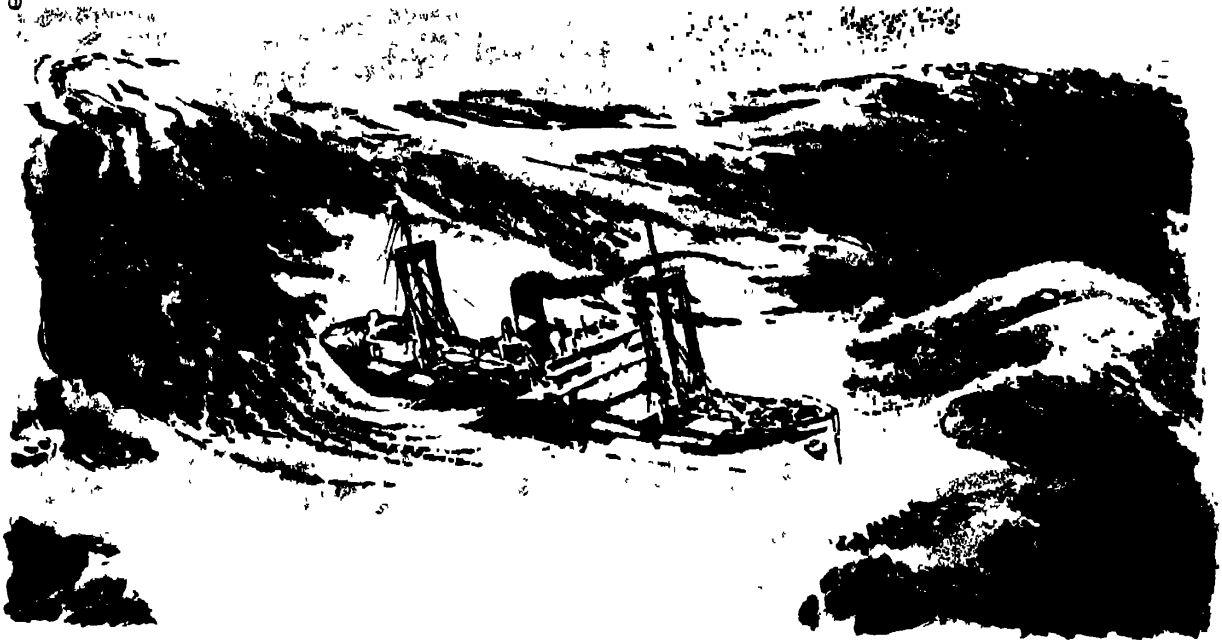
"Steady?" came the indignant reply. "He was motionless."

—Terry Turner

A LARGE hotel whose clientele includes many salesmen and buyers keeps a record of the companies represented by the guests. A breezy woman buyer, after putting her name and address on the registration card, seemed to be brought up short by the query "Firm?" She nibbled the end of her pen for a moment, then wrote "Not very!"

—Contributed by Dan Bennett

What it is like to be in the grip of the most violent of storms at sea



In the Eye of the Hurricane

By George Grant

THE CHIEF stevedore brought the first rumour to my quarters, at dockside in Havana. "Hurricane around somewhere, Skipper," he said. His big paw grasped a handful of humid air and weighed it. "Heavy as mud," he commented. "Always like that when a hurricane's around."

In the afternoon there was a bulletin from the local observatory: a hurricane had developed in the Caribbean south of Cuba: its size and course had not yet been determined.

For a long time that night I lay restless on my bunk. You might wonder why the master of a staunch modern ship could be kept awake by the thought of a hurricane. Well—during the Second World War when

a typhoon (the western Pacific's dreaded cyclonic storm) struck the U.S. Third Fleet off the Ryukyus, the heavy cruiser *Pittsburgh*, only a year old, had her bow broken off by the precipitous waves. In an earlier typhoon off the Philippines, three destroyers went down with the loss of 763 lives. And some years ago a large Spanish passenger vessel was lost in a hurricane, with all on board, after she had come within sight of this very port where we now lay.

Hurricanes, like all cyclonic storms, are the great danger of the sea. They usually originate in the tropics, where under the summer sun warm air rises, creating small areas of low pressure around which

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winds whirl at 75 mph and more. As a hurricane moves towards higher latitudes it gains momentum and power and its diameter may go from 50 miles to more than 500.

In the centre of the hurricane there is an area of relative but very deceptive calm known as the eye. Severe damage, if not engulfment, lies in wait for even the sturdiest vessel drawn into this destructive eye. Around it the winds blow violently in almost a true circle. Rain is torrential and waves driven against each other by the sharply shifting winds may tower more than 50 feet high. The noise of natural forces in conflict is the most frightening sound on earth. It is as if the earth were being rent by supernatural power that tears and screeches fiendishly as it strives for total destruction. Those who have heard it never want to hear it again.

The steamship agent came on board at dawn with news that the hurricane had been located. It was small in diameter but heavy with power. Its present course would take it directly over Havana within 24 hours. What did I intend to do?

I went out on to the bridge. My vessel lay at an exposed wharf. We could put out extra mooring wires and ropes and perhaps hold on by manoeuvring the engines slowly to ease the strain at the storm's height. But there were five other vessels anchored in the harbour and if they dragged their anchors, where would they finish up? Against us? I

decided to put to sea. We would steam westward towards the Yucatan Channel, 200 miles away.

The morning was spent in preparation and in raising steam. Stevedores stowed the cargo in such a way as to lessen the danger of its shifting. When the hatches were battened down, sailors crisscrossed rope over the tarpaulins. The lifeboats were secured with storm lashing. Down below the engineers hardened up the fuel and ballast tanks, transferring oil and water until only the two tanks in use were slack. (In a crisis tons of liquid swishing back and forth in big tanks can endanger a vessel's stability.) Despite the heat, dead lights, steel plates—were screwed in place over all ports. Glass from a port burst in by a breaking sea can pierce a bulkhead like a bullet.

At noon we left the wharf. The barometer was steady, the sky clear, the wind light from the east. Except for a muggy stuffiness, the air gave few signs that a hurricane was near. But along the waterfront merchants were hastily boarding up windows, fishing craft and small coastal schooners were gathering in sheltered coves, rowing boats and launches were dragged far up on the shore.

We sailed out past Morro Castle, the ancient fort at the harbour entrance, from which hurricane warning flags were flying. Two vessels followed us. The presidential yacht and similar craft remained in port,



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laying to their anchors or made fast at wharves.

Once clear of land we faced a dilemma. In port we had been receiving reports from the Catholic Fathers, who maintain a weather observatory on the island; now we picked up bulletins from the weather bureau in Miami. The Fathers had maintained that the hurricane would pass directly over Havana. The weather bureau stated that it would follow the normal path of such a storm and pass through the Yucatan Channel—just where we were headed.

Even a modern ship with its great power and speed can outrun a hurricane only if the master guesses the path of a storm correctly and takes action when it is far distant; and provided, too, that the storm continues on its path. But who can predict the path of a storm? I finally decided to put my trust in the weather bureau. We changed course and proceeded to a position north of Havana and midway between the Cuban coast and the Florida Keys.

During the afternoon the wind steadily increased from the east, the sea roughened and the sky clouded over, bringing squalls. The barometer remained steady, however, which seemed to indicate that the hurricane was passing some distance to westward. By evening the squalls had increased in force and were more frequent. The ship rode easily, holding her position.

The chief mate made an inspection round at 8 p.m. and returned to where I stood on the starboard wing of the bridge, behind the sheltering weathercloth. "All's well," he reported. Although he had been relieved he did not go below. After a while he said: "We're in the dangerous semicircle."

Cyclonic storms are divided into two parts, a right-handed semicircle, and a left-handed one. In northern latitudes, the upper right-hand quadrant is the more dangerous. Because the wind swings counterclockwise, it tends to draw a vessel into the destructive eye. We were in the dangerous semicircle, all right, but I hoped we were on the fringes, where manoeuvre was possible.

By ten the wind had reached gale force and shifted a little to south of east. A good sign! Visibility was nearly zero in the rain and spray. The static had increased and without radio bearings it was impossible to determine our position. It was a nasty night. There was tension throughout the ship.

The third mate was on watch now, sheltering outside the wheelhouse door. I could see the glint of the binnacle light on his wet oilskins. When the vessel took an extra-heavy dive or heeled far over in a roll, I could hear him ask the helmsman, "How is she steering?" and hear the man answer, their voices pitched below the whine of the wind through the rigging.

Near midnight, in a violent squall, the wind seemed suddenly to change to the south. I was certain the eye of the hurricane was speeding north and west behind us, well clear of us. Then, with a blast that lifted the vessel from the sea, a fierce squall struck down. The rain and spume made a horizontal screen of driven water, smothering and impenetrable. We were in a tomb with a million shrieking demons darting around and warring for our souls.

The third mate pulled himself from stanchion to stanchion across the bridge to where I stood. 'The barometer's dropping fast, sir,' he shouted. Dropped nearly a tenth of an inch in the last 15 minutes.

We were near it. No question about it. The hurricane had shifted its course and the eye was coming towards us. When would it strike?

The second mate took over the watch at midnight, but the third mate remained on the bridge and the chief mate came up too. Squalls followed close upon each other. The wind sucked the air from our lungs when we spoke. We steered towards the east, towards the south-east, easing the ship ahead with the engines when she fell broadside into a trough. We were afraid to force her against the precipitous and confused seas, afraid she would strain too much on a ragged crest, crack a plate and founder.

Except for a compass, our navigational instruments were useless. Some years before, a larger British

freighter, the *Phemus*, had been caught in narrow waters like these and after the hurricane had passed her officers found they were 200 miles from what they thought was their position. The ship had been carried over reefs which should have wrecked her. She had narrowly missed small islands. As I clung to the bridge rail I wondered how far we were being carried from our position. I could see our ship driven across the Straits to the Keys.

All night the squalls shrieked and raged, the seas roared, towered and broke. All night the barometer fell sometimes pausing in its downward trend to gather weight to plunge again. All night we watched.

With dawn came a clearance. Crests appeared from the murk, close and high up, like cliffs through a morning fog. The shrieking winds eased off, then moved slowly away, taking with them the blinding curtain of rain and spray that had shrouded the sea. The waves piled higher, pinnacled and tumbled with even greater confusion. We saw we were at the bottom of what seemed a deep well, the sides a whirling mass rising up and up to a narrow patch of grey lightness that was the sky. The marvel of the change momentarily stunned us. Then we looked around the bridge at each other, each knowing, but not saying: "We're in the eye!"

Now the waves leapt higher. The vessel was a toy, frail on the wave crests, dwarfed in the hollows. With

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little cargo in her holds, she tossed and reeled like a cork

A flock of small birds came wildly from nowhere and sought shelter on the ship, some killing themselves against deckhouses. A steward appeared with a pot of coffee. How he made it on the galley stove and brought it to the bridge I never knew.

The chief mate shouted: "Look! A reef, sir!"

The clearance had widened to a mile or so, and across the northern edge there was the spume and turbulence of a reef, and on the reef a lighthouse. The Florida Keys! The vessel had been carried 60 miles during the night by the forward movement of the storm—almost to disaster.

There was no easing the ship along now. We forced her against the leaping seas south, towards the back door of the storm. She tumbled and staggered through the eye, and as she entered the whirling winds again we lost sight of the reef and lighthouse. Time and again she fell away before the onslaught, time and again we forced her with the engines and rudder back to her course. We clung to the bridge rail, water spilling over us as from a fall. We wondered if the violent pounding on the keel would break her back, if the waves that now broke upon the decks would rip off the hatch tarpaulins and flood the holds.

We had no means of knowing if we were making headway, we could

only hope she was gaining distance with every scend and plunge.

Somehow she survived.

The hurricane had picked up speed, and within two hours we were out of it and into the clearing skies of a brisk west wind. A large freighter was wallowing with a heavy list and most of her deck cargo of timber loose and spilling over the side. We asked if she needed help. She thanked us and signalled No.

We returned to Havana and found the harbour a shambles. Every vessel there had suffered damage. One lay against the wharf which we had left, a deep hole in her hull. Others had sunk. The presidential yacht stood on her nose, her propeller sticking out of the water like a flag. In a cove 17 schooners were piled together, with only their broken masts and spars above water.

The chief mate searched our vessel for scars. We had none.

The chief stevedore came aboard soon after we docked. "Beautiful day, Skipper," he exclaimed. He took a handful of air and weighed it. "Light as a feather," he said, "Always light as a feather after a hurricane. Should have them more often."

More often! Once in a lifetime is enough, I thought. I glanced at the wrecked ships, at the broken palms and shattered windows along the waterfront, and I said, as I often say after clearing a storm: "Thank You, God. Thanks for pulling us through again."

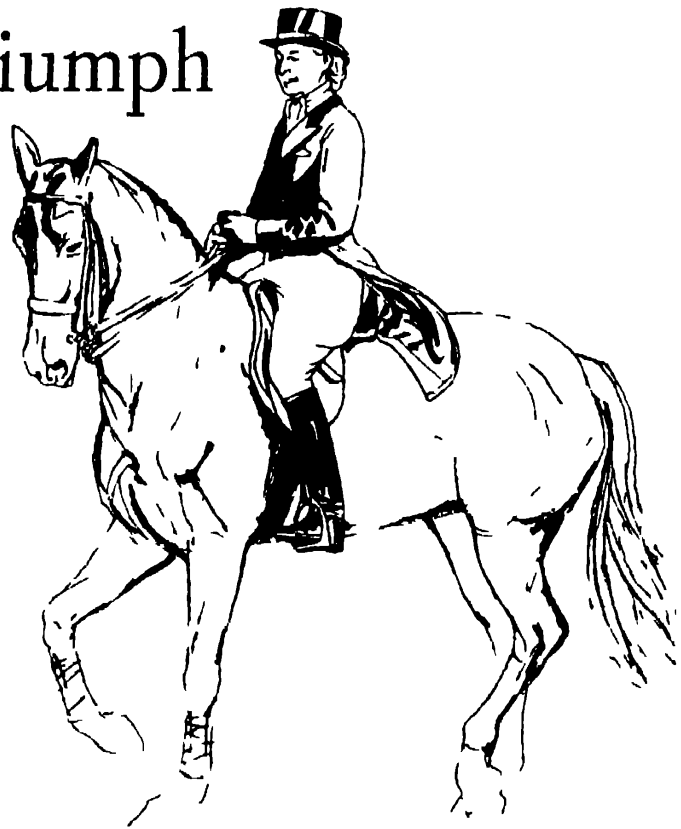
She Rode to Triumph Over Polio

By Edwin Muller

LAST YEAR at the horse show in New York there was one exhibition that always brought down the house. The lights in Madison Square Garden would go out. Two spotlights would focus on a single rider, a pretty, dark-haired woman in her mid-30's who rode her horse as if she were part of it, performing a sequence of intricate, delicate steps and movements: turning, backing, changing from trot to canter to gallop.

It was a performance of what the horse fraternity calls "dressage," and it requires more riding ability than the jumps or any other part of the horseman's art. The horse is guided by imperceptible, perfectly co-ordinated movements of the rider's legs, hands, body—by balance and a subtle shift of weight.

Those in the audience who applauded most were the connoisseurs. They realized what a remarkable feat of horsemanship they had seen. But only a few of them understood



what a truly extraordinary achievement it had been. Behind it lies a shining story of courage and unconquerable human will.

The rider was Madame Lis Hartel of Copenhagen. Ten years earlier she had been struck down by polio. It was a bad case, the sort from which, if the patient recovers, he is lucky to be only partially crippled for life.

Her doctor tried to encourage her. He said that if she strove hard she might eventually be able to walk with two sticks.

Lis meant to do more. She meant to ride again. At that the doctor could only smile.

In September, 1944, Lis Hartel

was young, healthy and strong. Happily married, she had a baby of two, another on the way. She was one of the best riders in Denmark. It was good to be alive.

One Monday morning she woke with a terrific headache and a curious stiffness in the back of her neck. A few days later the paralysis began—clutching her arms and legs, creeping over her body. They took her to the hospital. It was hard to fight down panic, to keep a grip on herself, not to go to pieces and scream. Being pregnant made it worse. She was in terror for the baby, even though doctors and nurses told her that it would probably be born normal, which often happened with polio patients. As for herself—well, of course she would never be normal again. They talked brightly of when she would be up on crutches.

Still, here in the hospital she would dream sometimes that she was riding again as she had from childhood, guiding the horse by the familiar movements of thighs and knee muscles. Then came the sickening wave of realization: those muscles were now dead.

Most people would have resigned themselves to that. But Lis Hartel has a fighting heart. Her body lay there—helpless, beaten down. But her spirit wasn't beaten. Resolve grew strong within her.

In the third week she demanded that she leave the hospital. The campaign that she planned could be fought better at home.

At home she had two strong allies: her husband and her mother. Lis Hartel insists that without them she would have been beaten.

Together they planned a régime. There was the usual therapy: massage, electric treatment. But far more important were the things that she had to do for herself.

Over her bed they rigged a system of cords and pulleys. Cords were attached to her hands and feet; they ran over pulleys on the ceiling and had balancing weights on the other end. The tiniest movement of a muscle would have lifted an arm or leg. But for many days the strongest effort of her will couldn't induce that tiny movement.

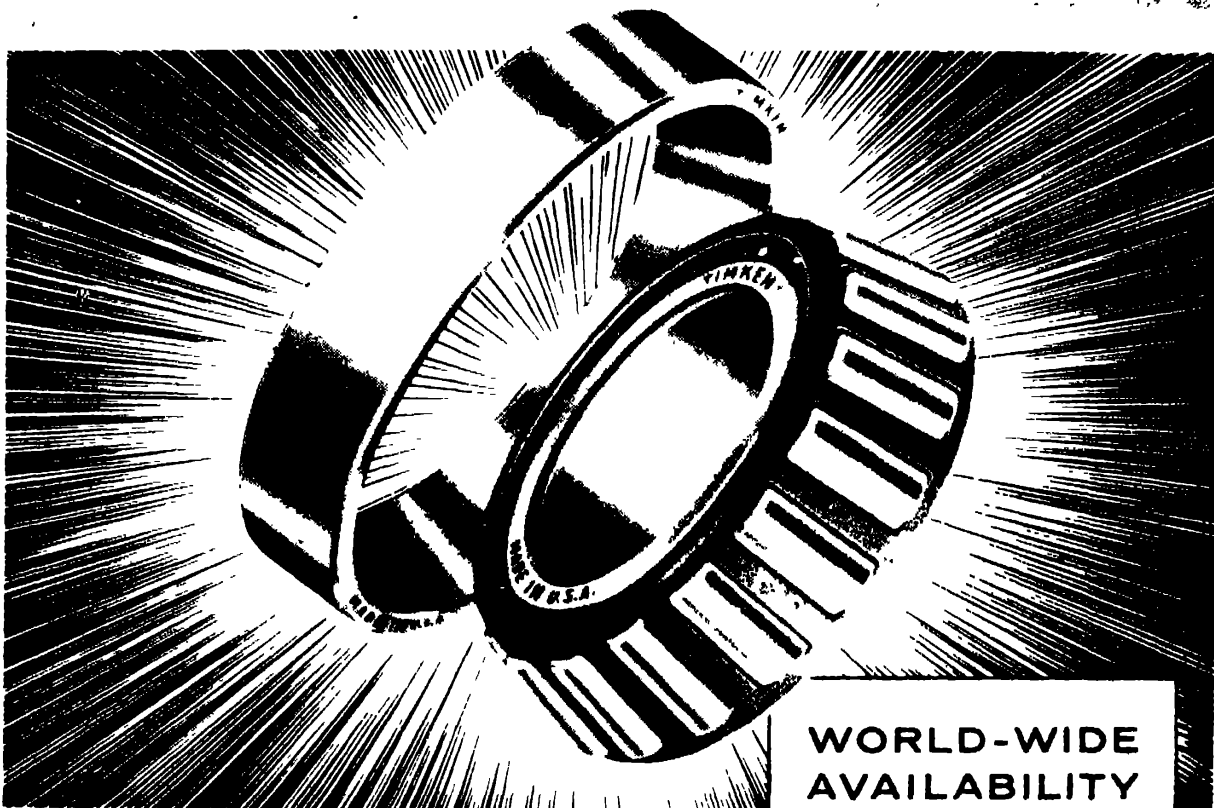
Then one day came a glimmer of hope. She had been trying and trying to lift her right arm. Suddenly it moved. She wept with joy. There was a family celebration.

But next day the arm wouldn't move. That is the way things went for weeks—small movements of arms or legs, then a relapse to inertness. She drove herself at it, day after day, but progress was infinitely slow.

When she was able, fairly consistently, to make slight movements of arms or legs, and when she could sit up, they tried something else. Two gymnasium bicycling machines were fixed to the floor, arranged so that the pedalling of one made the pedals of the other go round. Lis sat on one, her husband or her mother on the other.

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It was exhausting work—and she was pregnant. After a few minutes of it she would have to be put back to bed. But, as the weeks went on, the thigh muscles gradually came under some control.

These daily exercises went on for months, hour after hour. Then an interruption—the birth of her baby. It was an anxious time for the family but, as the doctor had predicted, all went well. The new daughter was normal and healthy. And after a while Lis could go back to her régime.

Then there was crawling. She was laid face down on the floor. A towel was put under her body, husband and mother each holding an end. They lifted her slightly from the floor and she strove to crawl forward.

This was the most exhausting of all. She was almost in collapse when she was put back to bed. But she managed to crawl a few inches. As she improved she set herself the goal of crawling a yard further each day.

Next came the efforts to walk — long continued before she was able to take a single step. At last she could manage a few painful steps on crutches. Then, eight months after the attack, she could hobble along with two crutch sticks.

Her friends congratulated her. It was what they had hoped for. Obviously they thought that her battle was now concluded, that she had reached the furthest point of recovery which she could possibly expect.

Lis Hartel thought otherwise. In a war there are two kinds of generals. One, after winning a battle, pauses to consolidate his position, is content for the moment with the ground he has won. The other doesn't pause for an instant, presses on relentlessly, is satisfied with nothing less than the complete rout of the enemy. Lis Hartel is the second kind.

Now she broached a project that she had long had in mind. Her family were doubtful about it, but they finally agreed.

One morning she was taken in her wheel chair to the stables. Her horse "Gigolo" was saddled. She was lifted up.

She knew what would happen. When the horse started to walk her instinctive fear of falling off would stir to life long-dead reflexes in the muscles of her thighs. Feebly her legs gripped the horse. It wasn't enough. She toppled, but she tried it again. And again.

After it she was nearer collapse than ever before. She rested two weeks, then tried again. Once she was close to giving up. She made them pack away her riding kit.

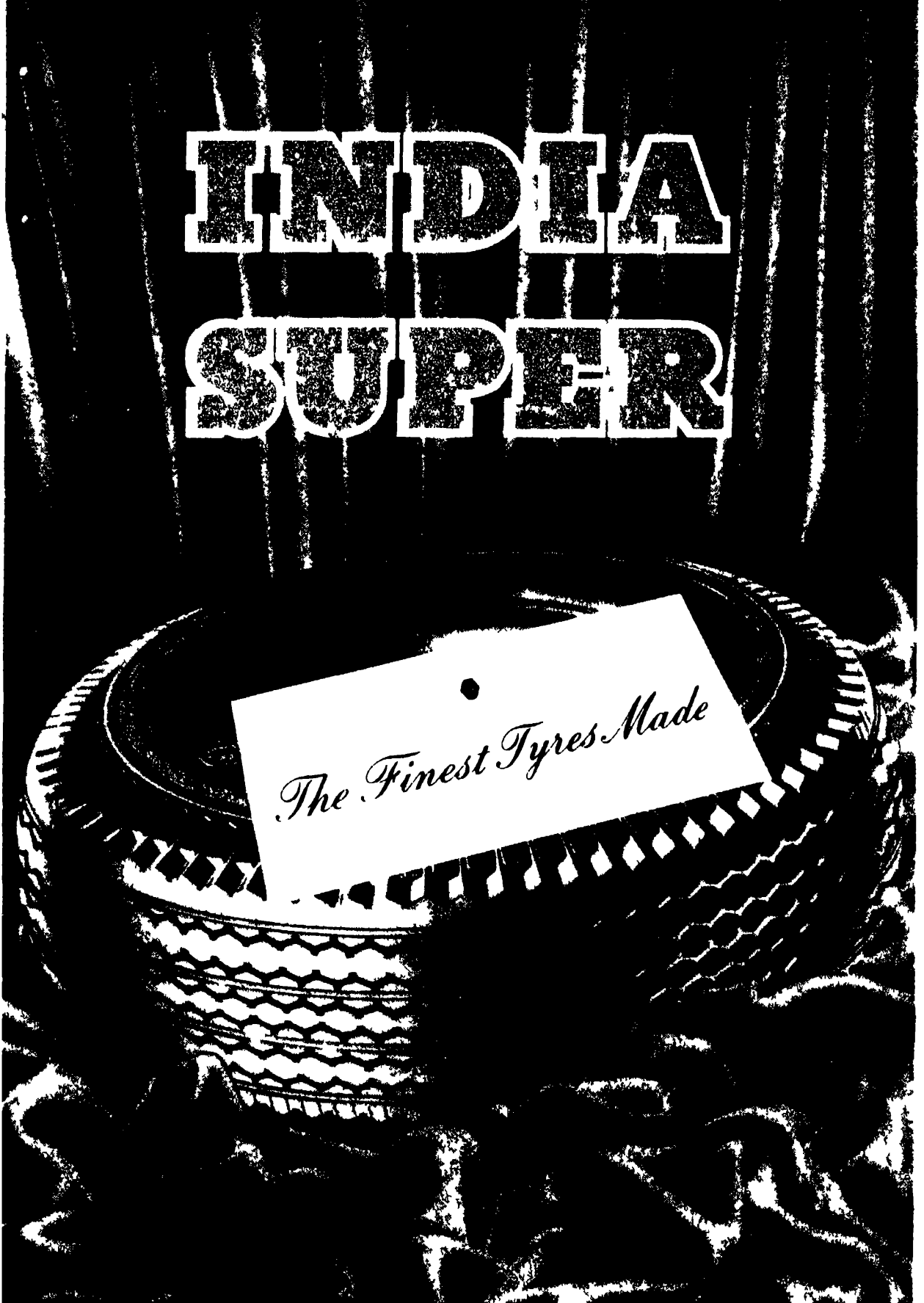
"I'm through," she said.

But next day she had the kit unpacked again.

At last came the day when she could keep her seat on Gigolo without help. The thigh muscles grew stronger. Her balance improved. One day she could keep her seat at a trot.

In 1946, two years after her at-

INDIA SUPER



The Finest Tyres Made

tack, she watched the Scandinavian riding championships. In the paddock were many old friends from her competition days.

She told them:

"Next year I'll be riding with you."

They pretended to believe her.

But she *was* there next year - riding in competition, three years after the polio had struck. She still had to be helped on and off the horse but, once up, she rode like a champion. To the amazement of those who knew about her handicap, she won second prize in the women's dressage event.

That did not content her. She would be satisfied with nothing less than total victory. She went on with her régime of exercises, strenuous and unrelenting.

By now she had a normal body once more, except that below the knees the muscles were paralyzed. She studied and practised how to do without those muscles. Now, after two operations, she walked with just one stick.

She rode constantly, steadily improving her form. She was a better rider than she had been before her illness. Indeed, she had become one of the best riders in the world.

That was proved at the Olympic Games of 1952, held in Helsinki. There, in the dressage event, Lis Hartel competed with the 24 top-ranking riders from all over the world, men and women. She won second prize, the silver medal.

When she stood up to receive the award, when the Danish flag was run up over the stadium, when the crowd roared its applause, she broke down and wept.

Since then she has ridden in competition and performed in many countries, making four or five appearances a year. She does it not merely because she enjoys riding more than any other activity. There is another reason.

She wants to help other polio victims. If they see the evidence of how she has made herself get well, they may be inspired to do the same for themselves.

Lis Hartel answers hundreds of letters from polio victims each year. What she says and writes is:

"Never give up. However dark it may look, there is almost always a chance of making some progress which may be a milestone towards recovery. Keep on trying to do better. You can do almost anything if only you believe it hard enough."

Marriage Brief

*H*APPINESS in marriage depends not on whether couples argue, but on what they argue about. A polite disagreement over money is often an indication of failure, while a verbal battle over what kind of flowers to plant next to the roses is a sure sign of success.

—"The Man Next Door," in *Better Homes & Gardens*

QUOTABLE QUOTES

WHEN a man retires and time is no longer a matter of urgent importance, his colleagues generally present him with a watch — **R. C. Sherriff**, quoted by Herbert Prochnow

MISFORTUNES one can endure — they come from outside — they are accidents — 'But to suffer for one's own faults — ah!' — there is the sting of life — **Oscar Wilde**, quoted by Alvin Redman in *The Epigrams of Oscar Wilde* (Alvin Redman)

HE that falls in love with himself will have no rivals — **Benjamin Franklin**

WHY are hotel room walls so thin when you sleep and so thick when you listen? — **Arthur Godfrey**, quoted in *Cronet*

WORRY never robs tomorrow of its sorrow — it only saps today of its strength — **A. J. Cronin**

MOST men need two women in their lives — a secretary to take everything down and a wife to pick everything up — **Tulsa (Oklahoma) World**

TAKE a lesson from the whale — the only time he gets harpooned is when he comes up to spout — **The Liguorian**

THE views expressed by husbands in their homes are not necessarily those of the management — **John Dennis**, in the *Libertin* (*Garrison Star*)

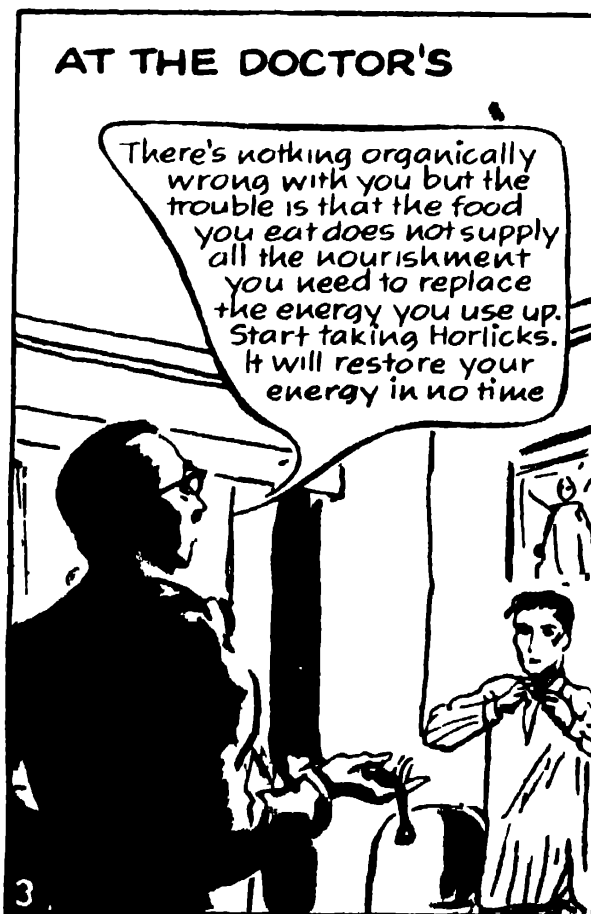
IN its long quest for world peace, Russia has always stuck to its guns — **The Saturday Evening Post**

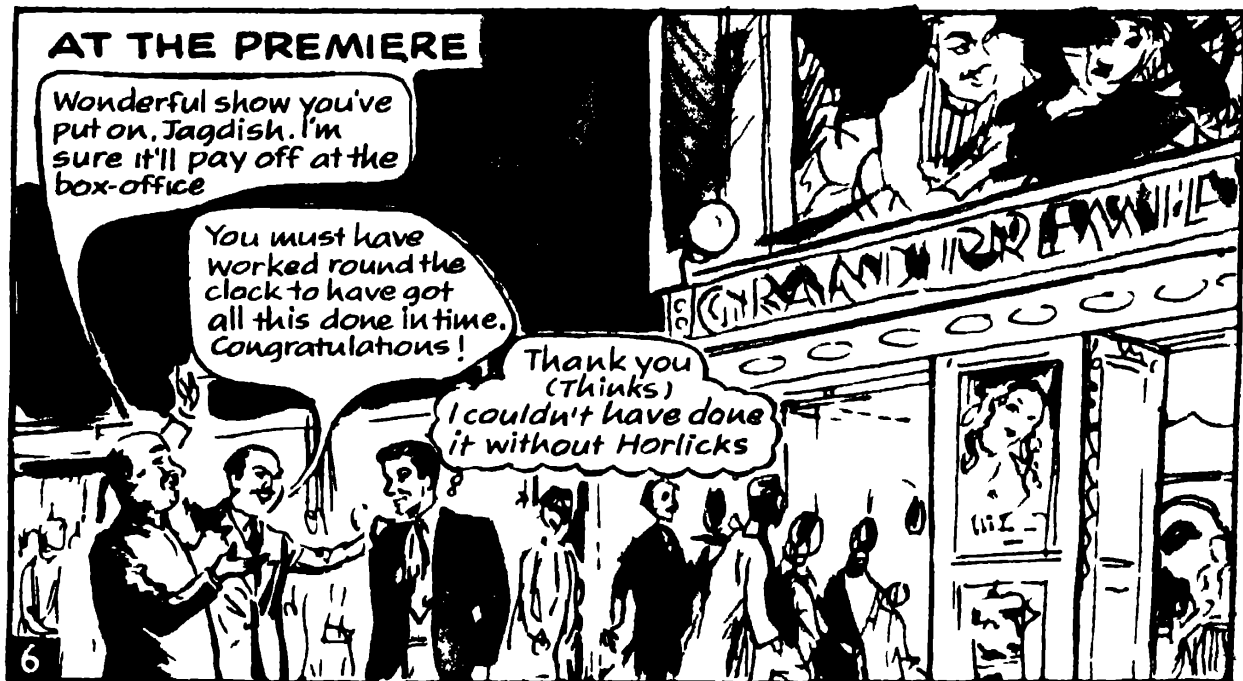
A LITTLE more determination, a little more pluck, a little more work — that's luck — **The Fraternal Monitor**

THE BEST things in life are free, of course, but isn't it a pity that most of the next-best things are so expensive? — **Paducah (Kentucky) Sun-Democrat**

A MAN should be like his tea — his real strength appearing when he gets into hot water — **The Irish Digest**

No business for show business ?





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AN UNFORGETTABLE CHARACTER

ON AN autumn Saturday in 1913, when I was six, I put my father in a special category where he has ever remained. We lived then in Tangipahoa Parish, 50 miles above New Orleans, a lovely rolling land of pine forests and small farms, cleft by dark, swift rivers and creeks. Along the river lands dwelt those farmer-hunters whose zeal for feuds and low boiling-point in matters of personal honour gave accuracy to our parish's nickname — Bloody Tangipahoa.

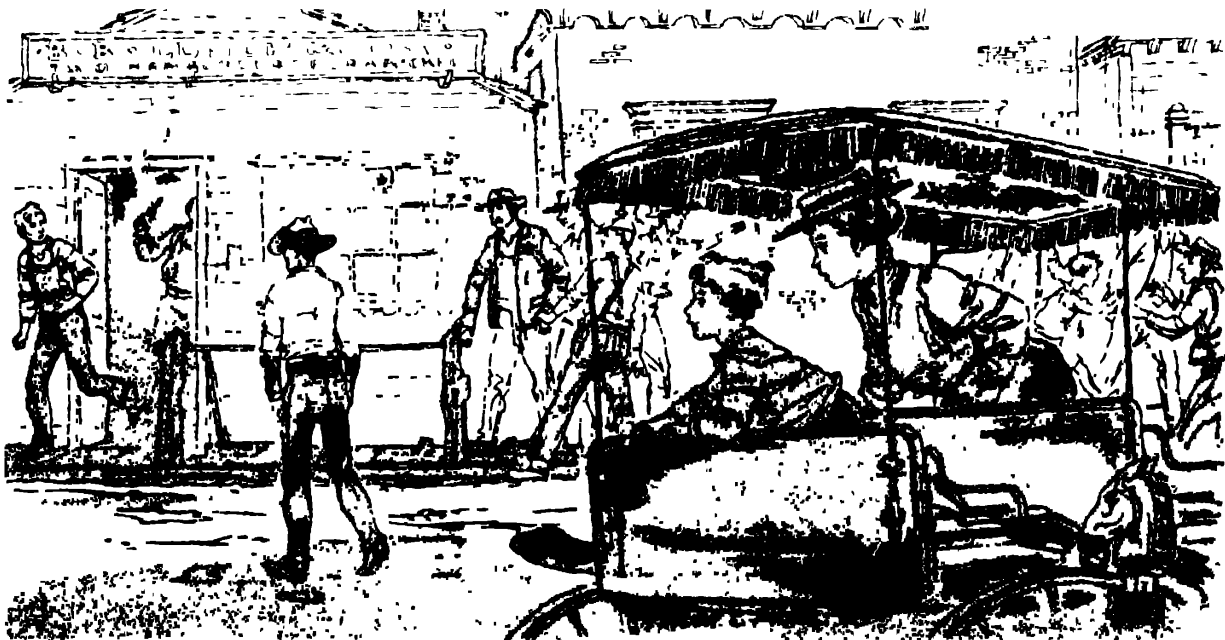
Our farm home was four rough

By
Hodding Carter

road miles from Hammond, the parish's principal community, which then had a population of 3,000. It was

a special treat for us to go to Hammond in the surrey with its fringed top drawn by Sue, a fine Kentucky mare that was my father's pride. (He also entered and drove her in trotting races.)

Dad and my pretty, blue-eyed mother took me with them to Hammond that memorable day in 1913. There, of all the one-storey brick and frame buildings in Main Street, the most attractive to me was the



ramshackle B-B Lunchroom. I could spell out its sign—"B-B Lunchroom. Two Hamburgers for a Nickel." Once I had asked if I could have the hamburger bargain, but Mother told me that such meat at such a price was bound to be poisonous.

My hopes for a hamburger rose that day when Dad reined in Sue just across the road from the B-B, in front of which a number of men were milling about. And then, someone was telling Dad that trouble was brewing. Inside the B-B a local bad man, ugly-drunk, had run everyone out at gun point and had promised to shoot anyone who came in after him. Meanwhile he was practising marksmanship on the B-B's fixtures. The town marshal, a pleasant, ageing man, stood outside the Lunchroom, not wanting to go in.

Dad looked at Mother. She said "No, Will," and he said, "Somebody has to do it."

I remember that I began to cry as Dad walked across the dusty little street and into the B-B Lunchroom unarmed; and Mother cried, too. Before we knew it, Dad came out of the Lunchroom with a pistol, not his, in his hand, and a sheepish, drunken man trailing behind him.

Somebody let out a happy yelp, and others joined in. Dad handed the pistol over to the marshal and then climbed back into the surrey.

As we drove home, Dad explained to Mother that he had just

told the man, whom he knew, that he ought to come on out with him. And once again he said to Mother, who was sitting close to him on the front seat, "Somebody has to do it."

That was more than 40 years ago. My father is still very much alive, and since then I have heard him explain his sometimes inexplicable behaviour in exactly those words, times beyond counting. He used them after he had lunged at a runaway horse, and had been dragged half a block along the street before the horse gave up, and Dad rose to his feet, his clothes streaked and torn. I heard them again when I was eight and Dad came close to death when he entered a burning house after some spectator had screamed, in error, that an aged occupant was still inside.

A year or so later, because somebody had to do it, he was going out night after night for nearly a month, booted and heavily armed, to search swamp and forest and remote cabin for a backwoodsman, engaged in a feud, who had shot and killed a member of a rival clan. I was old enough then to understand and approve my father's more extended explanation. Feeling was high and loyalties to the two warring groups were divided. The authorities feared some members of an ordinary citizens' posse would let their allegiances or enmities get the better of them if they found the killer. And so, again because somebody had to do it, Dad, with two businessmen

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and a doctor, scoured the river lands and farming settlements until they arrested the culprit without bloodshed.

These incidents have to do primarily with physical courage. But Dad was not simply a fighter. A strongly built and unusually handsome man, just under six foot, he preferred using his hands to crumble lovingly the soil of his farm or to play his violin. I marvel even now at how his hard, strong fingers touched bow and strings so lightly, his nostrils flaring slightly to the violin's keening and his wide, sensitive mouth tautening as he played.

He worked hard on the farm and at anything else he did, but he always had time for fun—for us and for himself. He and Mother went quail shooting on horseback; and later on he would take my brother and me fishing or shooting dove and snipe and quail. (In those days we never had to leave our farm and the adjoining ones to shoot, which makes this a long time ago.)

When we moved into Hammond—still keeping the farm—Dad was in the forefront of everything that helped to change the little community from rural village to thriving town. Was there a new bank to be organized, a bond issue to be approved, a farmers' association to be formed, a multi-parish fair to be set up? Dad would jump into anything—anything, Mother would say, though not disapprovingly, that took time and money and brought

only satisfaction as dividend.

He was far from wealthy, and nothing he ever did has made him so; but his sense of social responsibility in time enriched many. Our often-ignorant small farmers of that day looked scornfully upon purebred cattle; they avenged themselves upon any man who fenced in his range land, and they held that the debilitating cattle tick was an act of God not to be interfered with. Dad brought together a small blooded herd fenced some of his land and began dipping his cattle to show what good stock and proper care could do. They cut his fences and blew up the dipping trough, and his herd got tick fever and was mostly wiped out, but in his wake came believers as well as sceptics.

For many years he served on the parish's governing body, called in Louisiana the police jury. The roads in his ward were the best and most cheaply gravelled in the parish. He saw to it that our police jury kept its records straight in a state and at a time not especially known for strict public accounting. During his service as a police juror, I heard two men whom I didn't know discuss in a barber's shop the merits of a third. "He's as honest," one of them said as a clincher, "as Will Carter." I think this is why, in 1940, Dad got the biggest percentage of votes in the state when he stood for the State Legislature as an anti-Huey Long candidate. This was his only real venture into politics—in the fateful

election when Louisiana voters unshackled themselves, for a time, from Longism and corrupt tyranny.

As a farmer and as a townsman, Dad delighted in seeing things grow. He was on the school board in the mid-'20's, and so was the doctor who had been one of his companions in the posse years before. The high school superintendent was worried about the future of many of the students. Their families could not afford to send them away to the university. Why not start a junior college right here, the superintendent suggested. Dad and his doctor friend were especially taken with the seemingly preposterous idea.

By the following autumn Hammond Junior College was offering two university years to 17 students in the high school building. The trustees were the superintendent, the doctor and Dad. They were also the principal and unofficial benefactors. Dad got the police jury to make about 20,000 dollars available. By the next year the college had been moved to a spacious home on the edge of the town, with 50 acres of land, and the parish had approved a modest increase in the tax rate to support its Junior College. Today those original acres form most of the grounds of the fully accredited South-Eastern Louisiana State University system, with lovely pine-shaded grounds and 15 buildings.

Dad was a trustee for eight years. During that time he helped 20 boys and girls through the college—a few

dollars whenever he could to each. Then Huey Long had him removed, as all of Long's opponents were removed from any position which the Kingfish could control. I don't think anything ever made Dad as angry or heartsick as did being kicked off the board of the college he helped to start. And I was as proud as he was, when four years ago, I gave the inaugural address at the twenty-seventh anniversary of South-Eastern's founding. Dad, the only survivor of the original trustees, sat with me on the platform.

Thirty years before I had hidden my money and camped in the woods which were now South Eastern's grounds. Almost 20 years before I had started in my home town, my first newspaper, a small daily. And, on that twenty-seventh anniversary day I knew that I wouldn't have been there as speaker. Had not that first newspaper stayed alive during Longism and the depression I knew too that I could not have weathered either. Had it not been for Dad?

My wife and I like to boast that as newlyweds we had founded the little *Daily Courier* with less than 400 dollars in cash. That is true enough. But we could not have kept going if Dad had not been near in those difficult times to endorse the bills for the small loans that then seemed so big. Nor would a brash 25 year old editor have been as secure in his generally intemperate comments on state and local politics and on the parish's continuing high

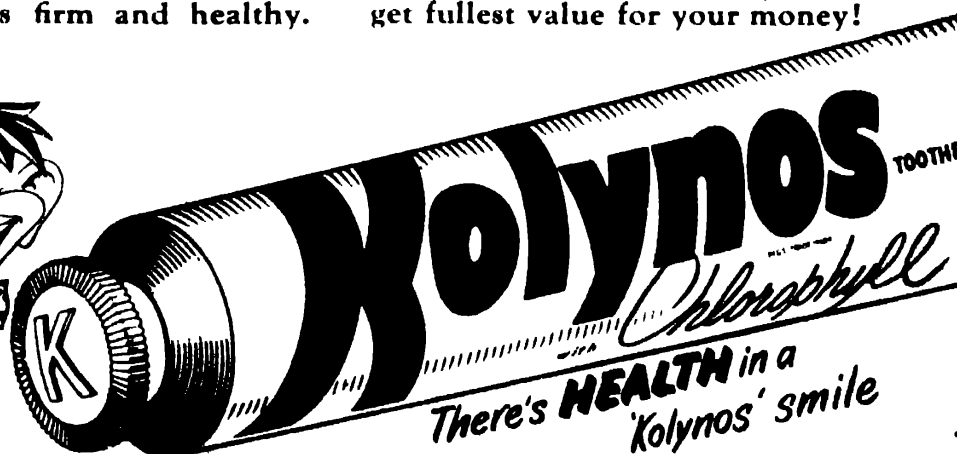


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rate of unpunished murders, had not friend and foe alike known that Dad stood behind everything he wrote

I doubt if my father, not being of a particularly meditative nature, has ever pondered the reasons he has lived and acted as he has. I have said it is because of very special reasons. I think I know what they are. I hope I am not doing injustice to my own and my sons' generations when I say that words—concepts—like duty, honour, citizenship, loyalty, patriotism had a more active meaning half a century ago. Dad was helping to build a town in what was essentially the backwoods, and the spirit of the frontier was stronger than it is now. Also, such words had more personal meaning to the men of his own father's prime, these were the men to whom he listened in his childhood, the broken survivors of the Confederacy who had come home to rebuild from ashes.

But Dad, who is now approaching 75, wouldn't think of putting it that way. Nor does he consider that

it's time for him to slow down. A few months ago he asked me if I would like a pair of old millstones for the terrace of our home. We said that we would, and thought no more about it until he phoned a few weeks later to say that he was bringing them.

Late the next afternoon he stopped his car in our drive, after a 260-mile journey. In the old trailer were two 300-pound millstones. We called for Lawyer Phillips, our burly gardener, who, after dubiously surveying the load, got a crowbar, climbed into the trailer and began gingerly nudging the nearer millstone. It didn't budge. Dad watched impatiently for a few seconds. Then he clambered into the trailer and took the crowbar from Lawyer. Before we knew what was happening he had pried the millstone several inches.

"Dad!" my wife called out. "Stop it!" Dad looked up, and started to speak.

But we beat him to the inevitable answer. "Somebody has to do it!"

Oblique Angles

MAN DESCRIBING summer cottage "Just a little shack near a lake, with no conveniences to speak of, except that it hasn't got a telephone" (Bill Gold) Husband to wife "It's too nice a night to stay in and

watch TV. Let's go to the cinema." (John Polwarth in *Newcastle Journal*)

American tourist to his wife in the Vatican Museum "Let's get a move on. How do you think we're going to see Rome if you keep stopping to look at things?" (Rosemary Buckley) One girl to another "Always be

sincere, whether you mean it or not!" (Bill Gerson) Asked what kind of woman his wife was, a man suing for divorce told the judge "If you were to say to her that a lot of water had flowed under the bridge since we first met, she'd say, 'What bridge?'" (Frances Rodman)

BOOK SECTION

Gift from the Sea

Condensed from the book by
ANNE MORROW LINDBERGH



IN A BOOK that is certain to be widely discussed, Anne Morrow Lindbergh, with deep sincerity and candour, shares with the reader her hard-won answer to life's challenges. Reviewing the problems of her own experience while on holiday by the sea, the author offers new hope and wise advice to those who seek guidance in these troubled days. As always, the pages shine with the characteristic beauty and lucidity which have made Mrs. Lindbergh's writing a vital part of world literature.

*"Gift from the Sea," copyright 1955 by Anne Morrow Lindbergh,
is published by Pantheon Books, Inc.,
New York*



I BEGAN these pages for myself, in order to think out my own individual balance of life. I had the feeling that my experience was different from other people's. Many women, I thought, are content with their lives as they are. With envy and admiration, I observed the porcelain perfection of their smoothly ticking days. Perhaps they had no problems, or had found the answers long ago.

But as I talked with other women with different lives and experiences—those who supported themselves, those who were hard working housewives and mothers and those with more ease—I found that my point of view was not unique. I discovered that many women and men, too, were grappling with essentially the same questions as I.

And so gradually this book became more than my individual story, until I decided in the end to give it back to the people who had stimulated many of these thoughts. So I return my gift from the sea.

The Channelled Whelk

THE SEASHORE is not the place to work. Rollers on the beach, wind in

the pines, the slow flapping of herons across sand dunes, drown out the hectic rhythms of city and suburb, timetables and schedules. One falls under their spell, relaxes, stretches out prone.

But then, one morning the mind comes to life again. It begins to drift to play, to turn over in gentle carelessness, rolls like those lazy waves on the beach. One never knows what chance treasures these easy, unconscious rollers may toss up, on the smooth white sand of the conscious mind: what rare shell from the ocean floor.

The shell in my hand once housed a whelk, a snail-like creature, and then temporarily, after the death of the first occupant, a little hermit crab, who has run away, leaving his tracks behind him like a delicate vine on the sand. Why did he run away? Did he hope to find a better mode of living? I too have run away, I realize. I have shed the shell of my life, for these few weeks of my holiday.

But this shell—it is simple, it is beautiful. Its colour, dull gold, is whitened by a wash of salt from the sea. Each crisscross vein in its

eggshell texture is as clearly defined as on the day of creation.

My shell is not like this; its shape is hardly recognizable any more. Surely, it had a shape once. What is the shape of my life?

The shape of my life today starts with a family. I have a husband, five children and a home just beyond the suburbs of New York. I have also a craft, writing, and therefore work I want to pursue. The shape of my life is, of course, determined by many other things; by my background and childhood, my mind and its education, my heart and its desires. I want to give to and take from my children and husband, to share with friends and community, to carry out my obligations as a woman, as an artist, as a citizen.

But I want first of all to be at peace with myself. I want a core to my life that will enable me to carry out these obligations and activities as well as I can. I want, in fact -to borrow from the language of the saints -to live "in grace" as much of the time as possible. By "grace" I mean an inner harmony, essentially spiritual, which can be translated into outward harmony. I would like to achieve a state of inner spiritual grace from which I could function and give as I was meant to in the eye of God.

Vague as this definition may be, I believe most people are aware of periods in their lives when they seem to be "in grace" and other periods when they feel "out of grace," even

though they may use different words to describe these states. In the first happy condition, one seems to carry all one's tasks before one lightly, as if borne along on a great tide; and in the opposite state one can hardly tie a shoelace. It is true that a large part of life consists in learning a technique of tying the shoelace, whether one is in grace or not. But there are techniques of living, too; there are certain roads that one may follow. Simplification of life is one of them.

I mean to lead a simple life, to choose a simple shell I can carry easily -like a hermit crab. But I do not. I find that my frame of life does not foster simplicity. My husband and five children must make their way in the world. The life I have chosen as wife and mother entrains a whole caravan of complications. It involves a house and either household drudgery or household help which wavers between scarcity and nonexistence. It involves food and shelter; meals, planning, shopping, bills and making the ends meet in a thousand ways. It involves not only the butcher, the baker, the candlestickmaker but countless other experts to keep my modern house with its modern "simplification" (electricity, plumbing, refrigerator, gas stove, oil burner, dishwasher, radios, car and numerous other labour-saving devices) functioning properly. It involves health; doctors, dentists, appointments, medicine, cod-liver oil, vitamins,

trips to the drugstore. It involves education, schools, car-sharing arrangements with neighbours, extra trips for basketball or orchestra practice, tutoring, camps and travelling plans. It involves clothes, shopping, laundry, cleaning, mending, letting skirts down and sewing buttons on, or finding someone else to do it. It involves friends--my husband's, my children's, my own—and endless arrangements to get together; letters, invitations, telephone calls and travelling hither and yon.

For life in America is based on the premise of ever-widening circles of contact. It involves not only family demands but community demands, national demands, international demands on the good citizen, through social and cultural pressures, through newspapers, magazines, radio programmes, political drives, charitable appeals. My mind reels with it. What a circus act we women perform every day of our lives! It puts the trapeze artist to shame. Look at us. We run a tight rope daily, balancing a pile of books on the head. Baby carriage, parasol, kitchen chair, still under control. Steady now!

This is not the life of simplicity, but the life of multiplicity that the wise men warn us of. It leads not to unification but to fragmentation. It does not bring grace; it destroys the soul. And this is true not only of my life, I am forced to conclude; it is the life of millions of people in America.

For the problem of multiplicity confronts not only the American woman but also the American man. And it is the concern not merely of the American but of our whole modern civilization, since life in America, today is held up as the ideal of a large part of the rest of the world. Yet, the problem is particularly and essentially woman's.

For to be a woman is to have interests and duties, raying out in all directions from the central mother-core, like spokes from the hub of a wheel. The pattern of our lives is essentially circular. We must be open to all points of the compass; husband, children, friends, home, community; sensitive to each call that comes. How difficult for us, then, to achieve a balance in the midst of these contradictory tensions, and yet how necessary for the proper functioning of our lives.

With a new awareness, both painful and humorous, I begin to understand why among the saints we rarely find married women. I am convinced it has nothing inherently to do, as I once supposed, with chastity or children. It has to do primarily with distractions. The bearing, rearing, feeding and educating of children; the running of a house with its thousand details; human relationships with their myriad pulls—woman's normal occupations in general run counter to creative life, or contemplative life, or saintly life. The problem is basically how to remain whole in the midst of the

distraction of life; how to remain balanced.

What is the answer? There is no easy answer. I have only clues, shells from the sea. The bare beauty of the channelled whelk tells me that one answer, and perhaps a first step, is in simplification of life, in cutting out some of the distractions. But how? Total retirement is not possible. I cannot shed my responsibilities. I cannot permanently inhabit a desert island. I cannot be a nun in the midst of family life. I would not want to be.

The solution for me, surely, is neither in total renunciation of the world, nor in total acceptance of it. I must find a balance somewhere; a swinging of the pendulum between solitude and communion. In my period of retreat, perhaps I can learn something to carry back into my worldly life. As a beginning, I can at least practise for these two weeks of beach-living the simplification of outward life.

ONE LEARNS first of all in beach-living the art of shedding; how little one can get along with, not how much. Clothes first. Of course, one needs less in the sun. But one needs less anyway, one finds suddenly. One does not need a cupboard full, only a small suitcase full. And what a relief it is! One finds one is shedding not only clothes—but vanity.

Next, shelter. One does not need the airtight shelter one has in winter in Connecticut. Here I live in a bare

sea shell of a cottage. No heat, no telephone, no plumbing to speak of, no hot water, a two-burner oil stove, no gadgets to go wrong. No rugs; there were some, but I rolled them up the first day; it is easier to sweep the sand off a bare floor. But I find I don't hustle about with unnecessary sweeping and cleaning here. I am no longer aware of the dust. I have shed my Puritan conscience about absolute tidiness. Is it possible that, too, is a material burden?

No curtains. I do not need them for privacy; the pines around my house are enough protection. I want the windows open all the time, and I don't want to worry about rain. I begin to shed my anxiety about many things. Washable chair covers, faded and old—I hardly see them; I don't worry about the impression they make on other people. I am shedding pride.

As little furniture as possible; I shall not need much. I shall ask into my shell only those friends with whom I can be completely honest. I find I am shedding hypocrisy in human relationships. What a rest that will be! The most exhausting thing in life, I have discovered, is being insincere. That is why so much of social life is exhausting; one is wearing a mask. I have shed my mask.

I find I live quite happily without those things I think necessary in winter in Connecticut. And I remember a statement made by a friend of mine in France who spent three

years in a German prison camp. Of course, he said, qualifying his remark, they did not get enough to eat, they were sometimes atrociously treated, they had little physical freedom. And yet, prison life taught him how little one can get along with, and what extraordinary spiritual peace such simplification can bring.

I remember again, ironically, that today many of us have the luxury of choice between simplicity and complication of life. And for the most part, we, who could choose simplicity, choose complication. But if one accidentally finds simplicity, as I have for a few days, one finds also the serenity it brings.

Is it not rather ugly, one may ask? One collects material possessions not only for security, comfort or vanity but for beauty as well. Is your sea-shell house not ugly and bare? No it is beautiful, my house. It is bare, of course, but the wind, the sun, the smell of the pines blow through its bareness. The unfinished beams in the roof are veiled by cobwebs. They are lovely, I think, gazing up at them with new eyes, they soften the hard lines of the rafters as grey hairs soften the lines on a middle-aged face. I no longer pull out grey hairs or sweep down cobwebs.

I love my sea shell of a house. I wish I could transport it home and live in it always. But I cannot. . . . It will not hold a husband, five children and the trappings of daily life. I can only carry back my little

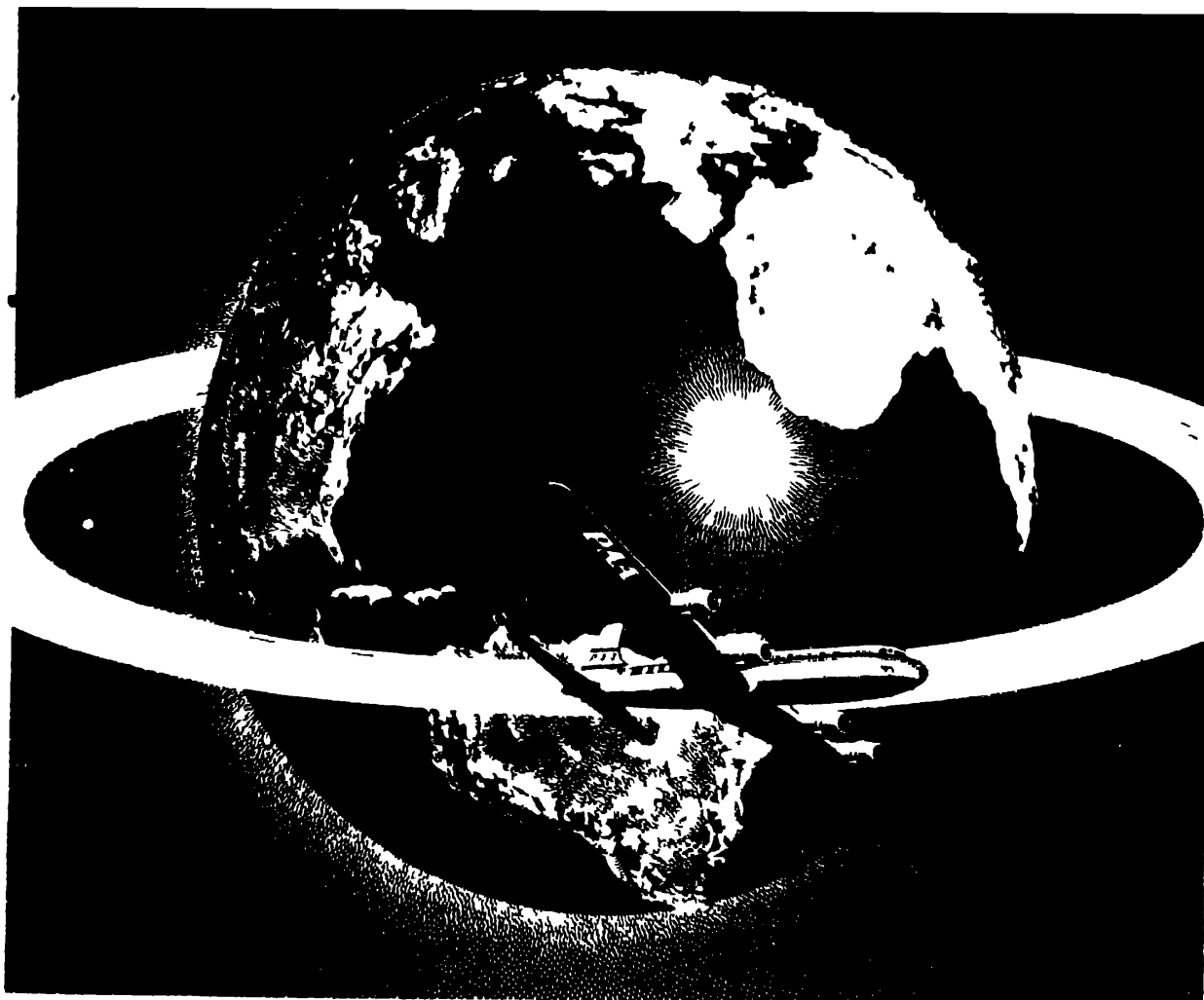
channelled whelk. It will sit on my desk in Connecticut, to remind me of the ideal of a simplified life, to encourage me in the game I played on the beach, to ask how little, not how much, can I get along with. To say, "Is it necessary" when I am tempted to add one more accumulation to my life.

Channelled whelk, you have set my mind on a journey, up an inwardly winding spiral staircase of thought.

The Moon Shell

THIS SHELL is round, full and glossy as a horse chestnut. Comfortable and compact, it sits curled up like a cat in the hollow of my hand. On its smooth symmetrical face is pencilled with precision a perfect spiral, winding inward to the pinpoint centre, the tiny dark core, the pupil of the eye. Now it is the eye of a cat that brushes noiselessly through long grass at night. Now it is an island, set in ever-widening circles of waves, alone, self-contained, serene.

How wonderful are islands! Islands in space, like this one I have come to, ringed about by miles of water, linked by no bridges, no cables, no telephones. An island from the world's life. Islands in time, like this short holiday of mine. The past and the future are cut off: one lives like a child in the immediacy of here and now. People, too, become like islands in such an atmosphere, self-contained, whole



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and serene; respecting other people's solitude, not intruding on their shores, standing back in reverence before the miracle of another individual.

I feel we are all islands—in a common sea. We are all, in the last analysis, alone. And how one hates to think of it, how one avoids it! It seems to imply rejection or unpopularity. We seem so frightened of being alone that we never let it happen. Even if family, friends and the cinema should fail, there is still the radio or television to fill up the void. We can do our housework with soap-opera heroes at our side. Even day-dreaming was more creative than this; it demanded something of oneself and it fed the inner life. Now, instead of planting our solitude with our own dream blossoms, we choke the space with continuous music, chatter and companionship to which we do not even listen. When the noise stops there is no inner music to take its place. We must re-learn to be alone.

For a day and two nights I have been alone. I lay on the beach under the stars at night alone. I made my breakfast alone. Alone I watched the gulls dip and wheel and dive for the scraps I threw them. It seemed to me, separated from my own species, that I was nearer to others: the shy willet, nesting in the ragged tidewash behind me; the sandpiper, running in little unfrightened steps down the shining beach rim ahead of me; the slowly flapping

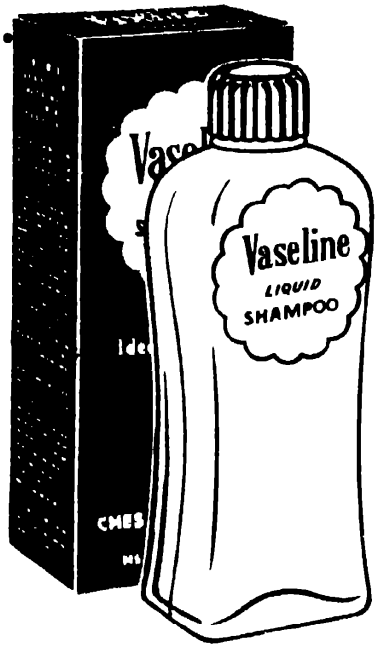
pelicans over my head, coasting down wind; the old gull, hunched up, grouchy, surveying the horizon. I felt a kind of impersonal kinship with them and a joy in that kinship. I was in harmony with the beauty of earth and sea and air, melted into the universe, lost in it, as one is lost in a canticle of praise, swelling from an unknown crowd in a cathedral.

I am full to the brim with my day alone, full as a cup poured up to the lip. There is a quality to fullness that the Psalmist expressed: "My cup runneth over." Let no one come—I pray in sudden panic—I might spill myself away!

Is this then what happens to woman? She wants perpetually to spill herself away. All her instinct as a woman—the eternal nourisher of children, of men, of society—demands that she give. Her time, her energy, her creativeness drain out into these channels if there is any chance. Instinctively we long to give where it is needed—and immediately. Eternally, woman spills herself away in dribblets to the thirsty, seldom being allowed the time, the quiet, the peace, to let the pitcher fill up to the brim.

But why not, one may ask? What is wrong with woman's spilling herself away, since it is her function to give.

HERE is a strange paradox. Woman instinctively wants to give, yet resents giving herself in small pieces, purposelessly. We do not see



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the results of our giving as concretely as man does in his work. In the job of home-keeping there is no salary increase from the boss, and seldom praise from others to show us we have hit the mark. Except for the child, woman's creation is so often invisible. We work at the myriad disparate details of housework, family routine and social life. It is a kind of intricate game of cat's cradle we manipulate on our fingers, with invisible threads. How can one point to this constant tangle of household chores, errands and fragments of human relationships as a creation? So much of it is automatic that woman herself begins to feel like a telephone exchange or a launderette.

Purposeful giving is not so apt to deplete one's resources the more one gives, the more one has to give—like milk in the breast. In wartime, difficult as it was, woman's giving was purposeful, indispensable. Today, in our comparative comfort, we are no longer fed by a feeling of indispensability. We are hungry, and not knowing what we are hungry for, we fill up the void with endless distractions—unnecessary errands, compulsive duties, social niceties. And suddenly the spring is dry.

The milk in the breast must be replenished by food taken into the body. If it is woman's function to give, she must be replenished. But how?

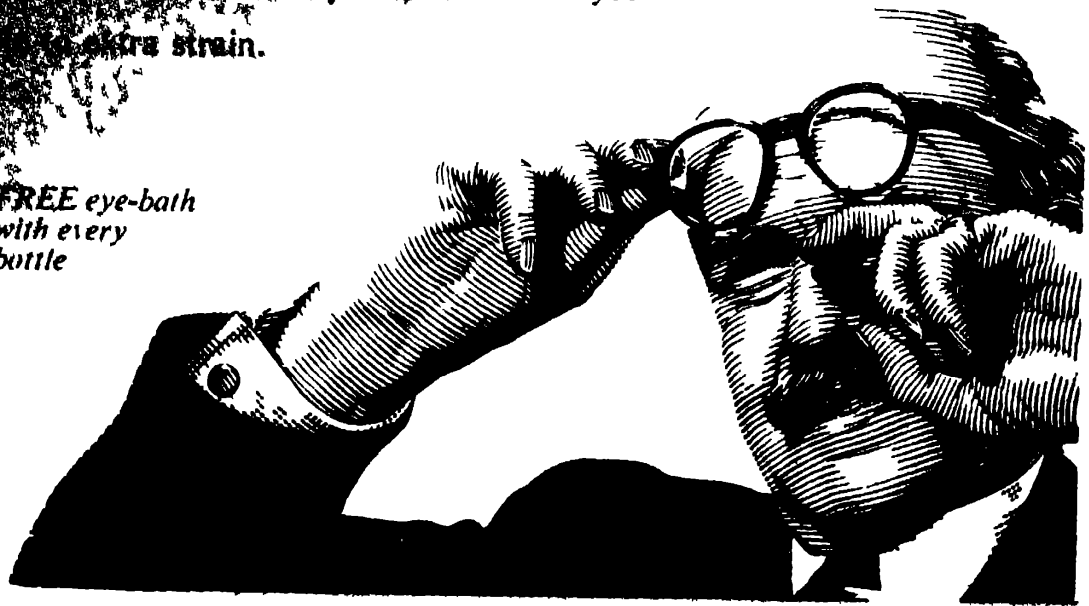
Solitude, says the moon shell

Every person, especially every woman, should be alone some time during the year, some part of each week and each day. How revolutionary that sounds and how impossible of attainment! To many women such a programme seems quite out of reach. They have no extra income to spend on a holiday for themselves, no time left over from the weekly drudgery of housework for a day off, no energy after the daily cooking, cleaning and washing for even an hour of creative solitude.

Is this then only an economic problem? I do not think so. If women were convinced that a day off or an hour of solitude was a reasonable ambition, they would find a way of attaining it. One has only to look at those women who actually have the economic means for solitude yet do not use it, to realize that the problem is not solely economic. It is more a question of inner convictions than of outer pressures.

The world today does not understand, in either man or woman, the need to be alone. If one sets aside time for a business appointment, a social engagement or a shopping expedition, that time is accepted as inviolable. But if one says, I cannot come because that is my hour to be alone, one is considered rude, egotistical or strange. What a commentary on our civilization, when being alone is considered suspect, when one has to apologize for it, make excuses, hide the fact that one practises it—like a secret vice!

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Actually these are among the most important times in one's life—when one is alone. The painter knows he must be alone to create; the writer, to work out his thoughts; the musician, to compose; the saint, to pray. But women need solitude in order to find again the true essence of themselves: that firm strand which will be the indispensable centre of a whole web of human relationships.

In other times, women had in their lives more sources which nourished them. Many of their duties were conducive to a quiet contemplative drawing together of the self. They had more creative tasks to perform, even humble kinds like cooking and sewing. Baking bread, weaving cloth, bottling fruits, teaching children must have been far more nourishing than being the family chauffeur or shopping at bargain stores or doing housework with mechanical aids. In housework, as in the rest of life, the curtain of mechanization has come down between the mind and the hand.

But the answer is not in going back, in giving woman the broom and the needle again. Neither is it in dissipating our time and energy in more purposeless occupations, more accumulations which supposedly simplify life but actually burden it, more possessions which we have not time to use or appreciate, more diversions to fill up the void.

Woman must seek quiet time

alone, contemplation, prayer, music, a centring line of thought or 'reading, of study or work. It can be physical or intellectual or artistic, any creative life proceeding from oneself. It need not be an enormous undertaking. Arranging a bowl of flowers in the morning, or saying a prayer, can give a sense of quiet in a crowded day. What matters is that one be for a time *inwardly attentive*.

In a sense, woman has always been the pioneer in this turning inward for strength. Less able, until the last generation, to escape into outward activities, the very limitations of her life forced her to look inward. And from looking inward she gained an inner strength which man in his outward active life did not as often find. But in our recent efforts to emancipate ourselves, to prove ourselves the equal of man, we have been drawn into competing with him in his outward activities, to the neglect of our own inner springs. Why have we been seduced into abandoning this timeless inner strength of woman for the temporal outer strength of man? The Kingdom of Heaven is within.

Moon shell, on my desk back in Connecticut, you will make me think of the island I lived on for a few weeks. You will sit there and fasten your single eye upon me. You will say to me "solitude." You will remind me that I must try to be alone for part of each year, even a week or a few days; and for part of each day, even for an hour or a few

minutes in order to keep my island quality. You will remind me that, unless I keep the island quality intact somewhere within me, I shall have little to give my husband, my children, my friends or the world at large. You will remind me that woman must be the pioneer in achieving this quality, not only for her own salvation but for the salvation of family life, of society, perhaps even of our civilization.

The Double-Sunrise

THIS SHELL was a gift; I did not find it. One does not often come across such a perfect double-sunrise. Both halves are exactly matched. Each side, like the wing of a butterfly, is marked with the same pattern; translucent white, except for three rosy rays that fan out from the golden hinge binding the two together. Smooth, unblemished shell, I wonder how its fragile perfection survived the breakers on the beach.

It was given to me freely. People are like that here. Strangers smile at you on the beach, come up and offer you a shell, for no reason, lightly, and then go by and leave you alone again. Nothing is demanded of you in payment, no social rite expected, no tie established. People smile at you here, like children, sure that you will not rebuff them, that you will smile back. And you do. The relationship is hung in space, in the immediacy and purity of the present; balanced there, on a shaft of air, like a seagull.

The pure relationship, how beautiful it is! But how easily it is damaged. The first part of every relationship is simple and unencumbered, whether it be with friend or lover, husband or child. It is like the flower of love before it has ripened to the firm fruit of responsibility. The simplicity of first love, or friendliness, the mutuality of first sympathy seems, at its initial appearance—even if merely in exciting conversation across a dinner table—to be a self-enclosed world. Two people listening to each other, two shells meeting each other, making one world between them. There are no other people or things or interests.

And then how swiftly the perfect unity is invaded; the relationship changes; it becomes complicated, encumbered by its contact with the world. I believe this is true in most relationships, with friends, with husband or wife, and with one's children. But it is the marriage relationship in which the changing pattern is shown up most clearly because it is the deepest one and the most arduous to maintain; and because, somehow, we mistakenly feel that failure to maintain its exact original pattern is tragedy.

It is true, of course, that the original relationship is beautiful. Its self-enclosed perfection wears the freshness of a spring morning. Forgetting about the summer to come, one often feels one would like to prolong the spring of early love, when two people stand as individuals, without



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past or future, facing each other. One resents any change, even though one knows that transformation is part of the process of life.

But the early ecstatic stage of a relationship cannot continue always at the same intensity. Inevitably, as the relationship grows, both men and women are drawn into their more specialized rôles: man, into his less personal work in the world; woman, into her traditional obligations with family and household.

MAN, IN HIS realm, has more opportunity for giving himself creatively in work. Woman, on the other hand, has more chance for personal relations, but these do not give her a sense of the individual who has something of her own to say. With each partner misunderstanding the other's needs, it is easy to fall apart or into late love affairs. The temptation is to blame the situation on the other person and to accept the easy solution that a new and more understanding partner will solve everything.

One way of rediscovering the early relationship is to duplicate some of its circumstances. Husband and wife should go off on holidays alone together. How wonderful it is to leave the children, the house, the job and all the obligations of daily life; to go out together, whether for a week-end or even just a night in an inn. How surprising it is to find the miracle of the double-sunrise repeated. There is the sudden pleasure

of having breakfast alone with the man one fell in love with. Here at the small table are only two people facing each other. How distracting is the table at home, with four or five children, a telephone ringing in the hall, two or three school buses to catch, not to speak of the commuter's train. How all this separates one from one's husband and clogs up the pure relationship. But sitting at a table alone opposite each other, what is there to separate them? Nothing but a coffee pot, toast and marmalade. A simple enough pleasure, surely, to have breakfast alone with one's husband, but how seldom married people in the midst of life achieve it!

Actually, I believe this temporary return to the pure relationship holds good for one's children, too. If only, I think, playing with my sunrise shell—if only we could have each of our children alone, not just for part of each day, but for part of each month, each year. Would they not be happier, stronger and, in the end, more independent because more secure? Does each child not secretly long for the pure relationship he once had with the mother, when he was "the baby," when the nursery doors were shut and she was feeding him at her breast—*alone*? And if we were able to put into practice this belief and spend more time with each child alone—would he not gain in security and strength and also learn an important first lesson in his adult relationship?

We all wish to be loved alone. "Don't sit under the apple tree with anyone else but me," runs the popular song. We insist on believing romantically in the one-and-only love, the one-and-only mate, the one-and-only mother, the one-and-only security—we wish the "one-and-only" to be ever-present and continuous. But, there is no one-and-only, as a friend of mine once said, "there are just one-and-only moments."

One comes in the end to realize that there is no permanent pure relationship and there should not be. It is not even something to be desired. The pure relationship is limited, in space and in time. It excludes the rest of life, other relationships, other sides of personality, other responsibilities, other possibilities in the future. The other children are there clamouring outside the closed nursery door. One loves them, too. The telephone rings. One also wants to talk to friends. When the toast is cleared away, one must think of the next meal or the next day. These are realities too, not to be excluded. Life must go on. The sunrise shell has the eternal validity of all beautiful and fleeting things.

The Oyster Shell

BUT SURELY we do demand duration and continuity of relationships, at least of marriage. That is what marriage is, isn't it? Of course, but not necessarily continuity in one single form; not necessarily conti-

nuity in the double-sunrise stage. There are other shells to help me, to put in the row on my desk.

Here is the one I picked up yesterday. Not rare; there are many of them on the beach and yet you never find two alike. Each is fitted and formed by its own life and struggle to survive. It is an oyster shell. Sprawling and uneven, it has the irregularity of something growing. It looks rather like the house of a big family, pushing out one addition after another to hold its teeming life—here a nursery for the children, and there a verandah for the play pen; here a garage for the car and there a shed for the bicycles. It amuses me because it seems so much like my life at the moment, like most women's lives in the middle years of marriage. It is untidy, spread out in all directions, heavily encrusted with accumulations and, in its living state, firmly embedded on its rock.

Yes, I believe the oyster shell is a good one to express the middle years of marriage. It suggests the struggle of life itself. The oyster has fought to have that place on the rock to which it clings tenaciously. So most couples in the growing years of marriage struggle to achieve a place in the world. It is a physical and material battle first of all, for a home, for children, for a place in their particular society. In the midst of such a life there is not much time to sit facing one another over a breakfast table. In these years one

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recognizes the truth of Saint-Exupéry's line: "Love does not consist in gazing at each other [one perfect sunrise gazing at another!] but in looking outward together in the same direction." For, in fact, man and woman are not only *looking* outward in the same direction; they are *working* outward. (Observe the steady encroachment of the oyster bed over the rock.) Here one forms ties, roots, a firm base. (Try to pry an oyster from its ledge!) Here one makes oneself part of the community of men. Here the bonds of marriage are formed.

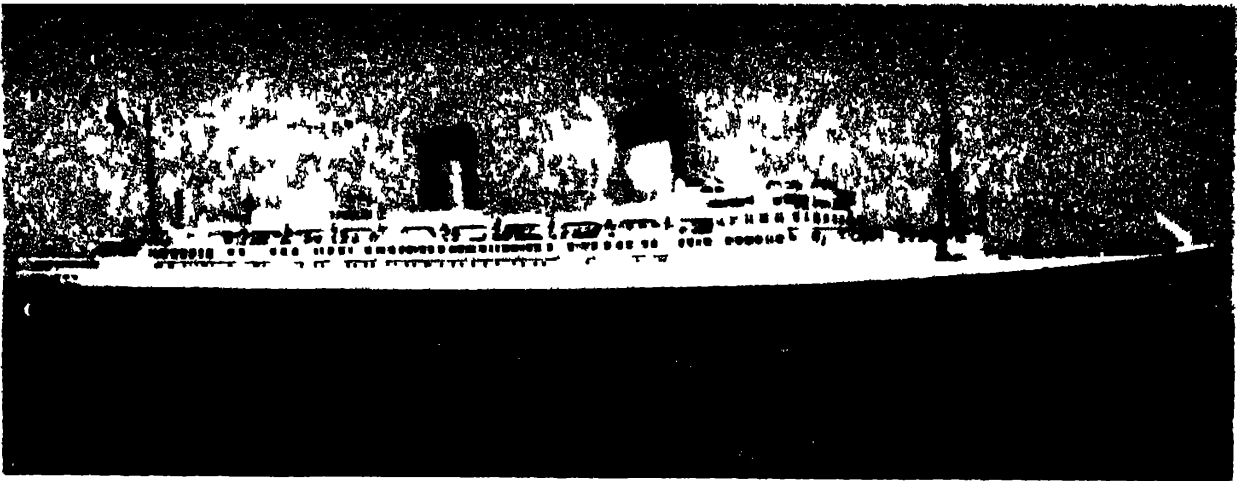
For, marriage, which is always spoken of as a bond, becomes actually, in this stage, many bonds of different texture and strength, making up a web that is taut and firm. The web is fashioned of love. Yes, but many kinds of love: romantic love first, then a slow-growing devotion and, playing through these, a constantly rippling companionship. It is made of loyalties, and interdependencies, and shared experiences. It is woven of memories of meetings and conflicts, of triumphs and disappointments. It is a web of communication, a common language, a knowledge of likes and dislikes, of habits and reactions, both physical and mental. It is a web of instincts and intuitions. The web of marriage is made by propinquity, in day-to-day living side by side. It is woven of the substance of life itself.

But the bond of romantic love is

something else. It has so little to do with propinquity or habit or place or time or life itself. It leaps across all of them, like a rainbow—or a glance. It is the bond of romantic love which fastens the double-sunrise shell—only one bond, one hinge. And if the fragile link is snapped in the storm, what will hold the halves to each other?

But in the oyster stage of marriage, romantic love is only one of the many bonds that make up the intricate and enduring web that two people have built together. I am very fond of the oyster shell. It is humble and awkward and ugly and unsymmetrical. Its form is not primarily beautiful but functional. I make fun of its knobiness. But its adaptability and tenacity draw my admiration. And it is comfortable in its familiarity, its homeliness, like old garden gloves which have moulded themselves perfectly to the shape of the hand.

But is it the permanent symbol of marriage? Should it—any more than the double-sunrise shell—last for ever? The tide of life recedes. The house, with its bulging additional rooms, begins little by little to empty. The children go away to school and then to marriage and lives of their own. That terrific tenacity to life, to place, to people, to material surroundings and accumulations—is it as necessary as it was when one was struggling for the security of one's children? Does the shell need to be so welded to its



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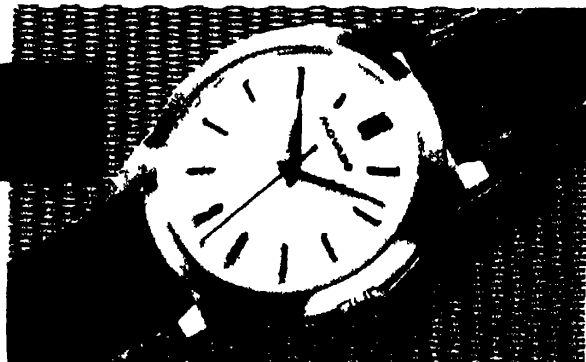
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rock? Married couples are apt to find themselves, in middle age, high and dry in an outmoded shell. What is one to do—die of atrophy in an outstripped form? Or move on to another form, other experiences?

Perhaps, someone will suggest, this is the moment to go back to the simple self-enclosed world of the sunrise shell? Alone at last again over the toast and the marmalade! No, one cannot go back to that tightly closed world. One has grown too big, too many-sided, for that rigidly symmetrical shell. I am not sure that one has not grown too big for any shell at all.

PERHAPS middle age is, or should be, a period of shedding shells; the shell of ambition, the shell of material accumulations, the shell of the ego. Perhaps one can shed at this stage in life as one sheds in beach-living; one's pride, one's false ambitions, one's mask, one's armour. Was that armour not put on to protect one from the competitive world? If one ceases to compete, does one need it? Perhaps one can at last in middle age, if not earlier, be completely oneself. And what a liberation that would be!

It is true that the adventures of youth are less open to us. Most of us cannot, at this point, start a new career or raise a new family. Many of the physical, material and worldly ambitions are less attainable than they were 20 years ago. The primitive, physical, functional pattern of

the morning of life is outlived. But there is still the afternoon opening up, which one can spend not in the feverish pace of the morning but in having time at last for those intellectual, cultural and spiritual activities that were pushed aside in the heat of the race.

Most of us, nowadays, with our terrific emphasis on youth, action and material success, certainly tend to belittle the afternoon of life and even to pretend it never comes. We rush the clock back and try to prolong the morning, overstraining ourselves in the unnatural effort. We do not succeed, of course. We cannot compete with our sons and daughters. And what a struggle it is to race with these overactive and underwise adults! In our breathless attempts we often miss the flowering that waits for afternoon.

For is it not possible that middle age can be looked upon as a period of second flowering? It is true that society in general does not help one to accept this interpretation; and therefore this period of expanding is often tragically misunderstood. The signs that presage growth, so similar, it seems to me, to those in early adolescence — discontent, restlessness, doubt, despair, longing—are interpreted falsely as signs of decay. In youth one does not so often misinterpret the signs; one accepts them, quite rightly, as growing pains. One takes them seriously, listens to them, follows where they lead.

But in middle age, because of the



false assumption that it is a period of decline, one interprets these life-signs, paradoxically, as signs of approaching death. Instead of facing them, one runs away; one escapes—into depressions, nervous breakdowns, drink, love affairs, or frantic, thoughtless, fruitless overwork. Anything, rather than face them. Anything, rather than stand still and learn from them. One tries to cure the signs of growth, to exorcise them, as if they were devils, when really they might be angels of annunciation.

Annunciation of what? Of a new stage in living when, having shed many of the physical struggles, the worldly ambitions, the material encumbrances of active life, one might be free to fulfil the neglected side of oneself. One might be free for growth of mind, heart and talent.

The Argonaut

THERE ARE in the beach world certain rare creatures, the *Argonauta* (Paper Nautilus), who are not fastened to their shells at all. The shell is actually a cradle for the young, held in the arms of the mother argonaut who floats with it to the surface, where the eggs hatch and the young swim away. Then the mother leaves and starts another life.

I am fascinated by this image of the argonaut in its temporary dwelling. Almost transparent, delicately fluted like a Greek column, this narcissus-white shell is feather-light as some coracle of ancient times,

ready to set sail across unknown seas. It was named after the fabled companions of Jason who went in search of the Golden Fleece.

Is this the symbol for another stage in relationships? Can we middle-aged argonauts, when we outgrow the oyster bed, find the golden fleece, some kind of new freedom for growth? And in this new freedom, is there any place for a relationship? I believe there is an opportunity for the best relationship of all: not a limited, mutually exclusive one, like the sunrise shell; and not a functional, dependent one, as in the oyster bed, but the meeting of two fully developed people as persons.

But this new relationship, this more human love, is not something that comes easily. It cannot be reached until woman—individually and as a sex—has come of age.

The essence of "coming of age" is learning how to stand alone. Woman must learn not to depend on others, nor to feel she must prove her strength by competing with another. She must become whole.

A GOOD relationship between two fully developed people has a pattern like a dance and is built on some of the same rules. The partners do not need to hold on tightly, because they move confidently in the same pattern, intricate but gay and free. To touch heavily would be to arrest the pattern and freeze the movement, to check the endlessly chang-

ing beauty of its unfolding. There is no place here for the possessive clutch, the clinging arm, the heavy hand; only the barest touch in passing. One cannot dance well unless one is completely in time with the music, not leaning back to the last step or pressing forward to the next one, but poised directly on the present step as it comes.

But how does one learn this technique? Why is it so difficult? What makes us hesitate and stumble? It is fear, I think, that makes one cling nostalgically to the last moment or clutch greedily towards the next. But how to exorcise fear? It can only be exorcised by its opposite, love. When the heart is flooded with love there is no room in it for fear, for doubt, for hesitation. When each partner loves so completely that he has forgotten to ask himself whether or not he is loved in return, when he knows only that he loves and is moving to its music—then, and then only, are two people able to dance perfectly in tune to the same rhythm.

But is this all to the relationship of the argonaut—this private pattern of two dancers perfectly in time? Should they not also be in tune with a larger rhythm, a natural swinging of the pendulum between sharing and solitude? And in this image of the pendulum swinging in easy rhythm between opposite poles, is there not a clue to the problem of relationships as a whole? When you love someone you do not love him

all the time, in exactly the same way, from moment to moment. It is an impossibility. It is even a lie to pretend to. And yet this is exactly what most of us demand. We have so little faith in the ebb and flow of life, of love, of relationships. We insist on permanency, on duration, on continuity, when the only continuity possible, in life as in love, is in growth, in fluidity—in freedom, in the sense that the dancers are free, barely touching as they pass, but partners in the same pattern.

The only real security is not in owning or possessing, not in demanding or expecting, not in hoping, even. Security in a relationship lies neither in looking back to what it was in nostalgia, nor forward to what it might be in dread or anticipation, but living in the present relationship and accepting it as it is now.

For relationships must be like islands. One must accept them for what they are within their limits— islands, surrounded and interrupted by the sea, continually visited and abandoned by the tides. One must accept the security of intermittency.

A Few Shells

I AM PACKING to leave my island. What have I for my efforts, for my ruminations on the beach? What answers or solutions have I found for my life? I have a few shells in my pocket, a few clues, only a few.

When I think back to my first days here, I realize how greedily I collected. My pockets bulged. The

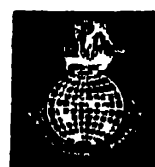


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beach was covered with beautiful shells and I could not let one go by unnoticed. But after all the pockets were stretched and damp, and the bookcase shelves filled and the window ledges covered, I began to drop my acquisitiveness. I began to discard from my possessions, to select.

One cannot collect all the beautiful shells on the beach. One can collect only a few, and they are more beautiful if they are few. One moon shell is more impressive than three. There is only one moon in the sky. One double-sunrise is an event; six are a succession, like a week of school days. Gradually one discards, and keeps just the perfect specimen; not necessarily a rare shell, but a perfect one of its kind. One sets it apart by itself, ringed round by space—like the island.

For it is only framed in space that beauty blooms. A tree has significance if one sees it against the empty face of sky. A note in music gains significance from the silences on either side. A candle flowers in the space of night.

My life back home in Connecticut, I begin to realize, lacks this quality of significance and therefore of beauty, because there is so little empty space. The space is scribbled on; the time has been filled. There are so few empty pages in my engagement pad, or empty hours in the day, or empty rooms in my life in which to stand alone and find myself.

Here on this island I have had

space. There are not too many activities or things or people, and each one is significant. Here there is time; time to be quiet; time to work without pressure; time to think; time to watch the heron, watching with frozen patience for his prey. Time to look at the stars or to study a shell; time to see friends, to gossip, to laugh, to talk. Time, even, not to talk.

At home, when I meet my friends in those cubby-holed hours, time is so precious we feel we must cram every available instant with conversation. We cannot afford the luxury of silence. Here on the island I find I can sit with a friend without talking, sharing the day's last sliver of pale-green light on the horizon, or the whorls in a small white shell, or the dark scar left in a dazzling night sky by a shooting star.

The simplicity of life forces me into physical, as well as intellectual, activity. I have no car, so I bicycle for my supplies and my mail. When it is cold, I collect driftwood for my fireplace and chop it up, too. I swim instead of taking hot baths, I bury my rubbish instead of having it removed by a lorry. And when I cannot write a poem, I bake biscuits and feel just as pleased.

Most of these physical chores would be burdens at home, where my life is crowded and schedules are tight. There I have a house full of children and I am responsible for many people's lives. Here, where there is time and space, the physical

tasks are a welcome change. They balance my life in a way I find refreshing and in which I seldom feel refreshed at home. Making beds or driving to market is not so refreshing as swimming or bicycling or digging in the earth. I cannot go on burying the rubbish when I get home, but I can dig in a garden; I can bicycle to the cabin where I work; and I can remember to bake biscuits on bad days.

My island selects for me socially, too. I see people here that I would not see at home, people who are removed from me by age or occupation. In the suburbs of a large city we tend to see people of the same general age and interests. My island selects for me people who are very different from me—the stranger who turns out to be, in the frame of sufficient time and space, invariably interesting and enriching. I discover here what everyone has experienced on an ocean voyage or a long train journey or a temporary seclusion in a small village.

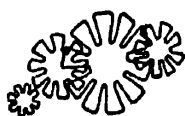
Out of the welter of life, a few people are selected for us by the accident of temporary confinement in the same circle. We would never have chosen these neighbours; life chose them for us. But, thrown together on this island of living, we stretch to understand each other and

are invigorated by the stretching.

In so many ways this island selects for me better than I do myself at home. When I go back the world will crowd in on me again with its false values. Values weighed in quantity, not quality; in speed, not stillness; in noise, not silence; in words, not thoughts; in acquisitiveness, not beauty. How shall I resist the onslaught?

For the natural selectivity of the island I shall have to substitute a conscious selectivity based on another sense of values I have become more aware of here. Island-precepts, I might call them, signposts towards another way of living. Simplicity of living, as much as possible, to retain a true awareness of life.

The waves echo behind me. Patience—Faith—Openness, is what the sea has to teach. Simplicity—Solitude—Intermittency. Balance of physical, intellectual and spiritual life. Work without pressure. Space for significance and beauty. Time for solitude and sharing. Closeness to nature to strengthen understanding and faith in the intermittency of life. When we discover these basic values we find again some of the joy in the now, some of the peace in the here, some of the love in me and thee which go to make up the Kingdom of Heaven on earth.



Does advertising raise standards of living?

IF we could go back to the past carrying our modern possessions with us, we might find that a Grecian beauty would gladly exchange an Attic vase for a radio-gram, and a Mogul emperor give a silken carpet for a refrigerator. For though beautiful objects make life rich in *any* age, there is something also to be said for the useful things that enrich it with comfort and convenience.

Modern science and industry offer the means of making life better and easier for millions of people — implements and fertilizers that produce more food from the land, machinery that reduces human labour in manufacturing the goods we all need, rapid transport for people, for food, for merchandise. And there are all the little things that make life pleasanter — sun-glasses and soap powders, pocket lighters and safety razors, tinned fruit and fountain pens.

But even by modern methods, many good and useful articles cannot be produced cheaply enough to enable people to buy them, unless they are made *in quantity*, by mass production. That's

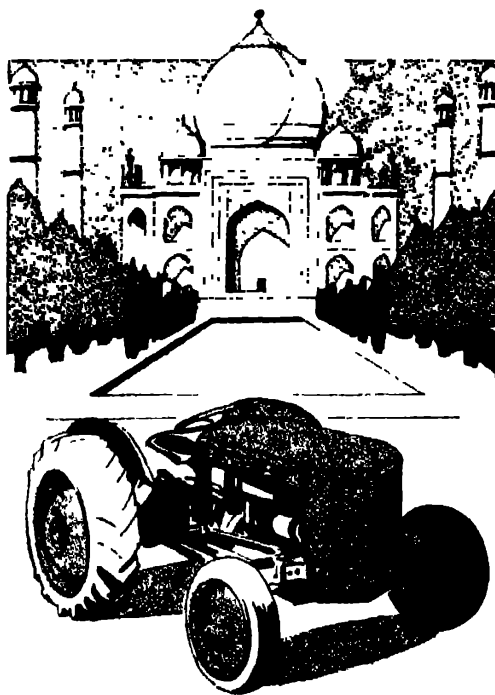
where advertising comes in. It tells everyone about these useful, desirable things ; so that more people buy them, knowing that they can trust something

on which a manufacturer openly stakes his reputation ; the production cost is lowered, and prices are reduced as a result. Then still more people can afford to buy these desirable things.

People learn from advertisements about better equipment for their homes, their offices, their farms. Naturally and rightly, they want to raise their living standards. And when the demand is there, business enterprise will seek to supply

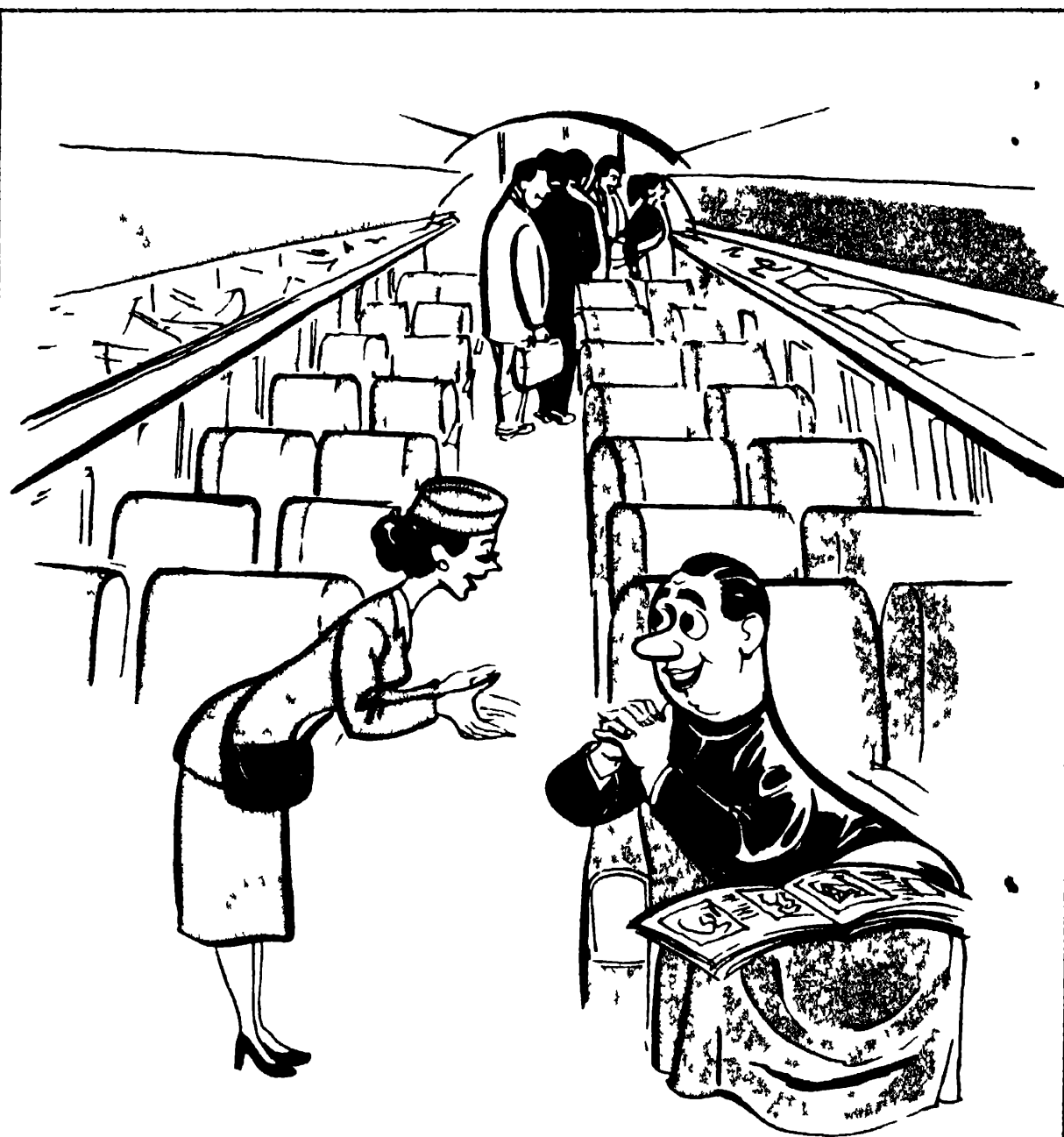
it. Thus advertising not only spreads news of better things, but actually helps industry to make them available more cheaply, to more people, so that they can live fuller, pleasanter lives.

So it goes on, an endless chain of cause and effect — benefiting everyone. And, because The Reader's Digest accepts only advertisers of repute, you can place extra reliance on the goods and services featured in its advertisement pages.





Parle Biscuits and Confectionery are made by the Parle Products Mfg Co Ltd.
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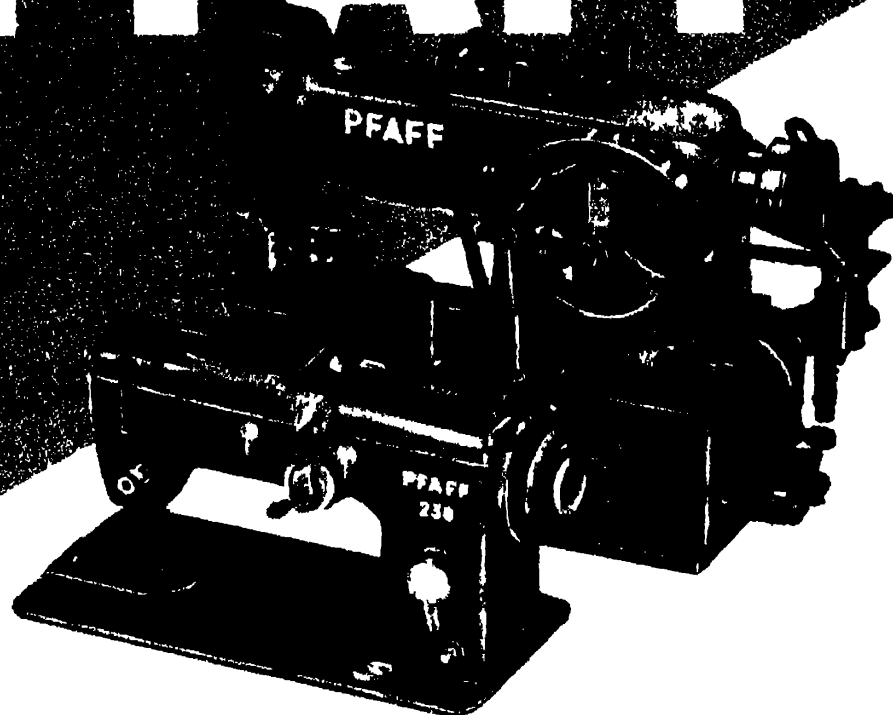


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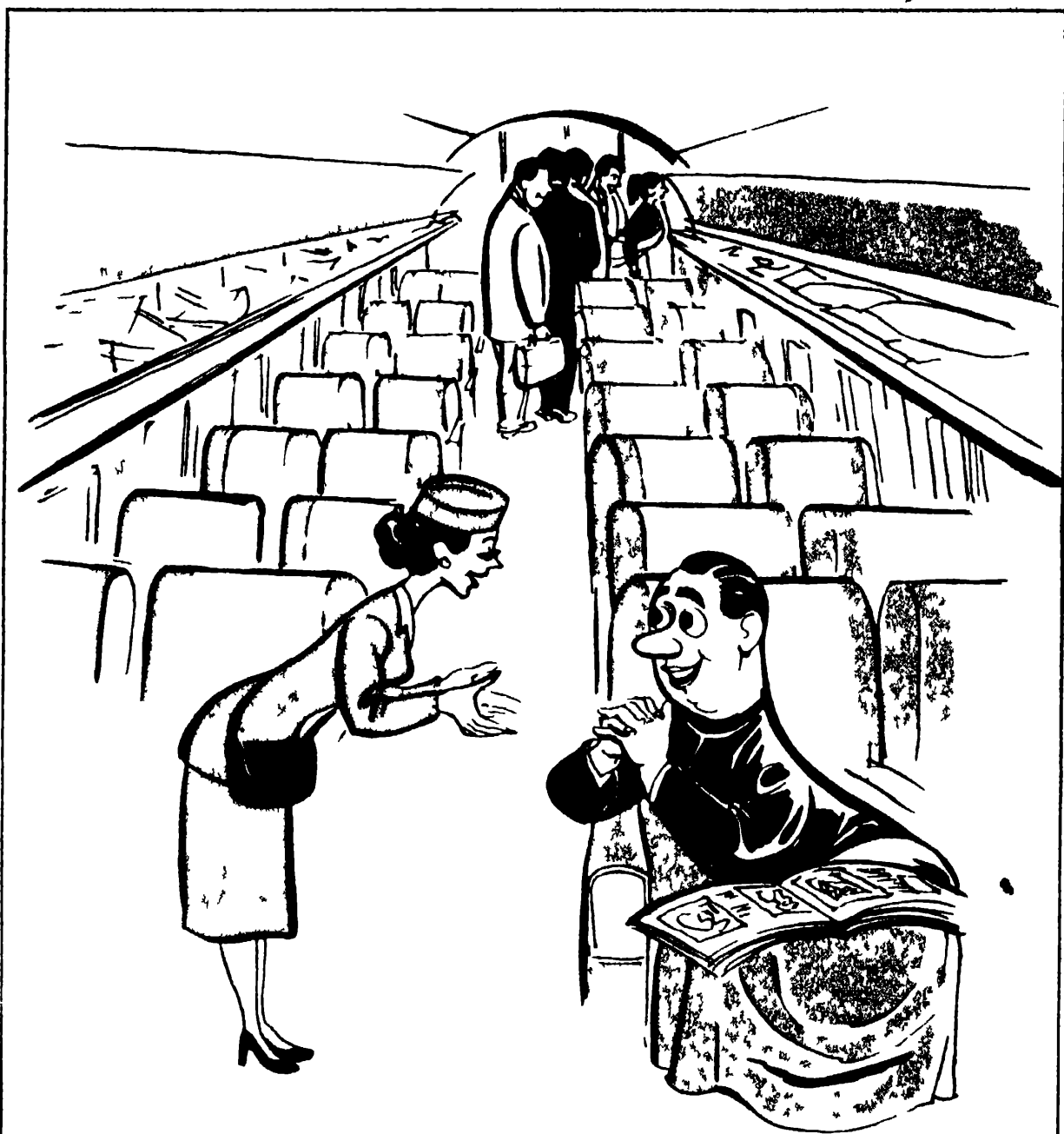
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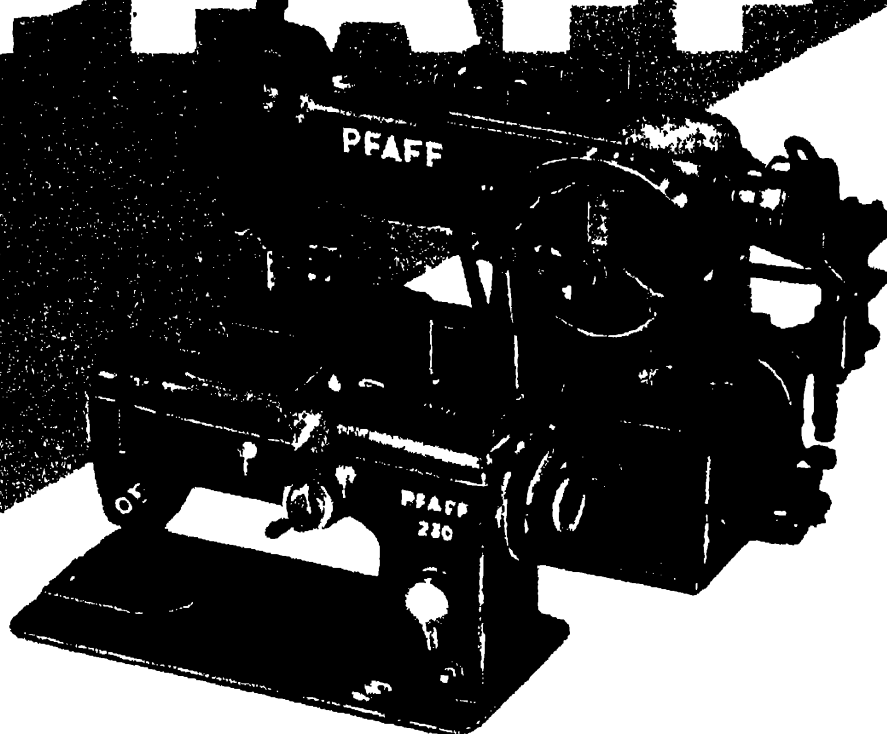


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AII 7099

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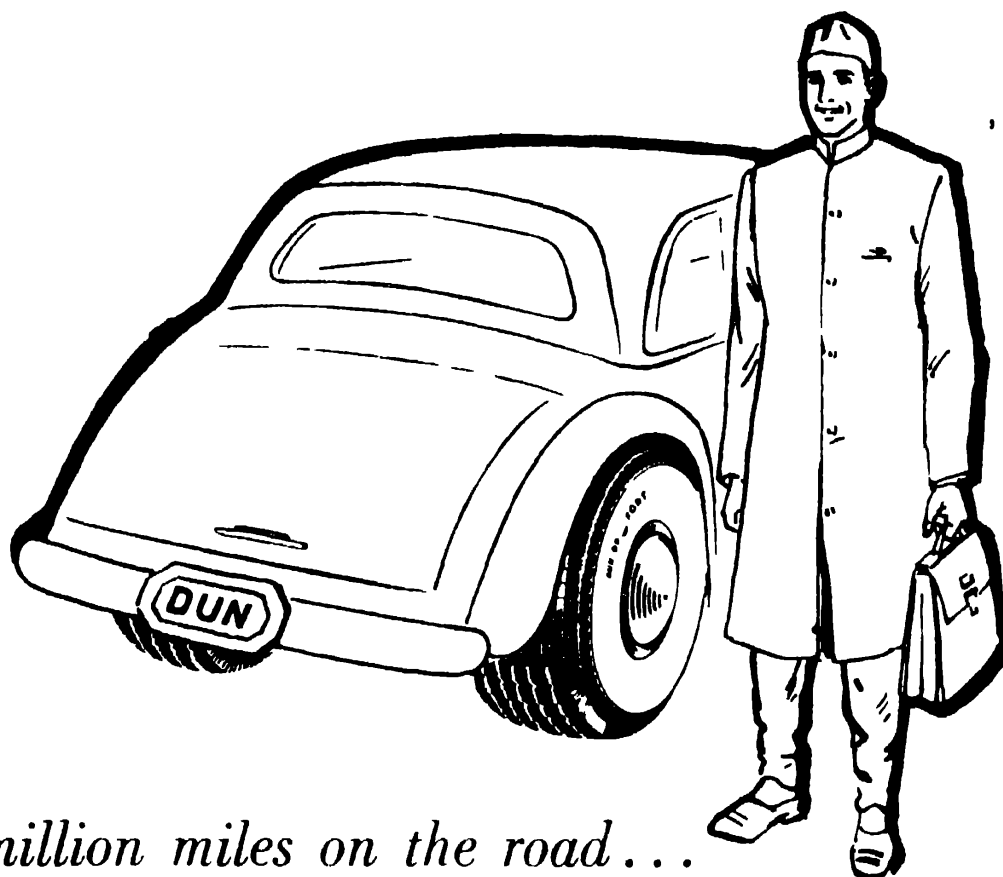
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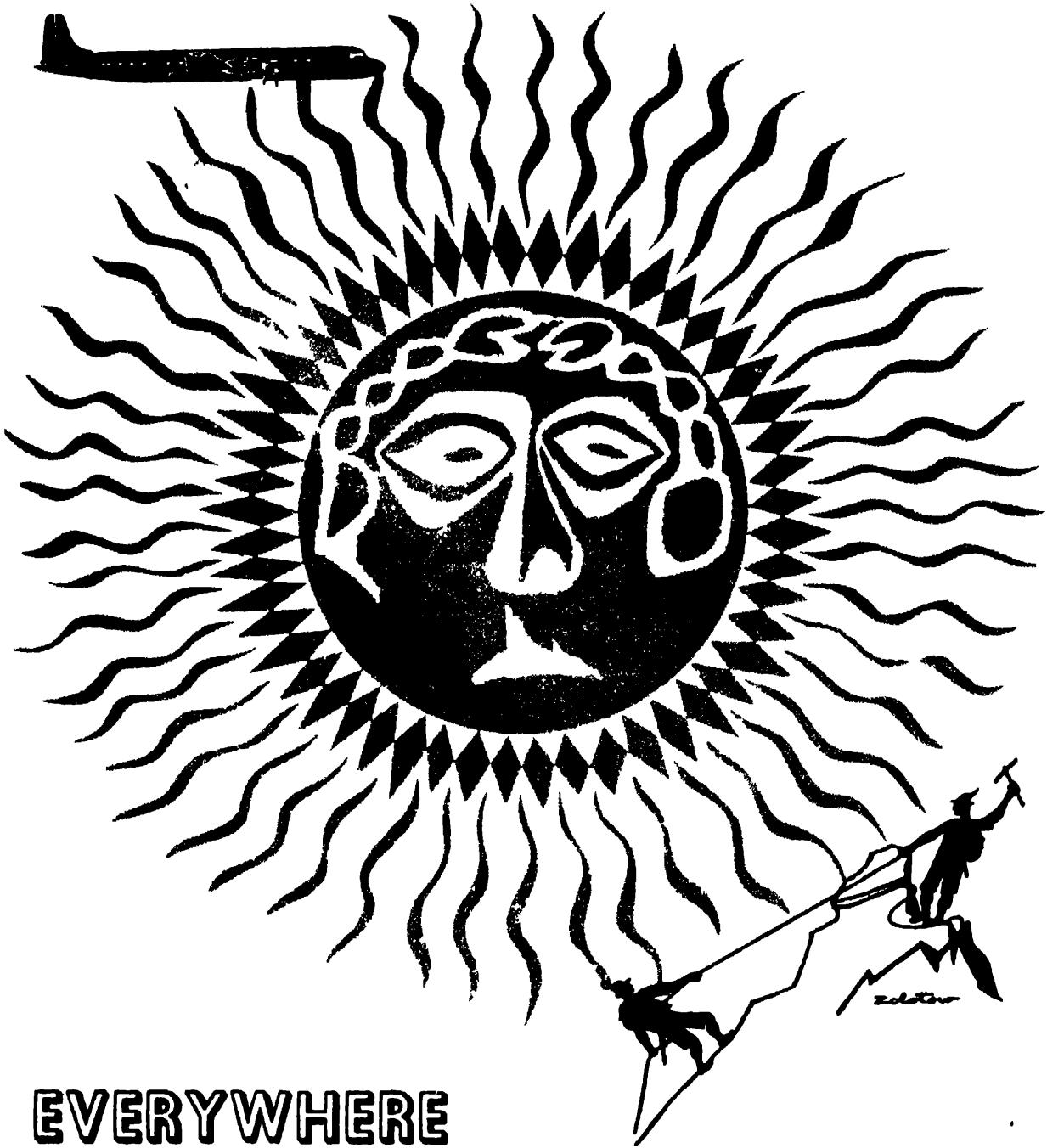
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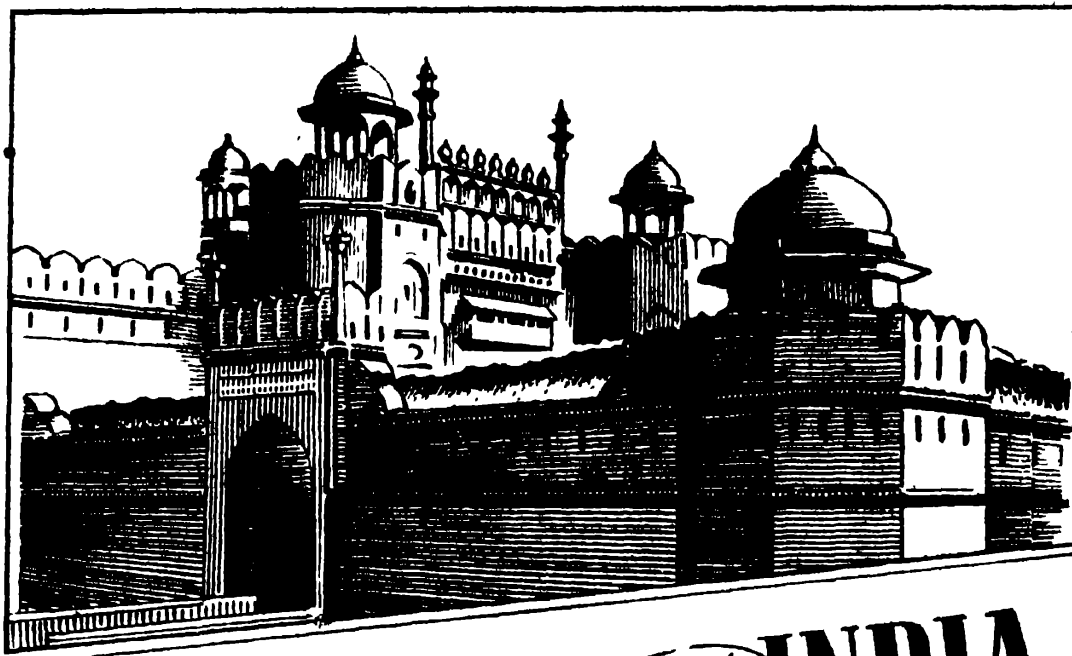
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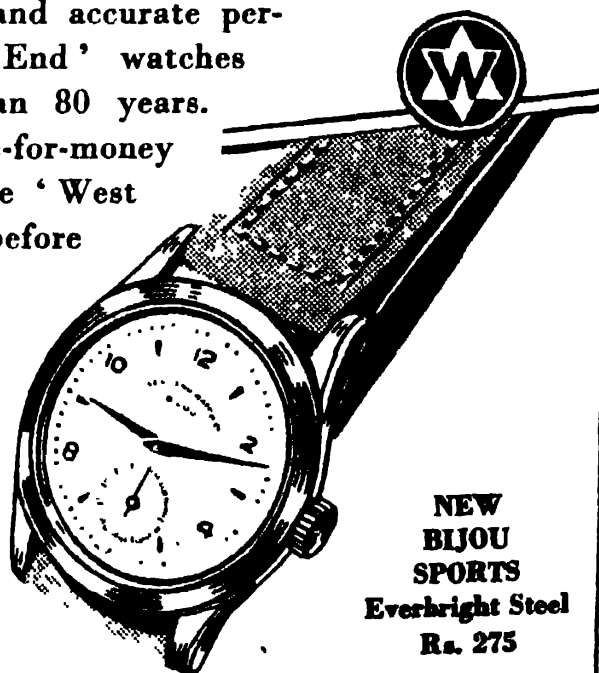
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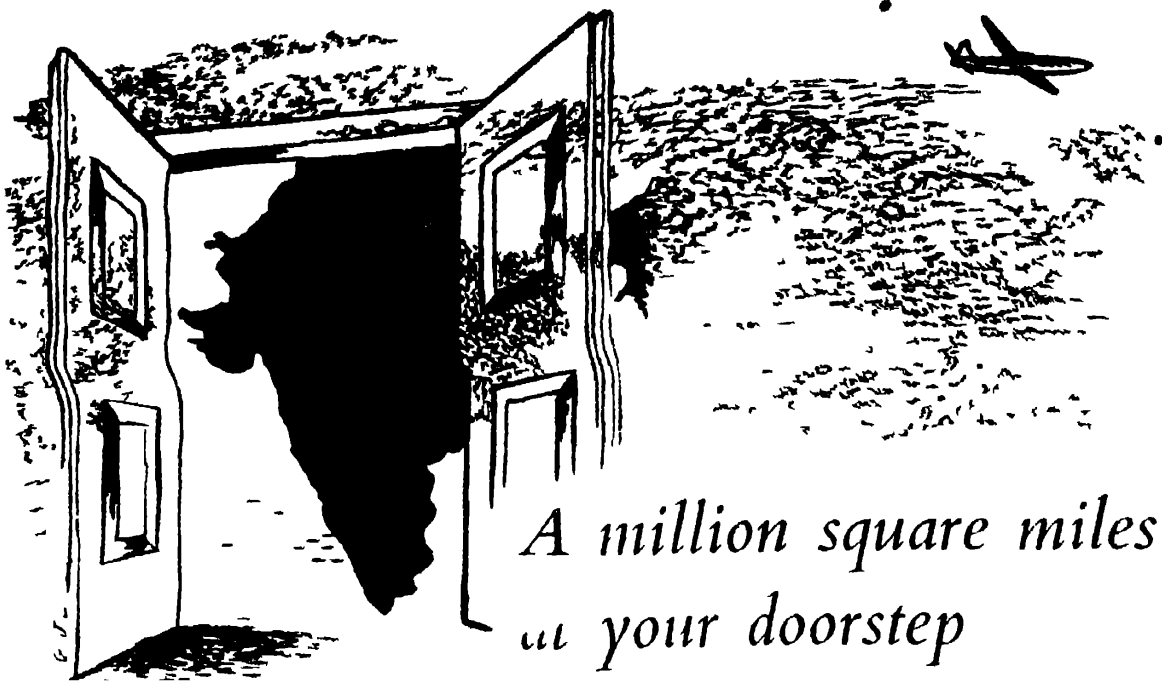
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25 years ago it took more than a day and a half to reach Calcutta from Bombay. Now it takes only 11 hours to be there and back by air. India to-day lies at your doorstep because civil aviation, during the last decade, has criss-crossed the country with a network of airways.

With the increased pace of modern civilisation, civil aviation in India is recognised as a vital industry. It has an important role to play in national development and national emergencies such as floods, famines, pest attacks, etc.

There are many reasons why the development of civil aviation in India is so rapid.

One of the main reasons is the fact that the Government of India has taken a keen interest in the development of civil aviation.

Another reason is the fact that the Government of India has provided a large amount of money for the development of civil aviation.

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On the other hand, the Government of India has also provided a large amount of money for the development of civil aviation.

Bombay and then on to Bellary and finally to Madras. To-day India's civil aviation fleet consists of twin engined Dakotas and Vikings, four-engined Skymasters, and Herons and the Constellations and Super Constellations which operate on International routes.

The Government of India has 75 civil aerodromes, including 4 international airports and 57 air-ground radio stations to maintain this fleet.

Burmah-Shell Aviation Service is as old as Indian aviation itself, and till World War II it was the only service of its kind in India. They employ specialists with extensive experience in aviation who are responsible for ensuring that the right aircraft are in the right place at the right time and properly maintained through well-organised systems.

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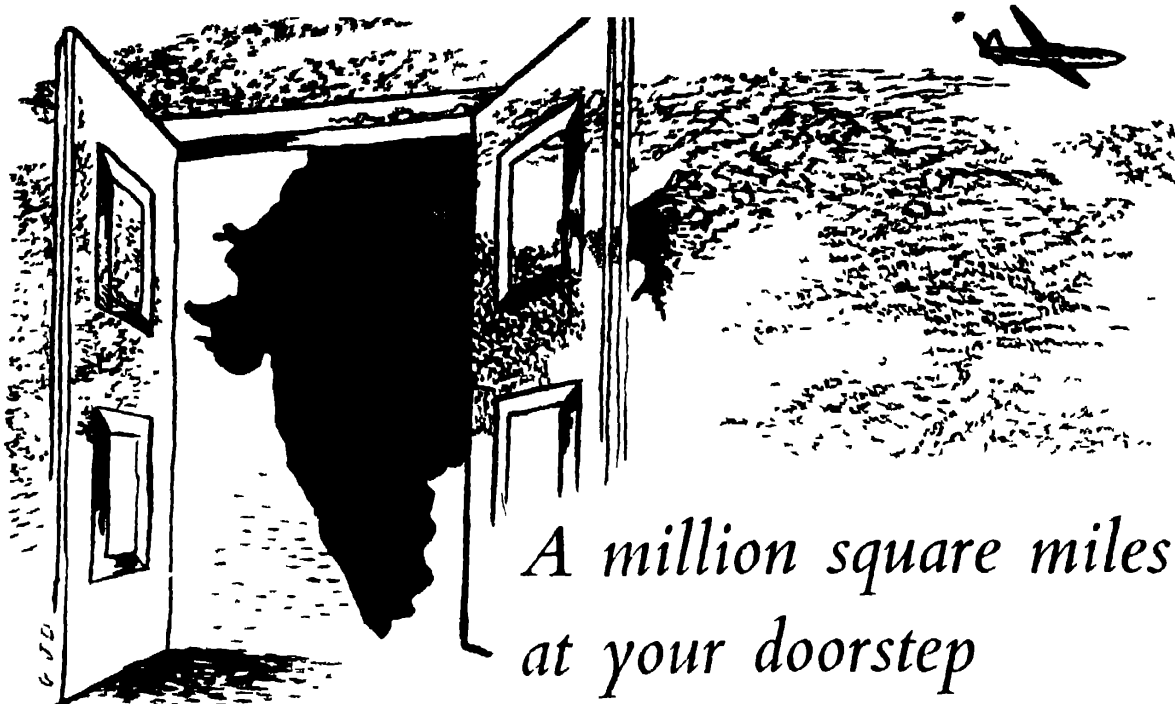
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The
editor
reveals

*Wherever you go
they're good*



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There are three main steps in the development of air transportation in India—pioneering, organised industry in the private sector and Government control. The second World War gave an impetus to civil aviation. People in India have been quick to realise the benefits of air travel—1,05,000 passengers travelled by air in 1946 and over 5,00,000 passengers travelled by air in 1954.

On 15th October, 1932, a de Havilland Puss Moth took off from Karachi to inaugurate India's first air mail service. The route was Karachi/Ahmedabad/

Bombay and then on to Bellary and finally to Madras. To-day India's civil aviation fleet consists of twin-engined Dakotas and Vikings, four-engined Skymasters, and Herons and the Constellations and Super Constellations which operate on International routes.

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Burmah-Shell Aviation Service to-day shares the responsibility of maintaining India's air fleet on the ground as well as keeping it airborne safely.



The
editor
reveals

*Wherever you go
they're good*

*Tuberculosis can usually be cured
if discovered early enough*



How you can protect your family from tuberculosis

OVER 2300 years ago, Hippocrates described tuberculosis as the most prevalent fatal disease of his time.

Tuberculosis is still prevalent—over 50 million people have tuberculosis. *But today, tuberculosis can be cured—if discovered early enough.* Its most common target is the lung—and mortalities from this form of tuberculosis have declined 50%. And here's why. doctors and public health workers now have weapons to help *prevent, detect and combat* this disease.

To prevent: B. C. G.—a vaccine to raise resistance to tuberculosis—is believed to give three to five years of

immunity against tuberculosis.

To detect: The tuberculin test determines whether a person has ever had tuberculosis. However, this test does not differentiate between *active* and *inactive* tuberculosis infections.

Chest X-rays are even *more* important in the detection of tuberculosis. For X-rays show how much damage the infection has caused, and whether or not it is still active—*often long before outward symptoms of tuberculosis appear.* These symptoms are not obvious—like a rash. A person can have tuberculosis for *months* before suspecting something is wrong. By the time symptoms *do* appear—the disease has

usually progressed so far that it's more difficult to control. A yearly chest X-ray helps avoid this risk.

To combat: Doctors now have new drugs like streptomycin, PAS (para-amino-salicylic acid) and isonicotinic acid hydrazid which help check the spread of tuberculosis germs and localize the disease in certain cases.

Making news, too, is "wedge-resection" surgery which now enables surgeons to cut out little wedge-shaped sections of diseased tissue instead of removing a whole lung, or a great part of it.

With these medical advances, doctors can now provide better treatment for their tuberculosis patients. Today, early diagnosis and prompt treatment help many patients return to their homes and jobs with renewed health.

**You can help protect your family
from tuberculosis
by following simple precautions**

Beware of tuberculosis germs. Tuberculosis is not inherited but it is highly contagious. This disease tends to "run in families" because the close contacts of home life make it easy for germs to spread. The coughing and sneezing of a tuberculous person passes on germs to others. Unpasteurized or unprocessed milk; unsterilized dishes and linens used by a tuberculous person can also spread tuberculosis germs.

If any member of your family shows symptoms of tuberculosis, it is vitally important that he, and the rest of your family, visit a doctor or public health clinic right away.

Watch out for "carriers." Thousands walk around with tuberculosis *and don't know it*. Such a person is a danger to everyone around him. If you know anyone with symptoms that may indicate tuberculosis, urge him to see a doctor.



Have a regular medical check-up including chest X-rays. Remember, an X-ray can detect the presence of tuberculosis *before* symptoms appear. And when tuberculosis is discovered early enough—it can usually be cured.

Tuberculosis symptoms are seldom dramatic. Warning signs like these should be checked:

- a tired, run-down feeling
- chest pains and palpitation
- afternoon fever
- poor appetite, chronic indigestion
- excessive night perspiration
- steady loss of weight
- persistent cough, hoarseness

The best defence against tuberculosis is to keep your family healthy. Make sure they eat a variety of essential foods; use pasteurized milk; get adequate fresh air, sunshine, plenty of sleep and rest; have yearly medical examinations, including chest X-rays. Make an appointment with your doctor or public health clinic today.



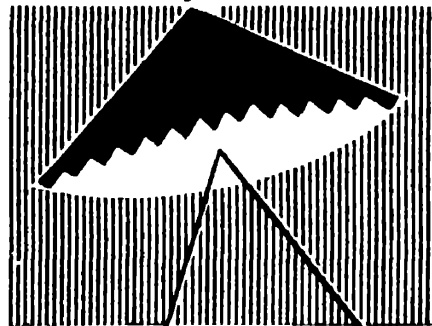
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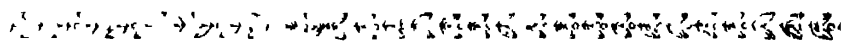
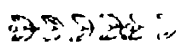
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HYBRIDIZATION

Nature's Mysterious Supercharger

By Henry Wallace

U S Secretary of Agriculture, 1933-40; Vice President of the United States, 1941-45

WE HEAR a great deal these days about the wonders that will be brought into our lives by atomic energy. Yet I am convinced that future historians will rank the harnessing of *hybrid power* as equally significant. As nuclear fission goes to the heart of atomic structure, so heterosis, as scientists now call this strange phenomenon, goes to the centre of life itself, to the germ cell and its nucleus which determines the nature of all living things. Our increasing ability to use hybridization—the mating of parents of unlike ancestry—to “supercharge” the cells of plants and animals to produce higher yields is one of mankind’s most promising insurance policies against future world hunger.

Probably the best-known hybrid

In the mysteries of genetics may lie mankind's most promising insurance against hunger

is the mule, produced by mating the male donkey with the female horse. The mule lives up to the reputation of hybrids, being tougher and longer-lived—also more stubborn—than either parent. In fact, for many ages the mule represented about the only practical use of hybrid power. It is only within the past 50 years—and mostly within the past 25—that we have put heterosis to work on a broad scale.

In my own experimental garden is a strawberry the like of which never existed in nature. To look at it with the naked eye you might take

it for an ordinary but extremely vigorous plant. But a powerful microscope reveals that the cells of this plant have been drastically altered. In it the fragrant aroma of the Vesca (the wild wood berry whose fruit is no longer than a fingertip) has been combined with the large size of the Domestic strawberry.

This combination has long been the dream of plant-breeders, but they were defeated in the past by the arithmetic of the chromosomes—those tiny bodies in the cell nucleus which carry the inheritance factors. The body cells of the Vesca carry 14 chromosomes, the Domestic, 56. At the same time, the *reproductive* cells of an organism carry just half the number of chromosomes found in the body cells, so that when they are joined in the fertilizing process their chromosomes “add up” and restore the original number of the parent cells. Cross the Vesca and the Domestic, then, and the offspring has 35 chromosomes in its cells—seven from the Vesca parent, 28 from the Domestic. And this hybrid is almost as sterile as the barren mule.

Researchers now have many genetic tricks, however, and Doctors D. H. Scott and Haig Dermen at the U.S. Department of Agriculture Research Centre at Beltsville, Maryland, used one to break through this sterility barrier. When the Vesca seed was germinating, it was soaked for a couple of days in a solution of colchicine. This remarkable drug, by preventing cell-wall formation,

causes doubling of the number of chromosomes. From some of the treated seedlings were developed plants whose cells carried 70 chromosomes. Some of these plants possessed the high aroma and pungent flavour of the Vesca and these plants bear fruit, whereas the 35-chromosome plants bore almost no fruit and few seeds.

Japanese experimenters have reversed this trick to make watermelon eating more enjoyable. First they treated an ordinary 22-chromosome melon with colchicine to change it into a 44-chromosome plant. Then they crossed the 22-chromosome reproductive cells of this “doubled” melon with the 11-chromosome reproductive cells of an ordinary one. The resulting 33-chromosome plants yield melons without seed.

Hybrid maize was the first great success story in wide-scale use of heterosis. Twenty-five years ago this maize with the extra “kick” was being tried on only a few thousand acres. Today it is used on 96 per cent of the acreage of the U.S. “Corn Belt” and results in something like 500 million *additional* bushels of grain each year with no increase in land or labour. The Food and Agriculture Organization of the UN is pioneering the use of hybrid seed in Europe, and estimates that the 40,000 dollars spent in two years on the project has increased maize yields 64 million dollars’ worth. Hybrid maize is also spreading through Latin America.

Inbreeding as well as crossbreeding plays a vital part in the development of a superior maize hybrid. When close blood relatives are brought together, in either the plant or the animal world, inheritance factors for similar traits match up more frequently than they do in outbreeding. This gives the offspring a double dose of certain qualities, some of which may be good, and some harmful or even lethal. Inbreeding thus enables the breeder to select the good bloodlines and discard the poor.

To get maximum hybrid vigour which will recur year after year, it helps greatly to use lines which have been purified in this way. But some inbred lines are poor combiners, some are good. And, to make the whole procedure more puzzling, you can't tell by the looks or performance of inbred parents just how their offspring will turn out. Two scrubby little inbreds may hide in their make-up the combination for a giant—or another scrub. The only way to find out is to make a cross. But once you develop inbreds that combine well you have a formula that works again and again.

It was my good fortune to have a hand in bringing hybrid power to American farms. I started crossbreeding maize on a three-acre Iowa plot 50 years ago, when I was 16, and sold 50 dollars' worth of seed from my first harvest. In 1926 I organized the first commercial hybrid-maize-seed company in the

*H*YBRIDIZATION has been used by the Indian Agricultural Research Institute to produce a strain of wheat, New Pusa 809, which is resistant to all three types of the damaging disease known as wheat rust. The rust can attack in a red, yellow or black form, and in the past has taken a heavy toll of the country's wheat crops. Though for a long time it has been possible to breed wheat resistant to one form, this is the first strain that will combat all three. A high-yielding and hardy variety, New Pusa 809 may well be the answer to a serious menace.

Midwest. Last year this company and its affiliates sold nearly 20 million dollars' worth of seed.

When maize demonstrated the tremendous monetary value of the hybrid method, it was natural that researchers should try to adapt this same force to livestock. But hybridizing animals presents a larger problem. You can't produce new generations as rapidly. And the work is fantastically expensive.

In 1938 my son set out with Raymond Baker, head of the maize-breeding department in our company, to produce hybrid hens. From the start they had difficulty in keeping inbred lines alive long enough to find out whether or not they would make good crosses. But by 1942 they had evolved inbred strains with desirable qualities, which, when crossed, yielded superior hybrids. Today the average hybrid hen will lay three dozen more eggs

per year than the average standard-bred. Many hybrid flocks have averaged 260 eggs a year, compared with the average of 184 eggs per hen in the United States. One hybrid, named Lady Queen, laid more than one egg daily—399 in a year.

Despite the problems of working with heavier animals, researchers and stockbreeders are now making progress in using hybrids to put leaner, tastier bacon on the breakfast plate and to make milk cows more productive. These experiments are particularly interesting to me because I helped to get them under way.

Back in the 1920's Denmark's pig producers were considerably ahead of America's. Their Landrace pig, in particular, had been scientifically improved to produce large litters of pigs and a long, meaty side of bacon. American purebred pigs were fast growers but much too lardy. When I became U.S. Secretary of Agriculture in 1933 I arranged to import some Landrace pigs for experiment. As the Landrace came from different bloodlines from American breeds, we could look for hybrid vigour to show up in crossbreds. It turned out that way. Mixing this Danish breed with the American has produced pigs that are superior in every way to either parent strain.

Some years later, Doctor O. E. Reed, head of the Dairy Bureau of the U.S. Department of Agriculture, came to me with a cow problem. He had learned that the famous mis-

sionary in India, Sam Higginbottom, had developed a heavy-milking strain of the Red Sindhi, a variety of the humped Brahman, which is famous for its ability to tolerate hot climates. Now, all U.S. dairy breeds originated in northern Europe and don't hold up well in the heat of the U.S. southern states. Hence Dr. Reed wanted some Red Sindhi for experimental crossbreeding. But, with the Second World War going on, how could he get these animals out of India?

By coincidence I found myself seated next to Admiral Chester Nimitz at dinner a few days later. Knowing that Nimitz was from Texas, where Brahman blood has helped beef cattle, I presented the case to him for the hot-weather dairy cow. The admiral got the point immediately—and it wasn't long before the U.S. Navy picked up four of Sam Higginbottom's prize Sindhi for delivery to Beltsville. Reed crossed these peculiar-looking animals with Jersey cattle. The crossbred offspring were not only beautiful but, under the conditions of the U.S. southern states, have proved satisfactory, and it is hoped that a strain of cattle for tropical and sub-tropical conditions will be established.

One of the tricky features of hybrid vigour is that it tends to dissipate in the second generation if hybrids themselves are used as parents. In a good hybrid the line-up of traits has been carefully controlled so that certain desirable qualities dominate

weaknesses. As long as you go back to the original cross for seed, you maintain this good combination. But if the hybrid itself is used as a parent in open breeding, it is like throwing dice: you get combinations of good and bad traits.

• Dr. Reed has found a way to get over this loss of hybrid power in livestock. He reasoned that the pure breeds have been selected and closely bred for centuries to "fix" certain qualities and thus have quite a bit of inbreeding in them. So hybrid vigour might be expected in crosses between breeds. But how could he avoid degeneration as the hybrid cows mothered a new generation?

He began experimenting with a "rotation" system, in which a new pure breed would be introduced in each successive generation. The experiments horrified some purebred enthusiasts, who said the rotation would "mongrelize" dairy cattle, but it worked. Reed's first cross, say of Holsteins with Jerseys, resulted in a 30 per cent jump in butterfat production per cow. Then, to keep this vigour going, he used a third breed of sire, say a Red Dane, on the crossbreds — and production stayed up. Presumably, breeding can now be rotated back to the original breed.

We still don't know what hybrid vigour really is. There are two main theories. One holds that in the first

generation of a cross, the desirable traits of both parents tend to complement each other. Thus, if one parent has good genes A and B, and the other parent has good genes C and D, the offspring will have good qualities ABCD. The other theory attributes the dynamic qualities of hybrids to "over-dominance," a tendency for the best of each parent not merely to come out on top but even in an accentuated form.

Neither of these theories holds up fully in practice, nor satisfactorily explains the source of hybrid vigour, in my opinion. There is something more to it. I have noted that some organisms—some plants, some animals, some people—sparkle with energy. That is true of hybrids; they are lusty; they have a strong will to live. On the other hand, inbreds tend to be flabby and listless, even though they may bear some excellent traits. It seems to me that hybrid vigour is the result of superior cell tension which may possibly result from positive and negative charges of something like electricity.

There is a special reward in experimental hybridization: the joy of working with nature to create something new, something better. I confidently believe that, through scientific exploitation of the mysterious energy of heterosis, most farm plants and animals will, 50 years from now, be of higher quality and far more productive.



A nation's honour is *not* involved in losing an Olympic race. It is involved in failure to promote friendly understanding

Let's Have More Sportsmanship in the Olympics



By Charles Bucher



THE OLYMPIC ideal is dying. It will not permeate the Games next year at Melbourne unless there is an all-round change in emphasis. This great international festival has tended to become an extension of the cold war, with major stress being put on national pride, team-victory, and beating Russia at all costs.

The drive to produce champions and to win is traditional, and must be preserved. In the Olympic Games, however, the emphasis is supposed to be on the individual athlete rather than the nation, on making friends rather than making points. As Eddie Egan, chairman of the U.S. National Olympic Finance Committee, says, "The Games' true purpose is to bring about world sportsmanship and good will. It is

not an event to bring athletes together in competition to foster nationalism."

As now conducted, the Games are *hampering* international good will. The honour of the flag is *not* involved when a contestant of one nationality finishes a tenth of a second ahead of a contestant of another in the 100-metre sprint. The honour of the flag is involved in the success or failure to promote the brotherhood of man.

Baron Pierre de Coubertin, the Frenchman responsible for the revival of the Olympic Games in 1896,* said: "The important thing is not winning, but taking part; the

*Originated by the Greeks in 776 B C, the Olympics were conducted regularly, on a strictly amateur basis, until banned by Emperor Theodosius I of Rome in A D 394.

important thing in life is not conquering, but fighting well." All nations, large and small, are encouraged to participate, not for the purpose of gaining national honours but in the spirit of friendly rivalry and respect for the ability of the individual athlete. Point-scores were disallowed to prevent the larger nations from monopolizing the Games by sheer weight of numbers. It was felt that regardless of how many points a large country might tally, a single victory by a representative of a smaller country should be considered of equal importance.

But sports writers at the Olympics in 1952 at Helsinki brought the cold war into sports and used point-scores to attract readers. (To read the American press, anyone would have thought that the only participants were the Soviet Union and the United States, although 70 nations took part.)

Moreover, various nations dreamed up different scoring systems to grab an advantage and gain scoring honours. Some awarded ten points for first place, others seven, or six. The result was a potpourri of figures adding up to international name-calling and ill will.

Actually there is no way to score the over-all Olympic results. You can score the individual contests, but it seems ridiculous to score as many points for the winner of the 135-pound Græco-Roman wrestling as for the winner of the men's 1,500-metre track race.

In addition to forgetting the unsanctioned point system, we must keep the Games out of politics. Although flag-waving politicians and journalists in many countries have become involved in the cold war of sports, we can be thankful that the athletes on the field have not yet enlisted. At Helsinki, participants and spectators could not understand the incompatibility of the battle raging in the press and the sportsmanship that was expressed throughout the Games. The reaction of Dick Hamilton, an American university student who had been in the Korean War, was particularly interesting. He went to the Olympic Games with anger in his heart. This was what he said afterwards:

"When the Russians marched on to the field I thought I saw an arrogant, hardened group of athletes. I was mistaken. On the first day of competition I saw a Russian make a point of shaking the hand of the American who had just beaten him. As the Games progressed this happened every time a similar situation arose."

Brutus Hamilton, an American athletics coach, reports: "There was not a single unpleasant incident to mar the competition. We found the Russians to be good sportsmen, and their showing was impressive. In all the six Games I have attended as competitor or coach, I have never seen any really bad feeling between the athletes themselves. Such

unpleasant incidents as have occurred have arisen largely from the older people who are followers of the teams."

How long can the athletes uphold this fine tradition under the strain of pressure to get the scalps of their opponents? Next year may tell. So that every aspect of the 1956 Games may reflect their true Greek tradition and ideal, I suggest the following as "musts":

That all point-scoring systems be eliminated.

That the Games be kept completely free of politics, government

subsidies and professionalism.

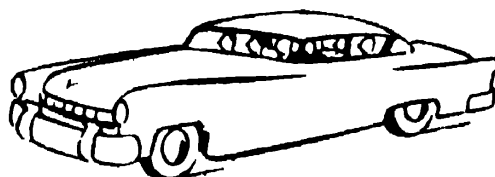
That all contestants be schooled in becoming ambassadors of good will among nations.

That praise and publicity be awarded for excellence of individual performance, regardless of national origin.

If the people of the world will put these principles into practice, the Games will take on once again their historic significance and, in the words of Baron de Coubertin, "increase friendly understanding among nations for the good of humanity."

THE UNRELIABLE EYE

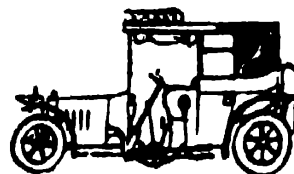
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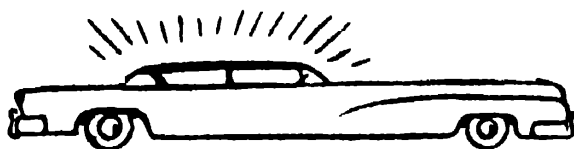
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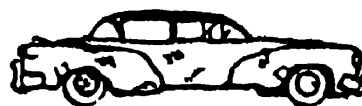
YOU AFTER THE FIRST SCRATCH



YOU WHEN THE NEW MODEL
COMES OUT



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WHEN TRADING IT IN

- Does the faith of the converts falter and their enthusiasm wither away? Here is vital testimony taken a year after Doctor Graham's London Crusade

Do Billy Graham's Conversions Last?

By Stanley High

IR IS, by now, a familiar though still amazing story that wherever Billy Graham goes with his "Crusade," the young evangelist draws larger crowds and records more "decisions for Christ" than any other preacher in modern times. But for a Western World weakened by lack of a vital religious faith there is an important question to be answered: Does a Billy Graham Crusade have a lasting effect?

I went to England a few weeks ago to get that untold story. A year had elapsed since the three months' Crusade at London's Harringay Arena in 1954 which, with associated meetings, resulted in 38,000 decisions for Christ. In scores of interviews with churchmen of many denominations, with church editors, laymen, converts, I sought the answers to these questions:

What has happened to the Crusade's converts? What remains of the dedication and zeal which were stirred among so many preachers and churches? Was it all a passing show?

These are the answers I got, supported by a mass of facts and first-hand testimony:

A surprisingly large number of the Crusade's converts are carrying on; the dedication and zeal aroused at Harringay, far from waning after a year, are on the increase; Billy Graham, in the words of one of England's most widely-known religious leaders, "has aroused an appetite for religion which puts before us an opportunity such as we have not had in this century to claim the soul of the nation for God."

Critics of Billy Graham had predicted that, in the months after

Harringay, its converts—"victims of emotion"—would speedily fall away. J. B. Priestley, writing in *The New Statesman and Nation*, was sure that only "a tiny minority are genuinely converted." The net result, in Mr. Priestley's estimation: "No great harm, no great good, mostly just another show."

A London newspaper columnist, after telephone enquiries to 20 Anglican vicars, estimated that "of outsiders, that is, genuine converts" not more than ten per cent were still in the church.

But last February the influential *British Weekly*, interdenominational church paper, notably neutral about Graham, undertook to find the conclusive answer. It polled a cross-section of clergy of all denominations on "What's Left of Harringay?" It found that of the outsiders (neither church members nor regular churchgoers) converted at Harringay, 64 per cent "are still attending church and taking part in church life regularly."

One of Britain's most prominent churchmen, the Reverend F. P. Copland Simmons, a Presbyterian minister and Moderator of the Free Church Federal Council, believes that even that remarkable percentage is too small: "In my own church 16 of 20 Harringay 'converts' who came to us are carrying on. Many ministers report similar results. I have travelled throughout the country, been in contact with all denominations, and I believe that

the proportion of authentic, lasting conversions is greater than from any previous campaign in Britain's history."

"We knew some would fall away," says the Right Reverend Hugh Rowlands Gough, Bishop of Barking. "We did not expect they would be so few. We were also sure that some would carry on. We did not expect they would be so many or that they would carry on with such conviction."

At All Souls' Church (Langham Place in London the Rev. John Stott preaches to one of England's largest Anglican congregations. Of 200 converts in his church, "few have failed to continue to grow in faith." Sixty converts were received at Westminster Central Hall, largest Methodist Church in Great Britain. All but six of them are still full-fledged members of the church, increasingly active in its work.

I talked to many converts. The proof of the vitality of their faith, of its power to transform themselves and others, seems to me conclusive. Let me call these witnesses:

A buyer in one of London's largest stores. She went to Harringay on a Saturday night "solely out of curiosity and to lay in an extra conversation piece for a buying trip to the United States." But all through Sunday Billy Graham's text kept recurring: "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" On Monday night, without a ticket, she returned

to Harringay, slipped in with the choir and, at the end of the service, made her decision.

Three days later she sailed for the United States, "the strangest buying trip I ever made." In her purse, "of all things," she carried a newly bought Bible and the packet of instructions, *Beginning with Christ*, given to every convert. In New York and Chicago her first after-business move was to find a church and a preacher. Her "conversation piece" became a personal testimony.

The first people she told of her conversion, on her return, were the employees of her own department. One associate had reservations but later found the answers to his questions: Does this mean she will get here in the morning in a pleasanter frame of mind? "She does." Will she be more patient with others? "She is." Will she be more pleasant to salesmen and inspectors, and especially to cantankerous Mr. S., who rubs us all the wrong way? "They can't believe what's happened—particularly old Mr. S."

She asked permission to invite a bishop, a staunch Graham supporter, to speak to the store's employees. It was the first meeting of its kind in the store's history. More than 500 stayed after hours to attend. The managing director presided. For the continued spiritual counselling of its employees, the store has now appointed a minister-chaplain. Once a week a group of executives and employees meets for

prayer and Bible study.

An ex-Communist factory worker. The Party secretary in his town and its best-known agitator, he went to Harringay "to see how Billy does it." He was not impressed. Nevertheless, a week later he returned. Again he did not go forward. But when, the next Sunday evening in a church near his home, the minister—himself stirred by Harringay—asked for decisions, the Communist joined six others at the altar.

His statement of resignation from the Communist Party was a front-page story in the Press: "Due to deep and unsatisfied unrest within, I have decided to resign from the Party and rejoin the Christian Church. I feel belief in Jesus Christ to be incompatible with membership of the Communist Party."

Travelling almost every Sunday by bus and train, this man has testified before dozens of workers' groups in many towns. He usually spots some of his former Party comrades. At least one of them, a Party official in his own town, has been converted and is now in training as a lay preacher.

A newspaper employee, official of his union. "I don't know why I went to Harringay, except that it was my night off and the show was free." After his decision: "I walked home five miles through the rain, trying to work out what had happened to me."

His wife did not laugh at him, as he had expected. Instead, she went

with him to Harringay a few nights later—and made her decision.

"I'll admit," he says, "that I have to sweat at being a Christian. But when it's rough going I just count up some of this year's blessings. My wife and I are happier together than we've been since we courted. Our five children have a happier home. And you ought to hear the 'little Harringay' we have, singing Crusade songs on Sunday evenings after church."

During Billy Graham's meetings at Wembley last spring this man drove many of his neighbours to the Stadium. At the meetings, he never sat with his passengers—"I didn't want them to feel under any obligation." But 18 of the 37 he transported made decisions for Christ.

"Now," he says, "our Sunday evening gatherings make a houseful."

A food manufacturer. When, with a bus-load of 60 employees, he and his wife went to Harringay, his wife said: "Let's agree we won't make fools of ourselves before our own people. Whatever this thing is, let's not fall for it." He heartily agreed. "But," he says now, "when Billy Graham made his call for decisions I knew that, fool or not, I'd have to break that promise and go forward." He turned to his wife to explain. She slipped her arm through his. "We're both going," she said.

"The literature we got didn't tell us, specifically, what to do about the fact that our family was disunited

and near disruption. It only told us to start a family altar. After we had tried that for a few weeks no one needed to tell us about our family problem. We were solving it.

"Billy Graham didn't tell me how to run my business. But he did say I'd better ask God's help. For a year now I've tried that, and it works. The other day, after we had settled a troublesome labour dispute in a friendly manner, an old employee came to my office and said, 'We'd like to know, out there in the works, what's happened to you.'"

A doctor. He went to Harringay armed with binoculars. "If this was a circus, I wanted to see all the acts. Billy Graham's text was the First Commandment: "Thou shalt have no other gods before Me." Half way through the sermon the doctor put down his binoculars and got out his notebook. That was the first of five successive nights he spent at Harringay. On the fifth he made his decision.

When the London Crusade ended, he and his wife began in their own home a Saturday night "Drawing-room Harringay." Its attendance has increased from 10 to 50. From this fellowship of "spiritually hungry friends and patients," there have been 25 decisions for Christ.

Recently the doctor totalled up his "missionary mileage": to give his testimony in the year since Harringay, he had driven 7,500 miles, spoken to 20,000 people.

"My words aren't so important,"

he says. "But when my wife tells me I'm a better husband and father and my patients tell me I'm a more understanding doctor, then I really give thanks."

A clergyman. His story is much like many minister-testimonies I read:

"When first suggested, I was suspicious of the Greater London Crusade. But I went to Harringay. I can't exactly describe what happened or how I felt when I saw first one and then another of my people going forward; then one of my own deacons and then another—tears streaming down their faces—to make the greatest of all decisions; and greatest of all, my own son, then 18, went forward.

"Later, when our young people had their annual morning service, an elder deacon said to me: 'You know, we've had these youth services for 60 years. Our young people have gone up and talked, in a general way, about God and religion. But have you noticed that this year what they have been saying is not general, it is personal. It is: My Lord, My Saviour and My God.'

"I feel I've had more results from my labours—more lives visibly changed—in the last few months than in the previous 20 years. For me, in my own particular life, Harringay was a reconversion."

THE *British Weekly* poll revealed the remarkable fact that in the months after the 1954 Crusade the

number of converts continued to increase. Many people, exposed to Billy Graham's message but undecided at the time, "moved slowly and thoughtfully to the Christian faith over a period of months."

"Of Billy Graham's great and enduring services to our country there can be no doubt," says the Right Reverend George Bell, Bishop of Chichester and honorary president of the World Council of Churches. "We were ready for such a challenge. There are evidences all about that our people are going forward to meet that challenge, and that the message of the church to the nation is being given new authority."

One notable evidence from the Bishop's own diocese was last February's week-long "Chichester Crusade"—the first campaign of its kind in Chichester's history. A clergyman, assisted by a group of laymen, got the Crusade under way. Harringay converts and other church goers organized the supporting prayer groups and provided many of the "counsellors." Churches of all denominations co-operated. More than 12,000 attended the meetings. There were 575 decisions.

"Of greater moment for the future than statistical increase," says Doctor Townley Lord, "is this fact, discernible wherever I have gone in England: beginning at Harringay, the attitude towards religion has perceptibly changed from prevailing coolness and indifference to increasing warmth and concern."

"Before Harringay," says Sir Frank Medlicott, M.P., "if you wanted to avoid embarrassment, you didn't talk about religion except, occasionally, in an abstract way about an abstract God. Now, thanks to Billy Graham, the average layman, like me, can talk without embarrassment to other laymen about the personal reality of Jesus Christ. An even more remarkable fact is that so many laymen are doing just that."

Since the Harringay Crusade, the Scripture Union, an interdenominational organization to promote regular Bible-reading, has had the largest one-year increase in membership in its history. Subscriptions to its Scripture-reading "helps" have grown by 60,000. London's bookshops report record Bible sales.

Last March, when it was announced that meetings of Billy Graham's All-Scotland Crusade would be available throughout Great Britain by landline, requests were received for more than 2,000 installations in nearly 600 towns and villages. Meeting places included churches, cinemas, Army and Air Force mess halls, hospitals, prisons—and even some of England's most famous cathedrals.

I went to such a relay meeting in a village, population 400, about 40 miles from London. Its ancient church was without a regular vicar. Attendance at services occasionally held by a visiting clergyman averaged 15 to 20. Laymen had

organized this rally, paid for the installation and, each night, conducted the service. The night I was there, 500 people poured in for the meeting.

Throughout Great Britain, attendance at these relay services was nearly two million. There were more than 30,000 decisions.

Last May Billy Graham returned to London. It was then a full year since Harringay. Great Britain was in the midst of a General Election campaign notable for the apathy of voters, the slim attendance at political rallies. For seven nights he preached at Wembley Stadium. For five nights a cold rain swept his outdoor audience. Yet he spoke, in that week, to more than 400,000 people. There were 23,000 decisions.

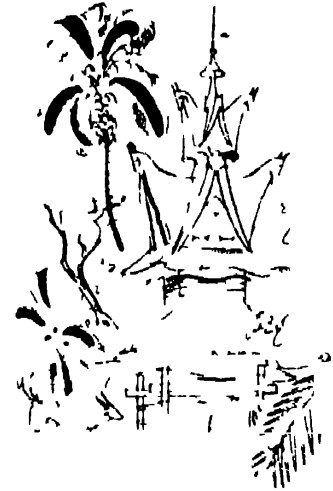
"Never before," said the London *Evening News*, "have so many people come to one place to hear the Word of God. It can truly be called the phenomenon of the mid-century—all the more remarkable because 15 months ago it would have seemed impossible. It may not be too much to hope that it may be the start of a spiritual renaissance."

"I have travelled the world over," says one widely known religious leader, "but nothing I have seen compares with what I saw at Wembley: 4,000 people streaming across the turf in the pouring rain to declare their decisions for Christ. And we now know an even greater miracle: that with few exceptions, these thousands mean it."



Indonesia:

ISLANDS OF BEAUTY AND TURMOIL



By James A. Michener, author of "The Bridges at Toko Ri," "Tales of the South Pacific," "The Voice of Asia," etc

FOR EVERYONE who has not seen it, the magnificence of Indonesia is hard to imagine: more than 3,000 fabulously wealthy islands strung along the equator, groaning with oil, gold, rubber, tin, spice and sugar. Lithe, handsome people of great artistic ability now live in freedom on these palm-girt islands.

Indonesia, long known as the Dutch East Indies, is not only the world's youngest nation within the UN; it is also the seventh largest. In population it far exceeds any in Europe, save Russia. Its width from east to west is the same as the distance from Southampton to New York. Its islands have always been the logical stepping stones out of Asia. Far lands like Hawaii, Tahiti and New Zealand were populated

*A distinguished writer gives
an engrossing account of a
crucial and exotic area*

by people, animals and plants that migrated from Asia along this chain.

Today Communism from Red China is attempting to establish beachheads on these islands, so that free Indonesia assumes vital importance in the world. If Communism takes over, South-East Asia and Australia will be imperilled. But if democracy holds firm in Indonesia, then freedom has a good chance in all South-East Asia and the vast area around it. Let's look at the most important of the islands.

Java: It is sunrise, and you are on a tiny farm. It seems like a fairy

land, for it contains only one third of an acre enclosed by a flowering hedge. But you are in an area of such compact richness and beauty that you can see about you the entire story of Java.

Five people work this farm and produce so much food that some of it can be sent to the town. Pine-apples, avocados, sweet potatoes, bananas and beans are the major crops. But just outside the hedge is a fish pond which actually crawls with food, while round the edges of the farm land trees yield abundant coconuts, papayas, mangoes and oranges.

From the verandah of the mud-and-wattle house you can see the slopes of an enormous volcano, down whose sides march hundreds of rice fields, one below the other, so that any water can be used up to 50 times as it drips down the mountainside. You can look in no direction without seeing some river or stream in whose muddy waters tan-and-black buffalo wallow, while overhead hundreds of the world's most dazzling birds wheel and dart in the sunlight.

From the crests of towering mountains drift the stupendous clouds of Java, the glory of the islands, equalled nowhere. Rising into the air more than 30,000 feet, they are blue in the uncertain light of dawn, gigantic masses of cotton wool at noon, and shot through with sunset colours at dusk.

Wherever food does not grow on

this fortunate farm, flowers do. From the brick-red earth spring multicoloured crotons and flaming hibiscus and fragrant frangipani. And for comic relief you can watch the absurd ducks of Java. Each morning the farmer lines them up and with a white flag on a long pole leads them to a rice field. They waddle along behind him like a bunch of roistering, white-suited sailors. When the farmer reaches the field, he jams the long pole into the ground, and all day long the noisy ducks stay within 20 feet of it. At night he returns, hangs the flag over his shoulder and leads his ducks back home.

As dusk falls, neighbours gather for a *selamatan*, the national pastime of Java. It consists of music and eating and loud celebration. In Java you hold a *selamatan* for almost anything: when a calf is born, rice is harvested, or a daughter is married. The food is mountainous—and delicious. *Sate* (grilled lamb in peanut sauce) and *nassi goreng* (fried rice with condiments) are the high spots of a *selamatan*, but in recent years another attraction has surpassed even the food: if a man can afford it, he will erect a cinema screen and run off six full-length films for his guests.

It is no wonder that Java is the most crowded major piece of land on earth; more than 1,000 people jam every square mile. Yet the Javanese all eat well and there is no poverty, for the volcanoes feed

them. More than 50 volcanoes, some of them still active, have poured down upon the islands billions of tons of rich ash in which food grows without additional fertilizer.

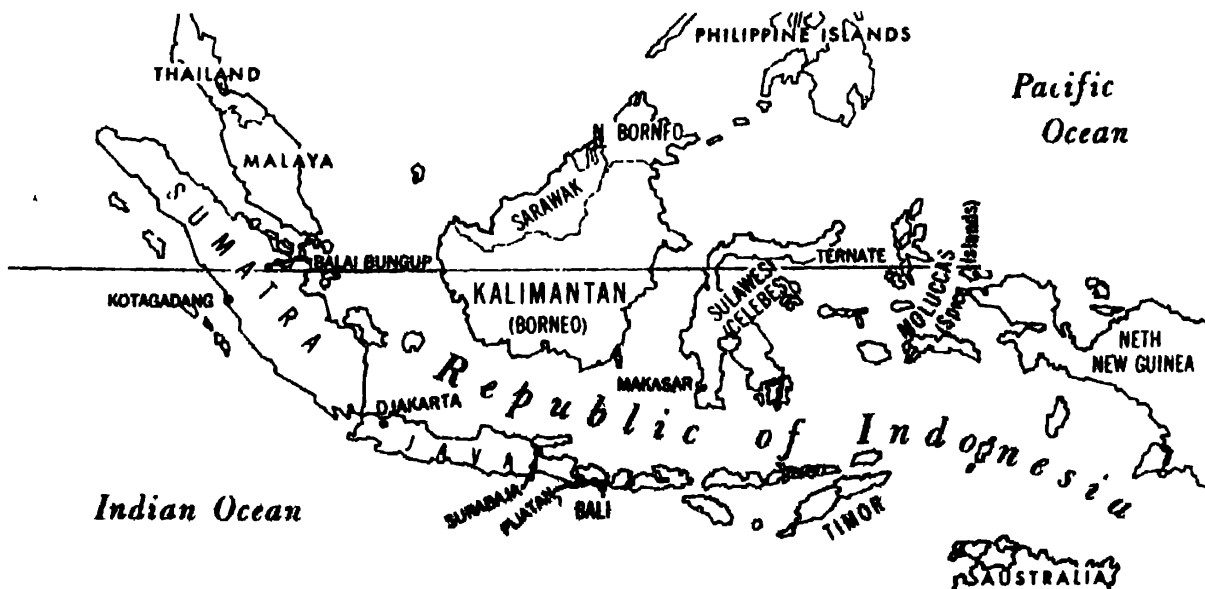
In such surroundings the Javanese have developed lavish art forms. The Javanese orchestra plays the sweetest music in Asia on gongs, bamboo xylophones and majestic drums. And the Javanese theatre is important in a land where a great many of the villagers cannot read. It is to the playwrights that the Javanese have always looked for social criticism.

Batik, that lovely dark cloth made by dipping waxed lengths of material into dyeing vats, so that only the unwaxed areas will be coloured, has been made in Java since the seventh century. And to prove their ability to handle stupendous monuments as well, the Javanese built at Borobudur, within a crest of mountains, one of Asia's greatest and most

mysterious monuments. Commemorating Buddha, it is a temple many tiers high, many acres in extent. Its countless pinnacles, huge dome and surmounting spire, often hung with clouds, remain a silent, powerful memory of the days when Buddha ruled this lovely island.

The spirit of Java is, of course, Indian. (Indonesia was named by a resourceful German geographer and means The Islands of the Indies.) Not only the religion and the stories came from India, but also the rajahs, elements of the caste system and the mysticism.

By 1292, when Marco Polo visited Indonesia, a new religion had arrived via India and it swept the islands. Islam satisfied the people, and today Indonesia is the world's largest Islamic nation. In one respect, however, Islam did not triumph. Devout Moslems tried to make Javanese women wear the veil. But the island women were both



beautiful and stubborn, and it is recorded that they took one look at the veil and started to laugh.

Bali: A few miles east of Java lies the strange and lovely island of Bali. Almost unknown until the early years of this century, Bali remains even today a Hindu island. Islam tried to penetrate it but failed, as did the Dutch until one dreadful day in 1906 when the entire entourage of the last resisting rajah—men, women, children—marched forth with spears and sticks to fight Dutch guns. On and on the motley army came until the unwilling Dutch finally had to fire. Every embattled Balinese noble died that day in appalling slaughter.

Resentful, and in their own minds unconquered, the Hindu Balinese persisted in their old ways of life so that when world travellers stumbled upon the island in the 1930's they uncovered a magnificent hidden world. Each man seemed an artist, each woman a dancer of almost immortal grace. Plays thousands of years old were performed by superb actors. Strange temples rose from the jungle, and at their doors lounged women of extraordinary beauty, naked to the waist.

So Bali burst upon a world where men had begun to wonder if their civilization had not grown too complex. Finding here a simpler, sweeter society, European ship owners and hotel managers decided to hold on to their gold mine. A vigorous attempt was made to perpetuate the island

in its primitive form, and the fable was given new impetus when a host of European artists—some good, some bad—flocked to the island and began to paint the lovely women.

When Indonesia gained its freedom, Bali was yanked quickly into the modern world. Moslem administrators from the more advanced island of Java moved in and insisted that Balinese beauties wear blouses. New systems of agriculture were proposed. Education was introduced, and for the first time in history missionaries were welcomed.

It was not until late one night, in the village of Pliatan that I caught the sweet, powerful spirit of Bali. There, in the glossy darkness beneath two arching coconut palms, a rude curtain had been hung before an earth-packed stage. An informal orchestra of the crudest sort played lively music on flutes, cymbals and split-bamboo drums. Above, as a kind of stage drop, hung the Southern Cross and a brilliant moon.

A gong sounded and from the stage appeared a lovely village girl of 13, dressed in the historic costume of the Balinese dancer. Her eyes flashed, her little hands twisted backwards in semi-circles, and with strange, quick steps she shuffled about the village street. This was no classic island dance, for it had been invented only a few decades ago. But the child's age-old face, her mask-like beauty were centuries old, and it was incomprehensible how this child could convey so much

adult passion. She was indeed a miniature Sarah Bernhardt of the village streets, the child of Bali.

Sumatra: To me the most exciting part of Indonesia is Sumatra. Hung across the equator, it is empty of people, crowded with tin, oil, rubber and wealth unknown. It is a vast, brooding island with impenetrable jungle swamps reaching in some directions more than 600 unbroken miles. It is one of the largest primitive areas on earth. Yet, contradictorily, its high plateaus comprise the intellectual centre of Indonesia, where pleasant towns exist whose inhabitants are, mysteriously, 100 per cent literate.

Consider the remarkable village of Kotagadang. Tucked high among Sumatran volcanoes, it looks like an insignificant collection of semi-jungle huts. But from it have come many of the men who founded Indonesia, as well as writers, philosophers, legal experts, economists and men who dazzled the United Nations with their oratory. It would be difficult to find a city in the rest of Asia which has produced so many famous sons.

What is the secret of Kotagadang? Several guesses have been made. Perhaps it was because the villagers loved their school. Or perhaps it was the mountain air. Or more meat in the diet. Today one explanation seems most probable: Kotagadang has always been ruled by women. With iron determination these women have insisted upon a good

education. They have demanded the best of their sons. They have eliminated tribal fighting and have concentrated on singing and dancing and philosophy. And they take no nonsense from men.

However, one famous son of Kotagadang suggested to me another theory: "When you've lived under the rule of women till you're 20, you work extra hard to get away. Then you work extra hard so that you won't have to go back."

Through the steaming reaches of Sumatra deep, dark rivers run, their waters stained by jungle dyes until they look like sarsaparilla. Monkeys clamber through the trees, and birds of infinite colouring dart through the open spaces. Elephants, of a breed that cannot be trained to work, crash through the swamp in enormous numbers, and pythons 20 feet long twist away from crocodiles. But the lord of the jungle is the huge striped Sumatran tiger.

Early this year, a monster tiger began to terrorize the houseboat village of Balai Bungup, on the equator. It seems incredible, but when the quaking villagers pushed their boats out into the river, this giant beast swam out, methodically clawed his way into a house and ate two children. Next night he swam out again and killed two more.

The Spice Islands: In North-Eastern Indonesia lies a group of minute jungle rocks called the Spice Islands. They have played a strange part in world history. Here, and nowhere

else on earth, grew the rare spices of the Indies. One island produced nutmegs. Another grew cinnamon. The tiny island of Ternate, where the original data were collected to prove the Darwinian theory, offered cloves.

It was in search of these islands that Vasco da Gama rounded the Cape of Good Hope in order to outwit the Turks, who dominated the spice trade at Constantinople. Because of these islands Columbus discovered America and Magellan's ships sailed round the world. Finally, Holland fought Spain and Portugal and Britain to keep the rich trade for herself, and it was to protect her holdings in the spice islands that Holland ultimately conquered the rest of Indonesia, in 1623. Probably no other islands in history have ever produced such vast natural wealth per square mile of land.

Communism: Some observers feel that the political situation in Indonesia today is more explosive than any of the islands' 300 volcanoes. At present there are five major revolutions in progress against the central government: one each in Sumatra, Java and the Celebes, two in the Moluccas. There is serious inflation, and the government is having difficulty in importing necessary goods and equipment.

These disturbances could be excused as the normal troubles of a new nation except for one remaining danger that threatens the very existence of the state. To see this

peril at its most malignant, let's visit a Chinese school.

In every room there is a huge portrait of Mao Tse-tung. Conspicuous are the big red flags of Communism. In about half the rooms you see enormous posters showing Uncle Sam as a germ-tossing monster determined to destroy Asia.

Indonesians explain: "But these are Chinese schools. They have a right to be Communist if they wish."

In Surabaya, of 17 Chinese schools, 15 are Communist. In Makasar the bright new school is completely Communist. The biggest political signs for the elections late this year read "Indonesian Communist Party. Of the people, for the people, by the people."

Again Indonesians explain away such activity by claiming that it is exclusively Chinese. I asked one about domination of trade unions by Communists. He argued, "Who listens to a few trade union leaders?"

I asked about the support of the Communist Party for the coalition government which will rule Indonesia until the elections, when a representative administration and a constituent assembly will be chosen. He replied, "Indonesia wants to remain neutral between Communism and capitalism."

Finally I asked, "But didn't the Communists try twice to take over your country by assassination and revolution?"

He replied, "But didn't we twice turn them back?"

The Indonesian bitterly hated European rule and is equally suspicious of Americans. "But hating Europeans does not mean that we love Communism," he says. "Freedom from domination of every kind is what we seek."

Meanwhile, determined Communists grow strong in the villages, control trade unions and take over one university department after another.

The Dutch: To understand why the Indonesian fears Europe and America more than he does Communism, one must look briefly at the history of the islands. For generations the world believed that the Dutch were the perfect colonial administrators, but the revolution of 1945-49 revealed a very different picture.

A technical expert who has lived in the West and who bears no personal grudges says, "The Dutch governed us for more than 300 years. When they left we had only 70 engineers in a population of nearly 80 million. We were 96 per cent illiterate. We had 200 university graduates. Though we are an agricultural nation, we had practically no trained agriculturists. We have a longer coastline than any other nation, but we had not one ship's captain—we were told that Indonesians were too stupid to be navigators. For those centuries the wealth of our islands was being dragged off for the benefit of Europeans. This we shall never forgive."

The result is a tragedy. Whereas former dependencies of the British Empire like India have built strong new nations on British foundations (often keeping British generals and high government officials to help them), much of Indonesia has rejected even the Dutch language. Mills and banks and mines literally cry for Dutch technical assistance through these formative years, but remorselessly the Dutch expert is being shipped back to Holland.

The Dutch were not that bad. They built good roads, excellent railways. They constructed fine towns. Almost every major Indonesian crop except rice was introduced into the islands by Dutch horticulturists: sugar, cocoa, rubber, tobacco, coffee, tea, quinine. The Dutch never permitted Indonesian land to be owned by Europeans or to be accumulated by rich absentee landlords. Indonesia is one of the few nations in Asia where there is no land problem; the people own the land—a grave deterrent to the Communists.

A cabinet minister said to me. "Perhaps in another generation tempers will subside and we shall all reach a sounder evaluation."

Djakarta: While the heat is utterly oppressive in Djakarta, Java, the capital of Indonesia, there is a youthful vitality in the city. Here young Asia is hammering out its destiny. Government offices are filled with bright young men under 30. Cabinet members have averaged only 34 years of age.

The Dutch called this city Batavia and "the graveyard of the European," for it was built on swampy land and its fevers killed at a horrible rate. Now it has grown more healthy but is crowded beyond belief. Into a city of 750,000, lacking an adequate transport system, have been jammed nearly three million people. In the hotels you sometimes have to sleep four strangers to a cramped room. To find a house is almost impossible and prudent residents who must leave Djakarta for a week ask friends to move in lest squatters take over.

Kampongs, miraculously cramped living areas, cluster throughout the city. A *kampung* consists of red-tiled roofs hiding behind tall palm trees, of palm-frond shacks clustered along sluggish canals. Within a few feet along these canals one sees people washing vegetables, brushing their teeth, going to the toilet, bathing, pushing aside a buffalo carcass, cleaning the chicken that will be stewed for dinner. Of five children born along these fetid banks, three will die before the age of six.

Almost all the shops in Djakarta are owned by Chinese, who also serve as money-lenders, manufacturers and middlemen. To everyone who says the Chinese should be kicked out of Indonesia because they are Communist, the Indonesian asks, "Who will carry on the trade?" If you reply, "Why not the Indonesians?" you will be asked, "Who wants to work in a shop?"

Others speak soberly of the day, no doubt far distant, when Indonesians who have been to school will want to learn business practices. "Only then," say these planners, "will Indonesia really control its destiny."

Hopeful signs: Despite revolutions and rebels, despite growing pains of all kinds, Indonesia is a strong young nation. Here are some reasons why I am convinced that its future is secure, even against the pressures of Communism.

Nobody starves.

There are few class differences; no one is extremely wealthy.

If the economy is decently governed, Indonesia should always have a favourable trade balance.

Since Indonesians are skilled with their hands and there is no tradition against manual labour, a limited industrial society is attainable.

The nation is remarkably tolerant. Although dominantly Moslem, Indonesia accepts Hindu, Catholic, Protestant and Buddhist minorities.

There is a nation-wide determination to stamp out illiteracy.

There is a vigorous free Press.

Most of all, Indonesians are determined to have a nation of their own. They are inherently opposed to dictatorship, for they won their freedom on the battlefield, and they do not propose to lose it.

Danger signals: On the other hand, one cannot live in Indonesia long without discovering areas of real danger. Indonesians like to

ignore the following facts which, if uncorrected, could destroy the nation.*

"Our country is run by the Three C's," Indonesians will confess. "Corruption, cigarettes, connections." The past five years have witnessed a serious lowering of political standards.

The gross abuse of import licences is serious. I watched an Indonesian merchant try to buy 12,000 dollars' worth of essential hardware from a Swiss firm. The politician who dispensed import licences said frankly, "I expect to get 150 per cent profit on this deal." The Swiss replied, "We can't possibly charge 30,000 dollars for this hardware." So Indonesia's precious foreign exchange went not for hardware but for cameras, perfume and chocolates, which could absorb the 150 per cent illegitimate profit. If this continues, Indonesia will soon face a desperate lack of essentials. Even today I know of a popular make of car that sold for 20,000 dollars. I saw a wrecked car whose spare parts sold for 4,500 dollars.

Because Indonesia fears Europeans and Americans, capital investment is not welcomed in the islands. Necessary electrical plants, tyre factories, essential manufacturing lag behind their potential. Other countries have learned to accept foreign investment and at the same time retain full political control.

The Indonesians can learn too.

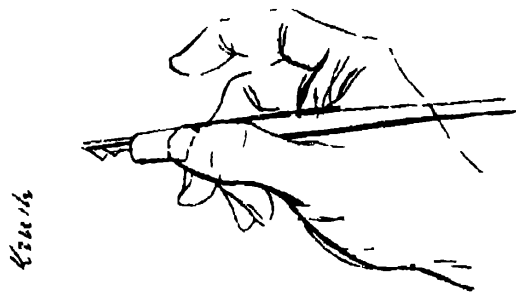
Labour underproduces, overdemands. The latest cry is for 15 months of pay for 12 months of work. Few in Indonesia seem to realize that wealth does not consist of pay-increases but of more production. Perhaps only disastrous inflation will teach this lesson.

Above all, the nation must be consolidated. A federal republic form of government would be ideal for the many islands that now chafe under Java's domination, but it looks impossible of achievement. A federal system was set up—and misused—by the Dutch so that now even the word "federal" is poison. However, concessions of some kind must be made to outlying islands before real separatist movements get started. This ought to be the easiest problem to solve, since Indonesians are inherently patriotic.

Indonesia is worth holding. It is beautiful beyond compare. Volcanoes pour out free fertilizer, the ocean abounds with wealth, the rice fields grow lavish crops. I shall never forget what one Indonesian politician told me, when we were worrying about a neighbouring island with sparse population: "Poor Borneo! All it has is diamonds and gold and coal and iron and lots of oil!"

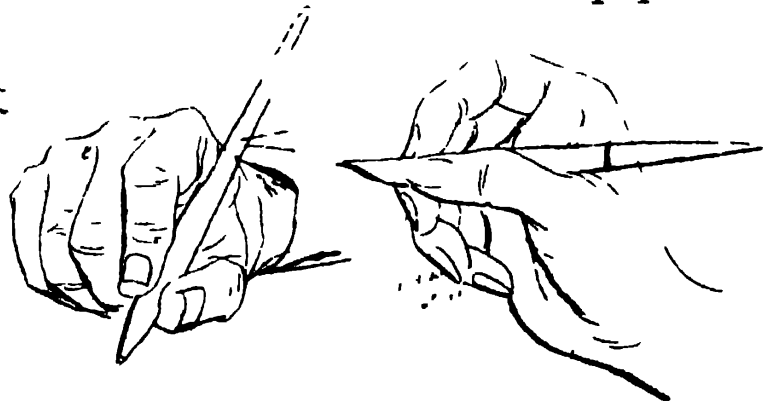
Such a land can absorb a few mistakes—provided they are not persisted in.





Tips from an expert on how to
be more effective on paper

How to Write Better Letters



By J. Harold Janis, *Professor of Business English, New York University*

NEIGHBOUR of mine recently wrote to two contractors for tenders for a concrete drive. Here's the beginning of one reply: "Dear Mr. —: I am offering you a special price because I am having a slack season now. I have some debts to pay and this work will be a big help to me."

The second began: "Dear Mr. —: I can give you a good, solid drive with a six-inch bed of cinders and three inches of concrete. Properly graded and drained, this should last you 20 years without cracking."

The second man got the job. Why? Because he told my neighbour what he wanted to know, not how much good the job would do the contractor. He followed the first principle of good letter-writing, one I've hammered at in my classes for years: think of *your reader's*

problems, and not of your own.

The letters we write can spell the difference between making and missing an important sale, between landing and losing a job, between a "yes" or a "no" from the girl of our dreams.

When applying for a job by letter it is tempting for the writer to talk exclusively about himself, his aims, his desires. I have seen letters of application which began like this: "Dear Sir: I am just the man you described in your advertisement, and I am interested in a new job just now because I am not satisfied with my present position. . . ." This is a weak approach. A prospective employer is seldom as interested in an applicant's need for the job as he is in his own need for filling it.

The second rule for effective letter writing is: *Be yourself*. The best

letters are written as we would talk. The windy, artificial formulas are out of place. The businessman who uses such phrases as "Yours of the 14th to hand . . .," "Agreeable to your communication of July 23 . . .," "Receipt is acknowledged of . . .," gives the impression that he's a pompous old egotist with no friendly feeling for the person he's writing to.

The next rule is: *Be thrifty with words*. Recently one of my students began a letter for his boss like this: "In reply to your letter calling attention to the fact that we sent you the wrong number of men's shoes, we wish to apologize for our error." When I suggested that he cut out every unessential word, he came back with this result: "The error is ours and we're sorry." *That* letter said what it meant, clearly, and omitted all unnecessary information.

My Aunt Clara lives in a small town, and it sounds like a wonderful place when she describes it. "It's so warm for April," she wrote to me last spring, "that the trees are practically bursting into leaf, and old Mrs. Johnson is in the swing chair in the garden next door, thawing out her Arthur-itis, as she calls it."

Clara's sister, Emily, lives in the same town, and I got a letter from her last April, too. "You can't imagine how hot and dry and uncomfortable it is for early spring," she wrote. "This probably means another dreadful summer and a drought. Poor Mrs. Johnson is very

uncomfortable from arthritis, and hardly ever moves any more."

It's easy to see why everyone prefers to hear from Clara. She follows another important rule: *Emphasize the positive*.

Even in writing a note of condolence it is possible to be positive and comforting. Such expressions as "Our hearts ache for you" are usually sincere; but hopeful, forward-looking ideas can make such letters even more comforting and helpful.

Here is a note of condolence a woman received from one of her husband's colleague's: "Dear Julie: Martha and I are thinking of you today, and we know that with God's help you are going ahead bravely. Down at the lab yesterday we were talking about the project that you know was closest to Bob's heart. Everyone is determined to carry it forward with more energy than ever. You see, his work will always be an inspiration, and we'll never feel that he's far from our side."

In business letters this upbeat accent is extremely important. A builder's merchant found that his new type of roofing tile, although superior, was not selling as well as an older type had. It turned out that the man handling orders was writing the following letter to customers: "Dear Mr. —: I am sorry to tell you we no longer handle the kind of tile you enquired about. We have, however, a new type which may fit your needs."

This apologetic and negative

approach was changed as follows: "Dear Mr. —: I am happy to send you samples of our new tile, which comes in a wider range of colours and textures than the tile that you enquired about. It is a great improvement on the old type, which it has replaced."

Both letters told the truth, but the second took a positive approach. Sales began to rise immediately.

It is surprising how many letters disclose an unintentional antagonism. The other day my wife received this note from a shop: "As you claim one of the cups you ordered arrived with a broken handle, we will have to replace it." The management presumably didn't doubt my wife's word, but a sneaking accusation of dishonesty is implied in "you claim." Why hadn't they just written: "We are sorry that one of the cups you ordered arrived broken. Of course, we will replace it immediately."

Some years ago I was asked to help to improve the correspondence of a number of municipal departments. Many letters were intended to soothe irate citizens, yet had the opposite effect. I discovered a letter sent by one department which said: "If you will send us a sample of your product, we will determine its practical value, if any."

I lectured on the need for making letters express a courteous, helpful attitude. One young man, 'after carrying on a long argument by post with a particularly angry taxpayer, tried this: "Dear Mrs. Brown: Believe it or not, this office is here to help you with your problem."

In her next letter Mrs. Brown confessed that she had been more irritated by the tone of the letters she had been getting than by the problem she was trying to solve.

Beyond all the rules, however, there is an indefinable quality or tone in a letter which comes directly from the personality of the writer. It can't be taught, but it can be learnt. This letter, written by William Robinson, recently elected president of the Coca-Cola company, will show what I mean: "Dear —: You are a generous and thoughtful friend to take the trouble to write me about my new job. I deeply appreciate your good wishes, to which I hope you may add a prayer or two. There are bound to be occasions when I will need both. My thanks—and only the best."

Notice the informality and the brevity. This letter says no more than is necessary, yet there is no feeling of haste or abruptness. Given thought and care, every letter we write can be similarly effective.



HISTORY is like a surveyor's theodolite. Unless we use it frequently to look back and get our bearing, it will not be of much help to us in running a straight line ahead. —Gerald Horton Bath in *Whatsoever Things* (Stetson University)

The World's Airlines Work Together

By Will Cursler

AT LEAST ten million travellers from almost every land on earth will fly the international skyways this year. French holiday-makers will visit America by air. Office workers will make tourist flights to South Africa. Business executives will circle the world in ten days, seeing customers. The nearly 3,500 airports serving international airlines around the globe have become the world's newest wayside halts.

Behind the simplicity and popularity of international flight is a remarkable organization of experts representing 73 airlines from 50 nations. This organization, a private trade association chartered in Canada, with headquarters in Montreal, and directed by Sir William Hildred, who headed Britain's civil aviation during the Second World War, is called the International Air Transport Association.

For the ease and efficiency of international air travel we owe thanks to a remarkable organization of 73 airlines from 50 nations

Unique in world transport organization, the IATA has, in the past ten years, achieved a meeting of international minds on more than 30,000 airline problems, from the standardized training of mechanics at airports thousands of miles apart to the simplification of red tape on global flights. Because of it, today's traveller can be sure of not only high operational efficiency and safety at the most remote international airport but also a smoothly-meshed network of world airline schedules, eliminating long waits for connecting planes.

One ticket—a tidy and simple booklet of flight coupons — will

today carry the traveller through a score of countries, on 15 or 20 airlines. A single luggage ticket will send his suitcase round the world. One cargo air waybill can dispatch a crate of supplies to the farthest corner of Shangri-La.

The International Air Transport Association was born out of the chaos that was developing in international aviation as the Second World War came to a close. It succeeded the earlier but less comprehensive International Air Traffic Association, founded at The Hague in 1919. Converting to peace, nations and airlines rushed to stake a claim in the world's commercial skies. Disputes involving rates, schedules and landing facilities began erupting. Many lines could count on limitless subsidies in the struggle for passengers and cargo. Each country could set whatever rates and conditions it saw fit for flight into its territory. A potential trade war was taking shape that could wreck world aviation.

IATA came into being at a conference of world airlines in Havana, in 1945. Its stated purpose was: "To provide safe, regular and economical air transport for the benefit of the peoples of the world."

One airline director who attended the conference recalls the atmosphere of suspicion: "We were men of different countries, customs, cultural backgrounds. We eyed each other with distrust. Since then, we've argued, fought—and learned

to compromise. Each agreement has to be unanimously approved by all the airlines, and by the governments concerned. In reaching these agreements we've come to understand and respect each other."

Any regularly scheduled international airline of a country eligible for United Nations membership may become a member of IATA. The Russian airline—Aeroflot—has not joined. Czechoslovakian and Polish lines have. The organization functions through a small staff of paid specialists, who work in co-operation with committees of airline representatives. These committees meet in various cities throughout the world; the entire IATA meets in annual conference.

The Facilitation Committee — nicknamed FAL — wages worldwide war on unnecessary red tape. Ten years ago, when this committee began its battle, a plane had to carry as many as 1,500 documents to get from one side of the Atlantic to the other. This documentation wasted thousands of man-hours, tens of millions of dollars. Transatlantic pilots had a quip: "When the weight of the documents equals the weight of the plane, take off."

The battle was slow and grim, but FAL has now succeeded in eliminating hundreds of unnecessary forms and pointless questions. Information required on Embarkation-Debarcation cards is now simplified and standardized all over the world. No longer is the air traveller plagued

with such questions as, "Where did you spend the last 12 nights?" Passenger manifests have been simplified and in some cases eliminated. FAL discovered that although planes carried as many as 75 copies on every trip, with a virtual dossier on each passenger, few governments that received the manifests could explain why they required the information—or what they did with it.

Thanks to FAL, many countries—especially next-door neighbours—have reduced or eliminated visa requirements.

Formulating an international code of liability and responsibility is one of the accomplishments of IATA's Legal Committee. The Conditions of Carriage had to say the same thing in 40 languages—which meant translating and defining precisely not only words and phrases but also concepts of differing legal systems: Anglo-Saxon law, the *Code Napoléon*, the Moslem laws. Hours of study went into these translations. As a result, an air traveller or shipper can now be sure of the same guarantees and legal protections over the North Pole as over New Delhi.

IATA's most important business is transacted at Traffic Conferences, where rates, fares, types of service offered and flight schedules are hammered out. This entails hundreds of agreements covering every international route. At these meetings every airline, large or small, has a single vote—and a single

negative vote can invalidate any agreement. This veto power, however, is rarely used. Each new agreement must be approved by all the interested governments.

Traffic conferences also establish special aids for travellers. By means of IATA's international reservation code, a Delhi businessman was able to make and confirm in two hours reservations for a 22,000 mile trip involving eight airlines. When a Boston schoolteacher's suitcase became lost at Orly airport, outside Paris, teleprinters and radio telephones put into action IATA's standard procedures for tracing lost baggage. Within 24 hours the suitcase was back in the teacher's hands. Illiterate porters have learned to identify shipments requiring special handling by IATA's international sign language on air-freight labels: for radioactive material the label shows a mushroom cloud and lightning bolts; for inflammable material, a yellow flame on a black background; for poison, a white skull-and-crossbones on red.

IATA's Technical Committee works closely with the International Civil Aviation Organization, a UN agency, in establishing technical standards of safety in international flights. At one Copenhagen conference, airline, government and manufacturing leaders from all over the world spent days discussing "the last two minutes of flight"—that period from the time a plane enters its glide path until after it has

landed and taxied off the runway. The result was a focusing of the findings of the world's most experienced technicians on this critical aspect of flight.

Behind such international pooling of data and knowledge is a basic IATA concept: there can be no competition in safety. An accident on any line hurts all the others. What benefits one carrier may well advance aviation as a whole.

An important job which IATA's Medical Committee has handled is the establishment of uniform regulations for transporting the sick, the crippled, the stretcher-borne, the pregnant. Rules for handling such cases — now numbering hundreds weekly—have one purpose: to make sure the sick passenger has adequate care during flight.

Money owed by the member airlines to one another under the uniform-ticket and cargo air waybill arrangements is handled through IATA's international clearing house

in London. When an airline sells a ticket involving four other lines, for example, each line tears out a flight coupon for its leg of the trip and then sends a monthly statement to the clearing house.

"It's like totalling up an international bridge score, amounting to 300 million dollars a year," John Woodbridge, of IATA's Finance Committee, explains.

Perhaps the greatest achievement of IATA is the creation of a new avenue for the interchange of ideas among the peoples of the world. When some airlines first introduced tourist-rate proposals, many operators fought the plan. But today *every* IATA airline is courting tourist-rate trade.

These innovations, made possible through IATA, are enabling millions of people of moderate means to become world travellers. And they in turn may bring about new understanding among people who never before had a chance to meet.



Preventive Medicine

MY GREAT aunt had brought up nine children on a farm; fed them and the farm hands; done all her own housework and helped with the work on the farm. And she had never been ill in her life. Finally her family doctor asked her secret. "I constantly see young women," he said, "who have only one or two children and whose homes are full of gadgets to lighten work, but who suffer from nervous exhaustion or psychosomatic aches and pains. How is it that you managed never to have a nervous breakdown?"

"You know, doctor," she replied, "I've always *wanted* to have a nervous breakdown. But every time I was about to have *one*, it was time to get somebody a meal."

—Contributed by Beach Conger

From the tortured spirit of a deaf genius came some of the most exalted masterpieces of our musical heritage



Beethoven— the Man Who Set Music Free

By Donald Culross Peattie

THE nineteenth century was just opening in Vienna when the fist of an implacable genius knocked like destiny upon the doors of music.

This was a new and liberating force, this fellow with the lunging shoulders, the tousled, lowering head and stormy blue eyes. At the piano, his broad, blunt hands could spin gossamer trills, or thunder on the keys like an advancing army. As a composer, he knew all the rules in the book—and broke them as he pleased. He broke social conventions too. Not for a moment did Ludwig van Beethoven imagine that he was the equal of his titled patrons; he knew himself their superior.

Yet he was born in poverty in Bonn, in 1770, and the “van” in his

name did not signify nobility. He came of a Flemish family, and “van Beethoven” simply means “from the beet garden.” His worthless, hard-drinking father was a tenor of sorts in the court singers of the Elector of Cologne. His mother was the daughter of the chief cook in the castle at Ehrenbreitstein. Tubercular, abused by her husband, she was the one woman to whom Ludwig gave all his heart.

Discovering musical talent in his son, Johann van Beethoven determined to exploit it. But dressing the stocky, scowling boy in flowered satin and knocking two years off his age did not make him an infant prodigy. His concert tour down the Rhine to Holland was unsuccessful.

For though his gifts were probably the greatest ever bestowed on any musician, their growth was slow as an oak's—and as sure.

Much too slow to please the ambitious father, who often came home drunk at 3 a.m. to drag his son out of bed to the piano, rewarding every stumble of sleep-numbered fingers with a box on the ears. By day, too, it was nothing but practice, practice, on the piano and viola, so that Ludwig got scarcely any elementary schooling.

Presently even the alcoholic father noticed that the boy would not play the notes set before him; instead, his fingers chose others. That his son was a young giant beginning to stretch mighty sinews was beyond Johann's blurred understanding. But he did see that he had nothing more to teach him, and he went out to find those who had.

Beethoven's teachers were mediocrities, but a genius teaches himself. At 16 this one journeyed to Vienna to meet his idol, Mozart. The great Austrian composer perceived his powers, but before Ludwig could reap the benefits of this interest, tragedy snatched him away.

In Bonn his mother was dying. Ludwig rushed home. No sooner was she dead than her husband sold her clothes to buy drink. So sodden had the toper grown that Ludwig at 17 became virtual head of the family, with two younger brothers to support. The Elector of Cologne, appealed to, retired the worthless

Johann on a small pension—enough for him soon to drink himself to death. Young Ludwig became one of the court musicians, playing the viola in the opera, the organ at church, and the piano while the guests played cards after dinner.

He gave piano lessons, too, which brought him into the wealthy and cultivated von Breuning home, where he was practically adopted by the family. The mother gave him tactful hints on manners, on how to improve his dress; the four young people surrounded him with the first gay affection he had ever known, and took him about to other houses where music and books were loved. A whole world of thought, art, philosophy and beauty burst upon Ludwig like sunlight into a room that has always been darkened. And in his own abrupt, warm-hearted way this ugly, vigorous young man charmed everyone he met. He won a valuable ally in young Count Waldstein, who provided him with letters of introduction to people of influence in Vienna.

So, at 22, Ludwig set out again for the Austrian capital. Orchestras and concerts there were private affairs of the nobility; there were few public concerts. Only the favour of the highly placed could forward a man's career. Beethoven won it, without truckling. The musical aristocracy, fascinated by his harsh and powerful charm, by his brilliant improvisation and even by his frequent rudeness, applauded and admired him. The

Prince and Princess Lichnowsky took him into their home, gave him money, fine instruments to play, and, best of all, understanding sympathy. Stormy, lonely, scornful, humble, Beethoven responded with unequal manners but steadily increasing production.

Pieces for every instrument and combination of instruments poured from his marvellous imagination—the famed *Kreutzer Sonata* for violin, the *Moonlight* and *Pathétique* sonatas, his first two symphonies, his first three piano concertos, serenades, string quartets. A flood of the joy of living pervades these early works, so that Beethoven could write on a manuscript the simple direction, “To be played from the heart to the heart.”

All this was music free as it had never been free, liberated from the old strict forms which held even Mozart—as though it burst through garland-painted doors into a world bounteous and ardent as Nature itself. Often it was first sketched (in those notebooks which Beethoven always had with him), under the sky in the Vienna woods “where,” he wrote “every tree seems to say ‘Holy, Holy.’” Publishers now vied for the finished sheets; commissions poured in from all over the Austrian Empire and foreign lands.

And now, as Beethoven stood master of a world opening in radiant promise, an enemy came creeping up on him. The first warning, some years earlier, had been a ringing in

his ears. Now loud sounds hurt him, soft ones escaped him; he hugged his fear in secret, and fled from his friends. Only after his death was found among his papers the cry of despair he wrote: “You, my fellow men who denounce me as morose, crabbed, misanthropic. How you wrong me! I have fallen into an incurable malady. Born with a fiery, lively temperament, inclined for the amusements of society, I was forced to isolate myself. I could not bring myself to say to people, ‘Speak louder, shout, for I am deaf.’”

Deaf. A word like stone soundlessly entombing the world’s greatest musician. All through the summer of 1802 Beethoven, striding over the green countryside outside Vienna where birds sang unheard, beat furiously against the closing walls of this prison of silence. And all the while, in that bullish dark head, music stormed and soared as never before. Now, crippled in a musician’s most vital sense, he must surrender to failure and despair or, by powers not yet found, must somehow triumph. “I shall take Fate by the throat,” was his decision.

His challenge is announced by the mighty *Eroica*, not only the first great modern symphony, but Beethoven’s own soul speaking from its profound depths. True that originally he called it the *Bonaparte Symphony*, holding the hope that the Corsican soldier was a champion of the people. But when Napoleon made himself Emperor, Beethoven

struck out the first title and gave it the right one. For his ideal of a hero was a man of noble and unbreakable spirit. (No mortal ever fitted that description better than Beethoven himself.)

He was now launched upon 11 years of creation surpassed by no composer before or since. From 1804 to 1814, out of the growing silence walling him in, flowed glories that form the very heart of our musical heritage. His two most powerful piano sonatas, the *Waldstein* and the *Appassionata* have thrilled listeners for a century and a half, proving Beethoven right when he once declared that he wrote for the future. But when such music first broke upon his startled audience it was called "wild," "unplayable," "incomprehensible." Immortal, too, are the rejoicing Fourth Piano Concerto, and the Fifth, called the *Emperor* because it towers above all others.

Outwardly, Beethoven was a stumbling blunderer with uncouth manners, given to upsetting his ink-pot into the piano and never able to manage his feet to the simplest ballroom tune. Within, at the core, lay harmony so perfect that it may be called divine. For Beethoven's deepest impulse in composing was devout, and from it sprang the moral beauty which for generations has sustained millions of listening hearts.

Of the symphonies, numbers Four to Eight belong to this decade of outpoured riches. The Fifth opens

with notes which have been called "destiny knocking at the door"—a mighty summons which has rung round the world. For those three short raps and a longer knock parallel the "dot-dot-dot-dash" of the Morse code sounding the letter "V." In the Second World War this theme became to the Allies a defiant prediction of Victory; street boys whistled it at Nazi occupation forces; in the cafés of captive lands patrons would tap it on their glasses. The Nazis fumed, helpless; this was the greatest of German music—turned against them.

With the publishing of these symphonies, Beethoven's fame spread wide, and money came pouring in. Yet he was driven ever deeper into loneliness. He could no longer play for an audience, for in his deafness he struck the keys so hard in the loud passages that the strings broke, and in the softer parts he failed to make the notes sound. Hurt, despairing, he needed friends more than ever. But those who stood by him were sorely tried, for in his bitter frustration he was likely to turn on them. The inward nobility of the man for ever struggled with this discord in his own behaviour.

Such a temperament could never make a woman happy, yet Beethoven longed for a wife. A good woman looked like an angel to him, and he fell in love as easily as he might tumble into a ditch on those long walks of his when he went stumbling through the fields, his head

filled with music. He slept sometimes where he happened to lie down, so that he was once arrested for vagrancy. Little wonder that the women he besought all chose in the end less famous and more companionable husbands.

- For seven long years, from 1817 to 1823, his old friends heard only trifles from him. Few knew that he had in hand two tremendous works—the *Missa Solemnis* and the Ninth and final symphony (which was commissioned by the London Philharmonic Society). These are both compositions of vast design, in which a chorus of human voices joins with the orchestra to overwhelm the listener. They were first performed in 1824, with the master himself marking the time. The performers, however, were privately told to put no reliance on the baton of the poor deaf genius.

Beethoven stood, his back to the audience, thirsty eyes rushing over the score, beating time but hearing not even the thunder of the drums or the full-throated rejoicing of the chorus. When the audience, weeping and shouting, applauded till the

walls echoed, he still stood beating the soundless air, till one of the singers gently turned him round that he might see his triumph.

This was his last public appearance. For some time he had been the victim of a stealthy liver disease; as its destruction progressed, the isolated inner Beethoven mounted to serene but lonely heights. There, like one in thinner, purer air who sees below him a world that he has left, he composed a series of string quartets, the last notes he ever wrote. They are his will and testament to us, affirming for all time that spirit transcends suffering, and even death.

And that drew close; throughout the first months of 1827 torturing ills besieged the tired flesh. With peasant strength the sinking giant fought them. But on March 26 the watchers at his bedside knew the end near, for he lay unconscious, while outside raged a furious storm. A flash of lightning lit the sickroom, a clap of thunder sounded as though heaven were pushing apart its gates. Beethoven opened his eyes, lifted a clenched fist—to knock upon those doors?—and passed within.

THE U.S. FOREIGN Operations Administration sent a questionnaire to a man who was given as a referee by an applicant for a job. To the question: "Why do you think the applicant wants to work for this agency?" the man answered, "I think he needs the money and I don't think he knows what he's getting into."

—Les and Liz Carpenter in *Quote*

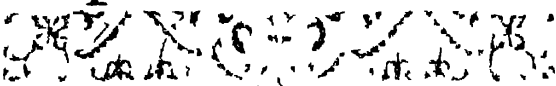
WHEN a census taker asked a man if he lived within his income, he replied with some dignity: "Certainly not. It is all I can do, sir, to live within my credit."

—Ashley Cooper in *News and Courier*, Charleston, South Carolina

A healing balm for the too-strenuous pace



Three Steps to Personal Peace



By Dr. Norman Vincent Peale

PEOPLE are so keyed up nowadays that I, a minister, must report that it is almost impossible to put them to sleep with a sermon. It has been years since I have seen anyone asleep in church. And that is a sad situation.

Most of us don't realize how accelerated the rate of our lives has become, or the speed at which we are driving ourselves. Men and women are destroying their bodies by this pace—and, what is even more tragic, their minds and souls as well. For constant overstimulation produces poisons in the body and creates fatigue and emotional illness.

There are times when the only way to check this headlong pace is to stop—abruptly. I went to a certain town to give a lecture and was met at the station by a committee. I was rushed to a bookshop for one autographing party and then on to another. After that I rushed to a lunch,

rushed through it, and on to a meeting. After the meeting I rushed back to my hotel, where I was told I had 20 minutes to dress for dinner. While I was dressing, the telephone rang. "Hurry," the voice said, "we must get down to dinner."

"I'll be straight down," I said.

I was about to rush from the room when suddenly I stopped. "What is this all about?" I asked myself.

I telephoned downstairs and said, "If you want to eat, go ahead, I'll be down after a while."

I took off my shoes, put my feet up on the table and just sat. Then I opened the Bible at the 121st Psalm: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help." I read it very slowly, aloud. Then I had a little talk with myself: "Come on now, slow down. God is here and His peace is touching you."

I shall never forget the sense of peace and personal mastery I had

when I walked out of that room 15 minutes later. I had the glorious feeling of having overcome something, of having taken control of myself emotionally. And when I reached the dining room all I had missed was the soup:

• Everyone should insist upon not less than a quarter of an hour of absolute quiet every 24 hours. As Thomas Carlyle said: "Silence is the element in which great things fashion themselves." Go alone into the quietest place available and sit or lie down for 15 minutes. Do not talk to anyone. Do not read. Think as little as possible. This may be difficult at first because thoughts are stirring up your mind, but practice will make it easier. Conceive of your mind as the surface of a body of water and see how nearly unruffled you can make it. Then try to listen for the deeper sounds of harmony and beauty and of God that are to be found in the essence of silence.

Go out some warm day and lie down on the earth. You will hear all manner of sounds, the wind in the trees and the murmur of insects; presently you will discover a well-regulated tempo. You can find it in church, and you can also find it in a factory. An industrialist in a large factory once told me that his best workmen are those who get into harmony with the rhythm of the machine on which they are working; they are less tired at the end of the day. To avoid tiredness and to have energy, feel your way into the

essential rhythm that is in your job as it is in all things.

By the very words we use and the tone in which we use them we can talk ourselves into being nervous, highly strung, upset. Other words produce a tranquil state. The words of the Bible have a particularly therapeutic value. Drop them into your mind and allow them to "dissolve"; they will spread a healing balm over your spirit.

A salesman told me that on a business trip he had gone to his hotel room, terribly nervous. "I tried to write some letters, but couldn't get my mind on them," he said. "I paced the room, tried to read the paper and finally decided to go down for a drink—anything to get away from myself.

"Then I noticed the Bible on the dressing table. I hadn't read one for years, but something impelled me—I opened the book to a Psalm. I remember I read that one standing up, then sat down and read another.

"Soon I came to the 23rd Psalm. I had learnt it as a boy at Sunday school and was surprised that I still knew most of it by heart. I tried saying it over: 'He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul . . .' I sat there repeating the words—and the next thing I knew I woke up.

"Apparently I had dropped off to sleep. Only about 15 minutes had passed, but I was as refreshed as if I'd had a good night's sleep. Then I

realized that for the first time for a long while I felt at peace."

Emotional control cannot, however, be developed by merely reading a book, although that is often helpful. The only sure method is by working at it regularly and persistently. The secret is to keep the mind quiet, avoid all hasty reactions, keep the tempo down.

Captain Eddie Rickenbacker is a very busy man, but he manages to handle his responsibilities in a manner indicating reserves of power. I found one element of his secret quite by accident.

I was filming a programme for television with him. We had been assured that the work could be done quickly, but the filming was delayed long beyond the time anticipated. The captain showed no signs of agitation. He did not pace up and down or put in frantic telephone calls. There were a couple of old rocking chairs at the studio. He sat down in one, completely calm.

"I know how busy you are," I said. "How can you be relaxed?"

"Oh, I just practise what you

preach," he replied. "Come, sit down beside me."

I pulled up the other rocking chair and did a little relaxing of my own. Then Eddie gave me the formula which he uses frequently to attain serenity. I now use it myself several times a day and find it effective.

First, collapse physically. Let go of every muscle in the body. Form a mental picture of a huge sack of potatoes. Then mentally cut the sack, allowing the potatoes to roll out. Think of yourself as the sack. What is more relaxed than an empty potato sack?

The second element in the formula is to drain the mind of all irritation, resentment, disappointment, frustration, annoyance. To do this think of the most beautiful and peaceful scenes you know—a mountain at sunset, a valley filled with the hush of early morning, a forest at noonday, a lake by moonlight.

Third, turn the mind to God. At least three times a day lift up your eyes unto the hills. This keeps you in tune with God's harmony. It re-fills you with peace.



Deft Definitions

A judge's definition of an accident after hearing both drivers' stories:
A head-on collision between two stationary cars parked on their own sides of the road.

Annette McKay, Birmingham

Teen-agers: People who get hungry again before the dishes are even washed.

—Dorothy Challman in *Household*

Beauty parlour: Where the talk alone is enough to curl your hair.

—Luke Neely

THE ONLY WAY OUT

*By Claus Gaedemann
and Robert Littell*



THE FILE on Alfred Lauterbach, prisoner No. 1880 in Brandenburg Penitentiary, East Germany, was meagre. It showed only that he had been sentenced to 25 years for the crime of conspiracy against the German Soviet State. The file did not tell how, in the last days of the war, this young German artist had watched his brother die by torture at the hands of Soviet soldiers. In retaliation, he had thrown himself into underground resistance, had been arrested, "tried" by a Russian military court and summarily sentenced.

When our story begins in May, 1952, Lauterbach had been in prison three years. His head was cropped. His restless, burning eyes were sunk deep in his drawn face. He had lost four stone.

Worst of all for artist Lauterbach was the knowledge that his skill of hand and eye was rusting away. The day had 100 hours; he sat alone with his thoughts in a cell where he could hear children playing and laughing in the free world beyond the walls, yet never see them.

But one day Lauterbach was shown some Communist propaganda posters and asked to paint others like them. Though he hated the East German régime, he jumped at the chance to hold a paintbrush in his hand once more.

A young police officer escorted him to a long, narrow room with a high window on the top floor of the prison. On a trestle table lay paper, pencils, cloth streamers, pots of paint. He was given a dozen slips of paper with the text of slogans typed on them, and locked in. Lauterbach shoved the table under the window, set the chair on the table and climbed up for his first glimpse of freedom in three years. Then he went to work. There was such sheer joy in watching colour spread under his brush that time flashed by; before he knew it, his guard was standing at the door to take him down to his cell.

An unusually young man for the sergeant-major's stars on his shoulder straps, Lauterbach thought, and looked at him more closely. Smart blue uniform; straw-blond hair showing under the jaunty cap; unblinking eyes set like marbles in a poker face of almost baby-pink. Here was a perfect specimen of the new Communist-trained People's Police: green as a cucumber but hard as nails.

THE GUARD, Horst Bock, was indeed young. Born in 1930, he had known only the Germany of Hitler,

the war and the Soviet régime. At 17, urged by a People's Policeman, who was the father of one of his friends, he enlisted in the *Volks-polizei*—the Vopo. But Bock had no more politics than the naïve belief that the Soviet régime was responsible for East Germany's postwar recovery.

Even the massive doses of Marx and Lenin which he got at the Police School didn't seem to affect him. If you were a good recruit, you stood dutifully in the rain, whether the downpour was words or water. He learned to take it—also to dish it out; he became fluent in Communist doctrine.

At the proper time he was told to join the Communist Party. He hesitated — until his friend's father pointed out to him that if he didn't join he couldn't hope for promotion. "I saw no harm in it," says Bock now. "I just went along."

He emerged from his schooling a specialist. At Brandenburg he was assigned to the prison's three-man Political Division, where he censored East German newspapers before they were given to the inmates, looked after the library for the prison staff of 300, and lectured to them regularly on Communist history and ideology.

Life was good. Bock's young wife, also a Vopo, with the rank of corporal, worked in the prison's teletype department. They had two small children, lived practically rent-free in one of the comfortable staff

houses near the prison and, by East German standards, were well paid.

If Bock was not a convinced Communist, he was at any rate an obedient, industrious and appreciated servant of the State. He had no idea of "choosing freedom" or indeed anything but the path ahead of him—which clearly led upward.

FROM time to time during the weeks that followed, Bock would march his shaky, grey-faced prisoner to the studio workroom, to the task of painting posters or blowing up to several times life-size the paunchy figures of puppet President Pieck or Premier Ulbricht. Words between them were few. But each was sizing up the other.

Lauterbach saw in Bock a tool of the power he feared and loathed. But how ruthless or how pliable a tool, he did not know. So he kept his mouth shut. He watched and waited.

Lauterbach, on the other hand, impressed Bock more and more by his talent, his concentration, the passion he put into making a good job of dreary slogans. Bock could not feel, he said later, that Lauterbach was a criminal; rather he was an opponent of the régime whom it was logical to lock up.

Imperceptibly, as time went on, the ice melted. The tone of Bock's commands softened. Occasionally he would offer a word of praise, now and then a mild joke. Curious about this prisoner, Bock looked up

his record. It was starkly brief: there had been a two-minute trial, followed by a five-word explanation of a 25-year sentence. Bock wanted to know more.

One day in September when he came to take Lauterbach down from the workshop, Bock asked: "Just what are you in prison for?"

Impulsively, Lauterbach burst out: "I was branded as a criminal because I fought against crime!"

It was as if the cork had been pulled from a bottle; everything came spilling out. Lauterbach poured out the tale of heartless injustices so many people had suffered—decent people whose crime had been indignation and protest. Sentences of a third of a lifetime for offences they hadn't committed.

Bock's duty, according to regulations, was to interrupt the prisoner, accuse him of telling lies and report him. Instead he listened, fascinated. "He may be lying," Bock remembers saying to himself. "I must find out if it tallies."

At one point in Lauterbach's tirade Bock went to the door and opened it to see if anyone was listening. By this gesture, though neither of them realized it at the time, he had crossed the line: he and Lauterbach were on the same side of the fence.

Later, alone in his cell, Lauterbach was horrified at what he had done. Bock would report him, of course. It meant weeks in the soundless punishment cell deep

underground—no light, no bed but boards, only dry bread to eat.

For a week he sat alone in dread, waiting for the axe to fall. And then one morning Bock came for him, escorted him upstairs and set him a task as if nothing had happened.

But in Bock's mind and heart a great deal had happened. At that time the first steps towards an amnesty of political prisoners were being taken in Soviet Germany. Many of the inmates of Brandenburg were being questioned in the hope that some would confess and beg the government for mercy.

It was part of Bock's job to help with the preliminary questioning. Under this cover he talked to almost 100 prisoners, and unearthed a sickening succession of cases of doctors, teachers, civil servants sentenced to ten, 15, 25 years for political "crimes" which were trivial, trumped-up or grotesquely vague. Lauterbach had not been lying.

Bock said nothing, but Lauterbach sensed the change, and began to push a little. He showed Bock selected newspaper cuttings: "Ten Thousand Cheer Party Leaders," a Communist headline would boast—and Bock, who had been to the meeting, knew that only a few hundred had turned out.

One day Lauterbach launched into a savage attack on puppet Premier Ulbricht. Bock let the prisoner fire away. He was moved by Lauterbach's eloquence, his unanswerable facts. At the end he

remarked, "Be glad you said all this to me and not to someone else."

Bock had committed himself.

And now, he began to try to help the prisoners. There were the smuggled notes between inmates, for example. When a note was intercepted by a guard and taken to Bock, he would consult Lauterbach. If Lauterbach said the prisoner was all right, nothing more would happen. Even more dangerous was his identifying, to Lauterbach, the informers among the prisoners. Lauterbach would then discreetly pass the word round that So-and-So was not to be trusted.

Then Bock fell ill. For four weeks he was at home with plenty of time to think things out. It became clear to him that he had in effect joined the underground. Sooner or later he would betray himself. There was only one solution. When he came back to the prison he fastened his cool, steady eyes on Lauterbach and said: "The only way out of all this is—out."

"That should not be difficult for you," replied Lauterbach.

"It's going to be extremely difficult," said Bock, "because when I go I shall take you with me!"

Lauterbach was speechless. A policeman and an inmate escaping together from Brandenburg—it was mad!

BRANDENBURG prison was what penologists call an "institution of maximum security." The buildings

were enclosed with a 20-foot wall, at each corner of which stood a watchtower manned by guards with machine guns. At night searchlights glared pitilessly down upon a strip of bright-yellow sand just within the wall. Any prisoner who stepped on to this blinding beach was instantly shot. Everyone and everything that passed through the prison's double gates was scrutinized. At unpredictable times there were spot checks when men and goods were meticulously searched. No one had ever escaped from Brandenburg.

But Bock's determination was unshakable. Carefully he went over all the possibilities: fake papers, a guard's uniform, switching off the searchlights and scaling the wall in the dark, even the wild idea of arming enough prisoners to stage a gigantic delivery of all of them. And once he and Lauterbach were out, how would they cross the Havel River between Potsdam and West Berlin?

They were working hard on their plans when suddenly Bock was transferred to a post in Kottbus Prison. He left Brandenburg at a few hours' notice.

A stouter heart even than Lauterbach's would have despaired. He was seldom asked to paint now, or to letter posters. Time stretched out and out; nearly a year went by. Then Horst Bock was in Brandenburg again, transferred back at his own request. Lauterbach's hopes

blazed when he realized that his guard was as keen as ever to attempt the double escape. Bock had been to Berlin, and could easily have gone over to freedom alone. Instead, he had come back for his friend.

Again for weeks they watched, planned and eliminated one escape scheme after another. And then, when the whole thing seemed utterly hopeless, Bock had a flash of inspiration. A shortage of 100 marks or so had turned up in the accounts of his political section. A small matter, but it caused a flurry among Bock's superiors. Why not make up the deficit by selling the old newspapers piled high in the top-floor storeroom? The authorities, relieved, told him to go ahead and do just that.

At 8 a.m. on Thursday, July 8, 1954, a covered van backed up to the doors of the prison office buildings. It waited while a squad of inmates, with Sergeant-Major Horst Bock in charge, climbed back and forth to the storeroom, where Lauterbach handed each man a heavy bundle of newspapers.

The last bundle was taken down by Lauterbach. Inside was hidden a suit of civilian clothes. Under the unattended windows of the office staff, he carried the bundle of papers into the van. Bock climbed in after him and quickly stacked the bundles around and over him.

It was raining as the van

pulled out. At the first gate two guards stepped out of their room. Turning up their collars against the rain, they peered into the van. They saw a load of old newspapers with Bock, who outranked them, sitting on top. They waved the driver on. The guards at the second gate likewise were satisfied. "Pass!" they said.

When Lauterbach heard the van start up again, he peeled off his prison uniform and hurried into the civilian clothes. As the van slowed for a stop-sign he hopped off. A moment later Bock followed him. The two men walked into the city of Brandenburg 100 yards apart, like strangers.

It was now after nine. At noon there would be a roll call of the inmates. As soon as Lauterbach was reported missing, a crash alarm with roadblocks, radio cars and police launches would triple-seal the border between Potsdam and West Berlin. The two men had 30 miles and a risky swim before them.

By taxi and bus the fugitives rode taut as watchsprings into Potsdam. Then they walked, not too quickly, through the lawns and hedges of Babelsberg, where many Russian officers had their villas, and down to a deserted spot on the Havel River. Into the water they waded and struck out for the far shore.

The rain made visibility bad, and the wind raised choppy little waves. Lauterbach, weakened from his prison fare, could not make good

time. Half way across they heard the sound they had dreaded most: the *put-put* of a motorboat. A police launch was bearing down on them.

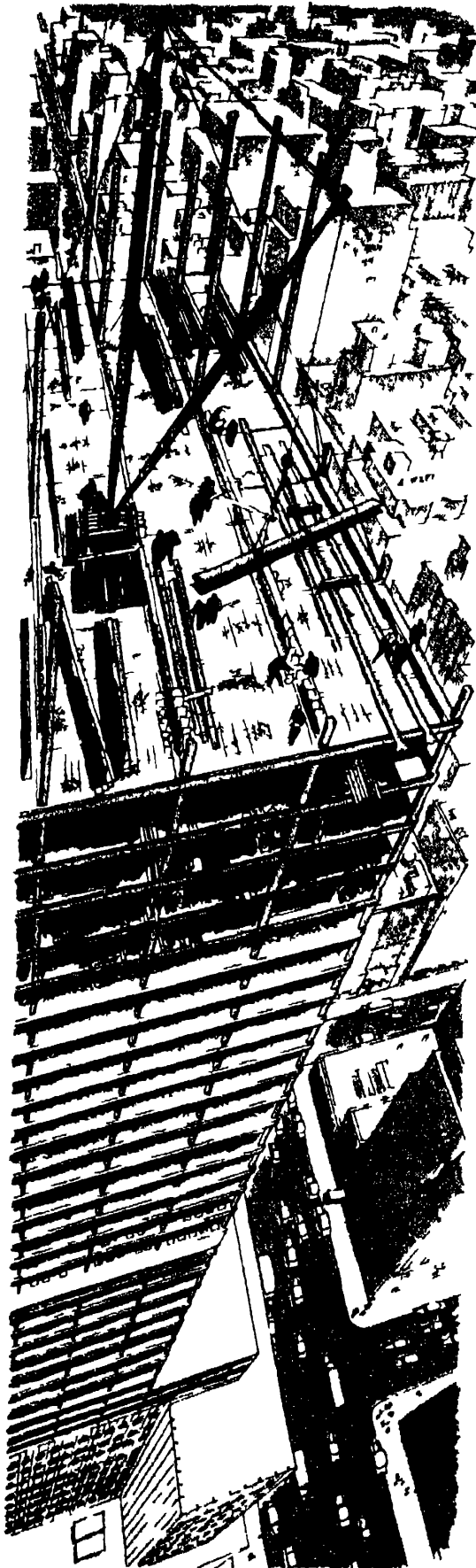
Or was it? Unbelievably, the Soviet police, whom they could see huddled in the cabin, did not see them. The launch came abreast and then *put-putted* on.

They swam on, stumbled ashore, saw the friendly uniforms of the West Berlin police and surrendered at last to freedom.

THE REST, like all happy endings, is quickly told. After the usual screening, they were granted political asylum and flown out to West Germany. Bock's wife was placed under house arrest for some weeks but, being pregnant, was finally allowed out to consult a doctor. Taking her two young children with her, she slipped into West Berlin, and from there to a small Bavarian town where the Bock family now lives. Horst is learning photography, with the help of the man whom his courage, loyalty and skill rescued from death.

A few houses away, Alfred Lauterbach carves beautiful wood figures in the tradition of his native Saxony; a tiny goose teasing a little girl; dappled deer no larger than a bracelet charm. Soon he hopes to start a small factory.

For the Bocks and for Lauterbach, bound together by an act of patient, selfless courage, life is not easy. But it is free.



A close-up view of a great modern architectural achievement

BUILDING A SKYSCRAPER

By Ira Wolfert

ANY "AMERICAN" anywhere in the world and a picture of skyscrapers comes to mind. Say "Skyscraper" to a construction worker and it means a chance to show the world his value to it.

One morning last May I joined some of these aristocrats of the American building trades as they gathered to work on the largest skyscraper now going up in New York — the 45 storey, 43-million dollar Socony Mobil Building, which will cover an entire block right in the centre of the city.

That day the structure was up 28 storeys, but no lift was in yet. To the men, some in their 50's and older, it meant more hard labour just to carry themselves and their tools up the long trail of stairs and ladders to where the day's work could begin than another job would require in the entire day. Nor is there any extra pay for skyscraper work: a New York carpenter, for example, gets \$3.55 an hour whether he is building a chicken coop or a palace of business.

By 7.30 a.m. the stairs were groaning

with climbers—some 900 of them. One of the men was an engineer, Michael Slivka, a second World War veteran. He was taking the place of a man who had fallen off the beams one icy day last winter and was still in hospital. The long climb over, Slivka started his day's work by jumping on to a float to swing out beyond the edge of the building to test the rivets.

It was a sunny, blowy morning. As the young man jumped, a gust of wind caught the float. Far out it swung, and then back against the girders with a crash. Slivka held on desperately with both hands, his eyes closed, while a dizzying distance below him the insect-size traffic swarmed along 42nd Street. When the float came to rest, he waited a moment until the terror stopped shrieking in his blood. Then he began busily tapping rivets to make sure they were firmly in place. His work was too important to let a little thing like fear cramp his style.

A much older man, who also works up aloft, is appalled by heights. When he has to walk the six-inch beams he does it sitting down, pulling himself along with his hands, cursing abjectly as he does so. But it would take more than fear of heights to get him out of his job. (Once a British Admiral confided to me that he had suffered from seasickness for 33 years. But what could he do about it? He loved the Royal Navy.)

A skyscraper is a triumph of mind over a million matters. It must, for instance, pull itself up into the air by its own shoelaces. The key to this stunt is the derrick, which lifts up the building piece by piece. When a floor has been partly planked over, the derrick erects columns and connecting beams for the next two storeys. These in position, the derrick is separated into its two parts, boom and mast. The boom, now acting as a lift by itself, raises the mast and deposits it on a steel beam, two storeys above. Then the mast, installed, hauls up the boom. Then together they start lifting up the materials for ensuing floors at the Jack-and-the-Beanstalk rate of one storey every two days.

The building contractor's men work from more than 5,000 intricate blue-prints, each a sheet of paper the size of a long table. But that's only the beginning. There are sub- and sub-sub- and sub-sub-sub-contractors, specialists in different phases of building. Before the Socony Mobil job is over, in the spring of 1956, about 300 contractors will have a part in it, and each will have made up his own blue-prints to fit into the whole.

To get an idea of what precise planning is involved, consider the wash basins in this building. There will be more than 1,000 of them. The pipes to and from them had to be laid even before the basins were ordered. For wash basins can't be fixed in place until the walls are in,

and the walls can't go in until the door frames do, and the frames can't go in until the floor is there, and the electric wiring and ducting and piping must all go in before the concrete floor and must protrude at just the right places and angles.

Here is a mammoth problem in logistics. Six months before ground was broken for the excavation, the contractor was drawing up schedules to provide for the arrival of finished materials from the manufacturers, some as far away as Italy and Belgium. The manufacturers, in turn, had to draw up schedules with their suppliers for the arrival of their raw materials. Now, every day, about 60 trucks unload material in front of the building. They have to come and go to a precise timetable, or there would be a monumental traffic jam. Since there is no room to store anything, what the giant trailer trucks unload in the morning must be fastened or cemented or riveted into place by the afternoon, when more trucks arrive.

All schedules must be fitted into the rhythm of work of the men, who seem to have unwritten laws about how much is a good day's work. Twenty-five years ago, when there were seven waiting for the job of every one working, a bricklayer used to lay an inhuman 700 bricks a day. Today it's 400, in New York. In some places it's only 250. A riveting crew does about 250 rivets a day. I saw a riveting crew that failed to

make its self-imposed quota. The foreman didn't have to speak to them; they were as disgruntled with each other as a team that had lost a game.

Despite all these complexities, so skilfully has the schedule been worked out that it is a rare occurrence when the construction supervisor has to send a truck circling round the block until room can be made to unload it.

In the early days of the century, newspapers made a nine days' wonder out of the weight of skyscrapers. It was feared they might sink New York City into the sea. The fact is, skyscrapers are making the city lighter. The Socony Mobil Building, with its stainless-steel skin (which weighs a mere two pounds to the square foot, instead of the 48 pounds that brick would weigh), will weigh 177,500 tons when finished. *But* more than 250,000 tons of earth and rock had to be carried away from its site to expose the bedrock on which it now rests.

This earth and rock had to be blasted loose amid a jungle of foundations and pipes and wires that surround the property, to say nothing of the acres of glass windows rearing up on all sides, and the underground railway that has a station on the property itself. It was a job comparable to setting off a hand grenade in a crate of eggs. But the only casualties reported were one sprung door in a shop across the street and a bottle of medicine that teetered

off a chemist's shelf a block away.

Building skyscrapers is dangerous work. Up to a decade ago, insurance actuaries estimated one man dead for every million dollars of work done. The same fatal problems remain: working a monster cat crane in a walled, mud-floored area thronged with crews from 20 different trades, each in the other's way, nestling a steel beam down among men it can hurl to their death while a wind is blowing strong enough to lift the helmets off their heads. But something new has been added to cut down the toll: experience.

For the Socony Mobil job, the insurance company calculated that there would be a total of 1,500 accidents in the first year. A concerted safety drive kept the actual figure down to 449, of which only 115 were serious enough to be reported to the state compensation board. Only one man is dead. A lorry backed into him while he was working on the foundation.

A skyscraper goes up in bays. Four vertical columns standing about 20 feet apart outline the sides of a bay, horizontal girders and beams its top. The steel is lifted in a bundle, each piece marked to show its final place in the building. When the columns have been bolted to the columns below, "pinners" go up them into the open sky the way South Sea natives walk up coconut trees. They grab the column with two hands, then scoot up on rubber-soled shoes. Wrapping their legs round the

column, they hold on while a derrick lifts a beam to them and they set it in place.

"Plumbers" follow the "pinners." With horizontal beams jury-rigged into the bay, the "plumbers" swarm up ladders to run about on top, taking sights, dropping plumb lines and wrapping the whole bay around with guy wires. Tightening the guy wires with turnbuckles, they true up the bay on top with the one beneath. A half-inch deviation from a straight line in a 24-foot column can add up when you're dealing with hundreds of steel girders.

After the "plumbers" come the riveters, and, after them, the deluge—carpenters, cement masons, shorers and underpinners, glaziers, electricians, marble-cutters, tile-setters, tinsmiths, pipe-fitters, painters. In these trades there are always more efficient tricks coming along. For example, nails are now hammered into a steel beam with a patented gun: the nail is inserted in a cartridge and shot into the beam like a bullet.

When Radio City's skyscrapers were built 20 years ago, 20 cents of every dollar went for mechanical and electrical installations to operate the buildings. In today's skyscraper it's 48 cents. It's not the cost per machine that accounts for the rise, but the quantity and variety now required.

Go down into the sub-basement of the Socony Mobil Building. You see two acres of control panels, switch-gear rooms, water pumps, blowers,

air-conditioning equipment, re-heat coils for the hot water—all purring and whirring shoulder to shoulder, separated only by narrow corridors. This, even though there are no furnaces in the building. (Steam is piped in from a steam company a mile away.) Yet, in addition to the sub-basement, there is a second engine room which fills half a middle floor, and a third which fills the penthouse on the roof. These engines (20 million dollars' worth) do just about everything automatically in keeping the building going except repair themselves.

To the men who build them, skyscrapers are tools for the use of office workers. Hence they try to make each new one an improvement on the others. There are now four rush hours in a skyscraper's day: morning arrival, coffee break, lunch and five o'clock. Peter Ruffin, who, with John Galbreath, owns the Socony Mobil Building (Socony Mobil is one of the ten future tenants), told me that in the pell-mell minutes between 8.50 and 9 in the morning he expects some 7,000 people to come pounding into his lobby in great surging batches. And all of them will want to be at their desks by nine.

That's one problem for the lifts. Another is what happens normally. Studies indicate that the average New Yorker waits only 17 seconds for a lift before pushing the button a second time. After 30 seconds he looks for someone to whom to announce that the service is rotten.

Thus Ruffin and Galbreath want the lifts on a schedule that will take at least two of them—one up and one down—past each floor on an average of every 30 seconds. And the schedule must be improvised, of course, as the day goes along, because the elapsed time of a lift's run depends on how many stops it has to make and how many passengers it has to let off and take aboard.

In the Socony Mobil Building all this will be taken care of by a control box crammed with wire, computer mechanisms and solenoids. There will be no operators. The only visible functionaries in the lifts will be buttons pushed by passengers themselves to indicate the floors to which they want to be taken.

When a lift is full it will not halt except to discharge a passenger. During rush hours it will go non-stop, empty, to the point where passengers are bunching up. However, the forgotten man, the one going against the avalanche of traffic, will be remembered. If full lifts keep passing a stop signal for longer than a minute and a half, Automatic Otto will shed an ampere of pity and dispatch a special express.

The man who stands in the open doorway of these lifts to finish a conversation will get a talking-to from Otto. First he will be nudged, gently but insistently, by the doors, while a buzzer sounds. If he persists, the doors will come galloping shut.

The Otis Elevator Company is putting 32 lifts in Socony Mobil, at a

cost of three and a half million dollars. They call the system Autotronic—for automatic and electronic.

When I left the building that May day, high up aloft a single pneumatic chisel was chattering away, chew-

ing out a rivet young Mike Slivka had found fault with. The sound arched over the city to fall a mile away. Constructing this mountain of steel was just another job. Just another man-made marvel.



Case Histories

A FRIEND of mine, threatened with a nervous breakdown, was persuaded to consult a psychiatrist. After their first session, he gave her a list of things to do and made a weekly appointment for her. Two weeks later he telephoned her and asked why she had failed to keep her appointments.

"But, Doctor," she explained, "you told me to stay away from people who irritate me, and I don't know anyone who irritates me more than you do."

- Contributed by Ethel Fischer

A TEACHER noticed that one little boy was drawing everything in heavy black crayon. He drew black horses, black cows and black barns. Disturbed about what was going on in his mind, she called a meeting of the little boy's parents, the headmaster of the school and a psychiatrist.

They finally got at the root of the trouble—it was the only crayon he had.

- Contributed by Gertrude Mote

A PATIENT was taken to a psychiatrist by friends, who informed the doctor that the man was suffering from delusions that a huge fortune was awaiting him. He was expecting two letters which would give him details involving the deeds to a rubber plantation in Sumatra and the titles to some mines in South America.

"It was a difficult case and I worked hard on it," the psychiatrist told some colleagues. "And just when I had the man cured—the two letters arrived!"

—*This Week*

A PSYCHIATRIST ran into one of his patients at a restaurant. "Doctor," the woman said, introducing her spouse, "this is my husband—one of the men I've been telling you about."

—Hy Gardner, New York Herald Tribune Syndicate

It Pays to Increase Your Word Power

By Wilfred Funk

ONE SYLLABLE words are not always so simple as they look. Here are 20 verbs all beginning with *f*. First write down your own definitions of the words you think you know. Then mark the word or phrase you believe is *nearest in meaning* to the key word. Answers are on the next page.

- (1) **forge** (forj) A to lie B move ahead C split apart D climb
- (2) **fare** (fare) A to turn out or happen B be just and honest C pay one's way D suffer
- (3) **fume** (fume) A to foam B give off sparks C show anger D hurry
- (4) **flick** (flick) A to hit hard B scratch C flip lightly D snap at
- (5) **fuse** (fuz) A to cloud B singe C melt together D embarrass
- (6) **foist** (foyst) A to force B lift C strengthen D palm off
- (7) **flout** (flout) A to make vulgar display of B treat with contempt C strut conspicuously D hit
- (8) **flounce** (flounce) A to flirt B swagger C dance D fling oneself about impatiently
- (9) **flaunt** (flawnt) A to scoff at or jeer B twist C disdain D display boastfully
- (10) **flare** (fläre) A to simmer B fly into a passion C be enthusiastic D be noisy
- (11) **flay** (flay) A to whip B spread out C strip off the skin D splice together
- (12) **fray** (fray) A to quarrel B become ragged C pay the costs D become frightened
- (13) **fleck** (flek) A to scar or scratch B snip C dent D spot or streak
- (14) **filch** (filch) A to welsh on a bet B deceive C spy D steal slyly
- (15) **flail** (flale) A to wince B skin C be undecided D strike or beat
- (16) **feign** (fane) A to disdain B be favourably disposed C pretend D flatter
- (17) **foil** (foil) A to hinder or prevent B grow angry C deceive D quarrel bitterly
- (18) **flex** (fleks) A to flinch B stretch C wink D bend
- (19) **fell** (fel) A to level off B faint C kill D knock down
- (20) **fawn** (fawn) A to be in love with B fool C flatter in a slavish way D brag

"IT PAYS TO INCREASE YOUR WORD POWER"

- (1) **forge**--B: To move ahead; as, "In the second half the home team began to *forge* ahead."
- (2) **fare** - A: To turn out or happen, to do or go, as, "May your book *fare* well in sales." Old English *faran*, "to go."
- (3) **fume**--C: To show anger, complain in annoyance; as, "How he would always *fume* at unnecessary delay!" Latin *fumare*, "to smoke"
- (4) **flick**- C: To flip lightly, as, "to *flick* a horse with a whip"; or "to *flick* dust from a coat."
- (5) **fuse**- C. To melt together, liquefy by heat. Hence, to unite, as, "The instructor worked hard to *fuse* his men into a well-drilled unit." Latin *fusus*, from *fundere*, "to pour"
- (6) **foist** - D). To thrust slyly, palm off; as, "The salesman tried to *foist* an inferior product on the customer."
- (7) **flout** -B: To treat with contempt, mock or scoff at, as, "Who would dare *flout* this order?" Middle English *flouten*, "to whistle."
- (8) **flounce**--D: To fling oneself about impatiently, petulantly; as, "We were startled to see her *flounce* out of the room." Probably from the Swedish *flunsa*, "to plunge."
- (9) **flaunt**--D). To display boastfully, to parade; as, "He liked to *flaunt* his wealth in public."
- (10) **flare**--B: To blaze up suddenly. Hence, to fly into a passion or rage; as, "She would *flare* up at the most unexpected times."
- (11) **flay**--C: To strip off the skin. Hence, to censure harshly; crucify brutally; as, "He set out to *flay* his critics with his pen." Old English *flean*.
- (12) **fray**--B: To become ragged; ravel out with wear; as, "This cloth will soon *fray* at the edges." Latin *fricare*, "to rub."
- (13) **fleck**--D: To spot or streak; as, "The rising sun began to *fleck* the forest floor with gold."
- (14) **filch**--D: To steal small amounts slyly; as, "He was caught trying to *filch* from the cash register."
- (15) **flail**--D: To strike or beat, as with the flail used to separate grain, as, "The bail *flails* the harvest and rends the trees asunder." Latin *flagellere*, "to flail"
- (16) **feign**--C: To pretend, simulate, as, "No matter how he may *feign* modesty, he is a man of conceit." Old French *feindre*, from Latin *fingere*, "to form, invent."
- (17) **foil** -A: To hinder or prevent; frustrate; baulk or baffle; as, "to *foil* the enemy's plans." Old French *fuler*, "to trample."
- (18) **flex**--D: To bend, as, "to *flex* the arm." Latin *flevis*, from *flectere*, "to bend."
- (19) **fell**--D: To cut down, as a tree; hence, to knock down; as, "He tried to *fell* his opponent with a single blow." Old English *feallan*, "to fall."
- (20) **fawn**--C: To flatter in a slavish, toadying way; as, "They would *fawn* on their leader and then betray him." Middle English *fawnen*, "to flatter."

Vocabulary Ratings

20 correct.....excellent
19-17 correct.....good
16-13 correct.....fair

"Greater love hath no man . . ."

Heroes Without

By Lewis Nordyke

FOREST MCNEIR, an architect, stood watching a fire in Houston, Texas, some years ago. Fireman Charles Rogers was helping to fight the blaze from an aerial ladder. The ladder, coming into contact with an electric wire, slowly began to fold over against a lower section. Rogers rode the toppling section until it stopped 37 feet above the ground, but he was unable to climb down because his foot was caught between rungs of the two sections. He was trapped only a few feet from the building, and flames were licking at him.

Another fireman started up the ladder, but was knocked to the ground by a strong electric shock. Another man tried the ladder and was also knocked away.

Forest McNeir dashed from the crowd, grasped the ladder firmly. Stoically, he climbed steadily towards the trapped man. When he

finally reached out to Rogers, the contact apparently intensified the voltage and broke his grip on the ladder. As he fell, he hit the ladder with a heavy thump. The blow jolted the ladder sufficiently to free Rogers' foot so that he could slide down. Both McNeir and Rogers recovered.

McNeir received a Carnegie Gold Medal for his heroism. Only 19 of these have ever been awarded—and none in the past 30 years.

Fifty years ago Andrew Carnegie, the little Scot who became an American steel magnate, set aside a fund to reward heroism. Since then Carnegie awards have brought recognition and a total of 7,489,313 dollars to 3,892 people in the United States and Canada.

Except for the metal — gold, silver or bronze — the medals are all alike. On one side is a bust of Carnegie; on the other, the hero's name and these words: "Greater Love Hath No Man Than This, That a Man Lay Down His Life For His Friends."

The Gold Medal goes only to those who display extreme courage in the face of gravest and prolonged danger. The Silver Medal is awarded to heroes who, recognizing the odds against them, put up sustained fights of a somewhat lesser degree to save lives. The majority of awards are Bronze Medals, given to people who, impulsively, without pausing to consider danger, rush to the assistance of someone needing help. Of

the 79 people singled out for courage in 1953, 12 died in their efforts.

One of the recent Silver Medal awards — 561 have been given — went to Sam Wohlford, a Texas rancher, who risked death for 15 hours in a shrieking blizzard to rescue two storm-stricken families. A half-frozen man staggered into Wohlford's home; he, his three small children and mother-in-law had spent the night in a van stalled in a snowbank. Wohlford fought his farm tractor through the storm, rescued the woman and three children, all unconscious, and took them to shelter.

By this time it was dark and the temperature had dropped below zero. There was no telephone service, so Wohlford set out alone on his tractor to get a doctor. On the way the engine died. Wohlford walked until he found a house and there ran into a new emergency. A young man and his wife were marooned by the blizzard, and she was expecting a baby.

Wohlford first tramped two miles to the home of the young mother's relatives, who set out with him by van. Leaving a woman at the couple's house to act as midwife, the men then drove 20 miles further to secure an ambulance and doctor. The rescue party found that of the first family the woman and two children were dead, but the father and one child survived. After treating the survivors the doctor hurried to the anxious young couple who

were expecting a baby, and delivered it.

The Bronze Medal has been given most often — to 3,312 people. And occasionally it goes to several people involved in a single incident.

Barry Wilson, a schoolboy, of Pacific Grove, California, was swimming in Monterey Bay when a shark pulled him under. A moment later the lad surfaced with blood rising about his face. Brookner Brady, a 15-year-old, swam to him and tried to tow him to shore. Then two men, John P'okus and Roy Franklin Ambrosio, also rushed into the water to help. Wilson was struck once more by the shark as the men towed him through the water and he died before reaching the shore. The three who tried to save him were all awarded Bronze Medals.

When Benjamin Draper, aged seven, fell through the ice into Yamaska River, near Cowansville, Quebec, 14-year-old Doris Lewis crept out to within three feet of the hole in the ice and extended a hockey stick to Benjamin. The boy, floundering in five feet of water, was either too terrified or too benumbed by the cold to grasp the stick, so Doris lay on the ice and inched forward in an effort to reach him. When the ice gave way under her, she swam to the boy, grabbed him and held his head out of water — although she herself was only five feet three inches tall. Somehow her feet found a boulder on the river bottom which raised them both above the surface.

Standing on this precarious perch, she held Benjamin until help arrived ten minutes later. Unconscious when taken from the icy river, she revived quickly. For her courageous feat she was awarded the Silver Medal.

•In a U.S. southern state a baby fell into a well hole 60 feet deep and only 13 inches across. A negro boy named Elbert Gray volunteered to go down on the end of a rope. With bare feet and hands he wormed his way downwards, sharp rocks cutting his face. He grabbed the baby by the shirt but, half way up, the shirt tore and the child dropped again. Elbert wiped the blood from his face and offered to go down head first so that he could "grab her good." Shaking with cold, blood pouring from his numerous cuts, he brought the baby back — and later received a Bronze Medal.

Carnegie was inspired to create the Carnegie Hero Fund by a Pennsylvania mine disaster in which nearly 200 miners were killed. He was particularly impressed by the bravery of two men who died in an attempt to save their doomed fellows—two heroes whose families were left destitute. That a family might find itself in financial straits when its breadwinner lost his life in attempting to save another, or that a hero might be permanently injured and thus be unable to make a living, Carnegie recognized in setting up his fund.

So, the courage displayed and the danger have nothing to do with the

amount of money awarded by the Carnegie Commission. This is based entirely on need. Sam Wohlford, the Texas rancher, received no cash because he did not need it. A schoolboy or schoolgirl may get from 100 to 250 dollars for educational purposes. The widow of a hero may get 1,000 dollars a year, in monthly installments, for life. In some instances, the Commission has paid off mortgages on homes. Injured heroes are paid monthly stipends, according to need until they recover.

Trained Hero Fund inspectors go to the scene of every rescue reported that seems worthy of investigation. They check all details carefully, for the Commission will not accept newspaper reports, letters or even petitions as final fact on a rescue. The inspectors' detailed reports go to the Commission, which is made up of 21 businessmen who serve without pay. The worst criminal is eligible for a medal and a cash grant if by his heroism he deserves them. But only a person who leads an exemplary life can become a Carnegie pensioner.

When the Commission was established by Carnegie, no announcement was made to the Press. That conservative line has been followed ever since. After each Commission meeting, always closed to the public and reporters, a list of the newly selected heroes, with a description of what each has done to merit his award, is handed to the Press. From then on the Commission acts as

guardian of the winners and shields them from undue publicity.

The accomplishment of the Commission has long passed Carnegie's most hopeful dream. By astute management the Carnegie Fund in the United States and Canada has been

able to distribute one and a half times the original grant of five million dollars. And it has on hand eight million dollars to go to future heroes who will never be aware that they are heroes until the hazardous moment arrives.



Going Home Early

When the suggestion is made that it would be nice to attend a party and working man is the right to demand one condition of his wife. That—that they go home early.

He must do more than that. He must make the point emphatic. He must protest that he cannot go out and stay up until all hours and still do justice to his work.

He must insist that it would not be fair to his employers to go to the office next morning exhausted. He must remind her that his performance there is highly important to the general well being of the family.

He must make it clear that he has his own health to consider. Do not the doctors say that a man who is worn out physically is likely to pick up any germs going around?

He may remark that it is all very well for members of the family who can lie in bed in the morning to stay up until long after midnight.

The question is whether it is worth while going out to these evening parties at all. They are so noisy nobody can hear what anybody else says and consequently the guests can't enjoy each other's company. And they are tempted to eat indigestible food and pay for it the next day.

So he wants it to be fully understood that he is going as a personal favour and that if the condition under which he goes is not respected this will be the last time.

Thus threatened she keeps her mind on the time and, at a reasonable hour suggests that they go. At this he looks surprised and hurt, and exclaims: "What go now? Why the fun is just beginning!"

(Christopher Billopp, McNaught Syndicate)

NOEL COWARD was once asked what he did about people who kept coming up to him and saying "You don't remember me, do you?" "I always say," replied Coward, "Of course I do. How's Muriel? You'd be surprised. There's something about that name Muriel. They never ask again."

—Cleveland Amory

What are Germany's ex-cannon-makers up to now?

The Remarkable Rebirth of the House of Krupp

By Frederic Sondern



1 HANOVER last April the West German Federal Republic's big industries opened their largest exhibition since the war. It was an impressive show of the country's resurgence. But one exhibit dominated the rest: the pavilion of the *Firma Fried Krupp* of Essen. Locomotives, lorries, cranes and mining and manufacturing equipment of every sort told an extraordinary story. Krupp's, smashed and scattered a few years ago, was back in business. Its sales were 250 million dollars in 1954, its markets booming in five continents.

How had Krupp's done it? What was this firm, the armourer of Germany for three generations, traditionally secretive and again im-

mensely powerful up to now? The answer lies in the character of 48-year-old Alfred Krupp von Bohlen and Halbach, sole owner of the *Firma Fried Krupp* and in the remarkable tradition behind him.

In 1945 Alfred Krupp was high on the list of Germans wanted for war crimes. When the U.S. Ninth Army took Essen, the Ruhr capital of the Krupp empire, a squad of counter-intelligence agents drove to Villa Hugel, ancestral palace of the cannon makers. A stately butler answered the captain's ring. "Where is Krupp?" barked the officer. "Herr von Bohlen is at home, sir," replied the major domo frostily. "He has been awaiting you." A tall, immaculate gentleman with a

thin, lined face came to meet them. "You are under arrest," said the captain. "Of course," replied Alfried Krupp, taking hat and coat from his butler and making his way to the waiting jeep.

In his trial at Nurnberg Krupp was charged with inciting to war, employing slave labour and despoiling occupied countries. Lawyers are still arguing about the conduct and legality of the case. It was tried in an atmosphere of supercharged emotions. It has since become clear that Alfried himself was guilty of very little. His father, Gustav Krupp, had maintained absolute command of the firm until 1943, when a cerebral hæmorrhage paralyzed him. It was Gustav, not Alfried, who joined Hitler's cause and carried out the Führer's orders to use foreign labour; Alfried regarded the war as insane folly. But the Allied prosecutor was determined to make an example of the House of Krupp. In July, 1948, Alfried was sentenced to 12 years' imprisonment and his holdings were ordered to be confiscated.

Three years later U.S. High Commissioner John McCloy reviewed the most important Nurnberg trials. He felt that Krupp had received punishment entirely out of keeping with the light penalties imposed on other guilty firms. In February, 1951, in the face of violent criticism, McCloy rescinded the Nurnberg judgment. Alfried Krupp was released from prison and what

remained of his properties was returned to him. Krupp signed an agreement promising never again to engage in the production of iron and steel, or in the mining of coal. He has also declared that he will not engage in the manufacture of war machinery of his own free will.

Back in Essen after six years in prison, Herr von Bohlen, as he is known to his men, surveyed the ruins of the vast complex of foundries, rolling mills and factories of the two-square-mile *Kruppstadt* which his great-grandfather had founded. Thirty-two per cent of it had been bombed out, 40 per cent had been dismantled and sent to Russia, Yugoslavia and Britain.

One of the first men that Herr von Bohlen sent for was Heinrich Waldeck, a grizzled, bullet-headed trade union leader who had been with Krupp's for more than 40 years. "Tell me, Herr Waldeck," said Alfried in his precise, rather shy way, "can we build again? Will the men be with me?" The tough old machinist looked hard at Krupp. "We can, and they will," he rasped. "We are still *Kruppianer*."

The tradition of the *Kruppianer* (the Kruppians) is almost unique in Europe. It began more than a hundred years ago when 14-year-old Alfred Krupp inherited from his almost bankrupt father, Friedrich (after whom the firm is still named), a small workshop and the secret of casting steel (then known to only a few British ironmasters). Despite



his poverty and youth, Alfred built a great steel industry in the next 25 years. Krupp seamless steel tyres came to be used on railways all over the world. Krupp rails helped to build some of the world's great railways. In the Franco-Prussian War of 1870-71, Krupp rifled-steel artillery pulverized the reputedly impregnable defences of Paris.

By 1880 Alfred Krupp was reputedly the wealthiest man on the Continent. The Kaiser himself trod softly when he came to visit "Alfred the Great" at the monstrous Villa Hgel, built on a hill overlooking Essen. Any guest at The Hill, even a Cabinet Minister, might find with his morning coffee a terse note from

*P*RODUCTION is planned to start in 1958 at a large steel works which is being erected at Rourkela. The decision to build this, and a similar plant, was made by the Indian Government in 1953, and in December of that year an agreement was signed with Krupp's and another German firm providing for technical and financial co-operation over the Rourkela project, which includes a model township with homes for 100,000 workers. Under the agreement a limited company has been formed, in which four fifths of the shares are to be held by the Government, one fifth by the German combine. Responsibility for the undertaking is now vested in the new Iron and Steel Ministry which came into being on June 15. Starting from 500,000 tons of ingots, Rourkela's yearly output will eventually be expanded to a million tons.

Herr Krupp criticizing his manners, his dress or his opinions of the night before.

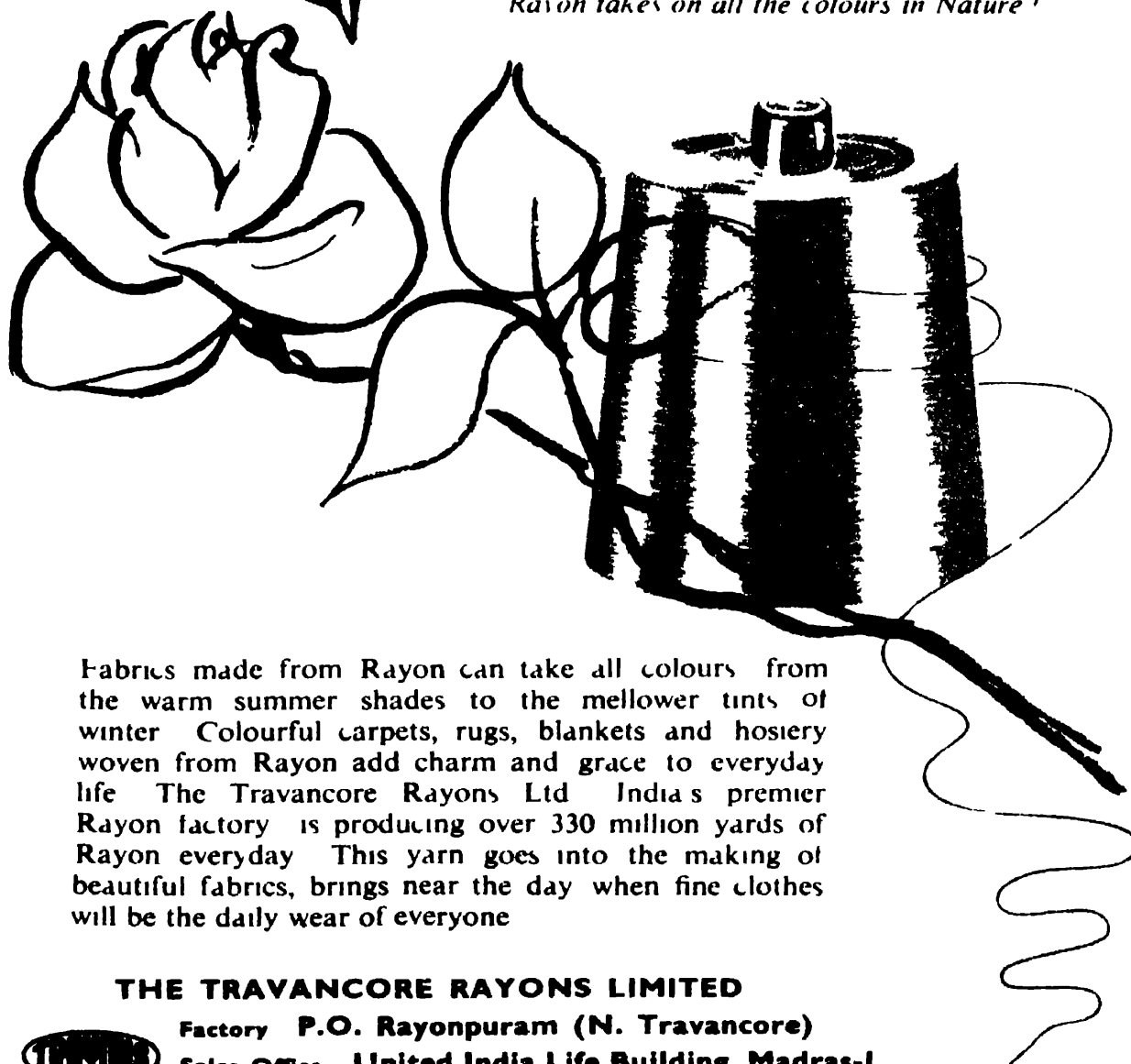
Autocrat though he was, Alfred Krupp maintained that the greatness of the company depended on the well-being and pride of its workmen. While other industrialists accused him of anarchist leanings, he introduced a pension plan, housing settlements, hospitals, schools, libraries and co-operative stores. A Kruppian was delivered at birth by a Krupp doctor, educated by a Krupp teacher and married in the work-church. He retired on a handsome pension in a pleasant Krupp cottage with a garden, and he was buried with pomp in the presence of a member of The Family. "They make the finest steel in the world," said Alfred. "They are the best mechanics. They should live accordingly."

In the First World War Krupp's heavy howitzers again reduced French fortresses, and the Krupp dockyard at Kiel built Germany's first U-boats. After the war Gustav Krupp, already limited by the Treaty of Versailles, decided that the company would produce few armaments. Locomotives, lorries, machinery and fabricated steel were more profitable. When Adolf Hitler first proposed, in the early '30's, that Krupp equip his new army, Gustav refused. The austere aristocrat and the Fhrer disliked each other intensely at the beginning. Then Hitler issued an ultimatum: Krupp's



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could join Nazidom or be taken over by the State. Gustav gave in and, like all German industrialists, had to contribute large sums to the Party. The *Firma Fried. Krupp* became one of the Wehrmacht's principal armourers, employing 217,000 people.

When Allied bombs began raining down on Essen, the *Kruppianer* performed almost incredible feats of improvisation. A night raid would cripple a rolling mill, within a few minutes after the last bomb had dropped, hundreds of men would be at work freeing the often undamaged heavy machinery from beams and rubble. It would be repaired and ready for work by the afternoon. When such a Herculean labour was finished, someone would triumphantly chalk on a wall three interlocked rings, the trademark of the *Firma Fried. Krupp*.

When Alfried Krupp returned from prison to ruined Essen, the *Kruppianer* regarded him with doubt. Much travelled in his younger years, he had been only briefly at the helm during the dark years of the war's end. He looked more like an actor than an industrialist. But the Kruppianers soon learned that six years in prison and the realization of the vast task ahead had produced a Krupp with the iron will of his ancestors.

Alfried's first move was characteristic of The House. Five million dollars' worth of property was sold to make back payments

to some 16,000 Krupp pensioners. Horrified executives declared that the firm could not stand such a drain except for plant and machinery. "Human beings, not machines," Alfried answered quietly, "have come first with us for a hundred years." (As a result of this policy, there has been only one serious strike in Krupp's entire existence, and today only four per cent of the 40,000 workers are professed Communists.)

Alfried's second move was quite un-Kruppian. He chose Berthold Beitz as executive officer. Only 39 years old, without the academic titles usually expected of German executives, Beitz was one of the energetic, shirt-sleeved young men who have come to the top of German business since the war. Son of a minor government official in Pomerania, he went to work for Shell Oil in Hamburg after leaving school. Although he refused to join the Nazi Party, his ability was such that he was exempted from military duty during the war and sent, at 27, to manage the Boryslav oilfields in occupied Poland. Allied investigation has revealed that Beitz spent more time there protecting Poles against Nazi persecution than producing oil. After the war he became head of an insurance company, and was drawing a large salary when he met Alfried Krupp.

For several months Alfried, pretending a purely social interest, investigated Beitz. Then one night he insisted that Beitz go for a walk

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with him. In the rain, on a Hamburg street corner, the master of Krupp's finally spoke his mind. "How would you like to manage the firm? You are what we need. Write your own contract. Good night."

Berthold Beitz soon came to be known at Krupp's as "The American." He broke the rules of German formality: he addressed foremen by their first names, forbade heel-clicking and bowing among subordinates, and punctured the decorum of the venerable board of management with his breezy laughter.

Beitz's first big chance came from the East. Pakistan wanted a steel industry. British and American experts said its low-grade coal and ore were uneconomic to work. But Beitz's technicians found that by using a special Krupp process the country's low-grade ore could be worked profitably. Krupp's is now building a 25-million-dollar steel mill for Pakistan.

Besides selling Krupp knowledge

to Pakistan, India, Greece, Spain and Latin America (where Essen engineers are building more plants), Krupp is gaining ground in the market for heavy lorries from American and British competitors in the Middle East. Krupp motor designers had the imagination to devise a braking and gear-changing system so simple that the most poorly trained Arab driver can safely haul colossal loads over bad roads. Brazil and Argentina buy Krupp locomotives because an infinitely thorough expert came from Essen and carefully designs an engine most suitable for their tracks, gradients and traffic. "The Americans and British," a Krupp engineer said, "have had the field to themselves for so long that they don't bother. It seems, however, that we are beginning to make them uncomfortable."

Alfried Krupp and Berthold Beitz both wish to do everything in their power to stop Communism, but they are determined to make no more guns or tanks.

A FEW MONTHS after my husband and I moved to a small Massachusetts town I grumbled to a resident about the poor service at the library, hoping she would repeat my complaints to the librarian. The next time I went to the library, the librarian had set aside two best-sellers for me and a new biography for my husband. What's more, she appeared to be genuinely glad to see me.

Later I reported the miraculous change to my friend. "I suppose you told her how poor we thought the service was?" I asked.

"No," she confessed. "In fact—I hope you don't mind—I told her your husband was amazed at the way she had built up this small-town library, and that you thought she showed unusually good taste in the new books she ordered."

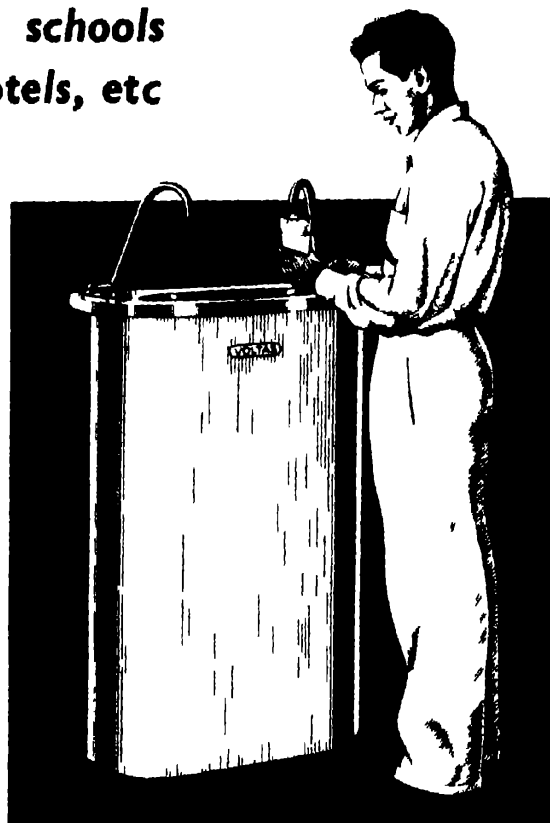
—Contributed by Lillian Moore

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Man's Best Friend



IRRECHIEVED out before the living room fireplace as I sat in another room was Jimmy, our mongrel bitch. She didn't see me as I watched her wake up, yawn and look around absently. Her eyes fell on a plate of chocolates on a low table.

Jimmy is very fond of sweets, but she has been taught never to help herself. She sauntered over to the low table, picked up a piece of chocolate and flopped down on the hearth rug with the chocolate between her paws.

There she nuzzled it a while and then gave a long, sad sigh of resignation. Taking the chocolate in her mouth again, she returned to the table and dropped it back in the dish.

H. C. Merrill

OUR NEIGHBOUR'S young son had always wanted a dog, and when a Cocker Spaniel down the street had a litter, his father got him one of the pups. The boy's mother insisted that the new pet be kept in the basement at night.

The first night, not surprisingly, the puppy howled pitifully until dawn, keeping the entire neighbourhood awake. Things were no better the second night. The morning after that, our neighbour heard a pawing at his front door and opened it to find

the pup's mother standing there. The spaniel walked in, picked up her offspring by the scruff of the neck and, leaving the man in the doorway with mouth agape, marched home.

Arthur Zuckerman

RAGS, our Airedale, had been missing for three days when a neighbour heard faint barking coming from the bottom of a 50 foot dry well hole on an abandoned property. I was lowered down the shaft to the rescue, carrying a sack and a flashlight. There I found Rags, uninjured but weak from hunger.

Just as I got him into the sack I felt something move by my foot. The flashlight revealed, to my astonishment, a large rabbit. Grabbing him by the scruff of the neck, I popped him into the bag too. Then, as we were being hauled up, the sack hit a cross piece, fell open, and I lost the rabbit.

Rags consumed with frantic eagerness the food and water we had for him at the top. But after that he would not budge from beside the well to come home with us. It was clear what he wanted. So a neighbour went down for the rabbit, the friend with whom a starving dog had shared a truce of comradeship in their common disaster.

• When the rabbit was safely brought aloft, Rags sniffed him eagerly — and then willingly headed for home with us.

—John Cope

THE DOG I can never forget is Verdi, a lovely Alsatian. Physically superb, she turned out to be incurably shy and timid. Strangers and loud noises would make her cower and shiver with terror. I despaired of making her a watchdog.

One day I was alone in the house when Verdi pawed frantically outside the back door and, when I opened it, ran down the basement stairs. A rough-looking man pushed his way in behind her and grabbed me. Just before he clamped a hand over my mouth I shrieked, "Verdi!"

As I struggled to get free, I heard swift claws clattering up the steps. The next instant a tawny whirlwind struck my assailant. A snarling dog and a terror-stricken man rolled on the floor as I stood by and watched, my knees weak as water. The man managed to wrench himself loose from the slashing jaws, and plunged out of the door. Verdi, in one tremendous moment of indomitable will, had found her birthright.

A few days later, without warning, she died. The vet said that she appeared to have undergone some unbearable strain on her heart.

— Mary Kyle

THE HIGHLIGHT of our Cocker Spaniel's day is when we pile into the car in the morning to drive my husband to work. Taffy loves going for a drive more than anything else, and unless I hide the car keys, she brings them to me at all hours, begging for a ride.

One morning we didn't want to

take Taffy and told her that she must stay at home. Head hanging, she left the room. My husband and I were headed for the car when suddenly we both realized that neither of us had the car keys. I turned back — and encountered Taffy. Stretched out at the front door, she looked so infinitely pathetic that I just couldn't hold out.

"Oh, all right," I said. "Come along for your ride."

With tail thumping, eyes sparkling, Taffy jumped up. She paused only to pick up the keys — on which she had been lying.

— Nora Bailey

WE HAD RAISED Rawleigh, our black Alsatian, from the time he was a pup. For three years we had treated him almost as a child — and then there came into our life a real baby of our own.

Rawleigh resented the baby deeply. When he heard us baby-talking, he would come running, thinking we were speaking to him — and when he saw we weren't, he would slink away in misery at our neglect.

Then one day I left the baby in her cot while I went out to work in the garden. Looking up presently I saw the most terrifying sight of my life. Our Alsatian was lumbering down the kitchen steps. In his mouth he held our baby. I screamed and fainted.

When I came to, my baby was lying across my breast, unharmed. Over me stood Rawleigh, licking my face. All around me swirled smoke. Our house was in flames.

In that hour of emergency, a great-hearted dog had stifled all his hurt and jealousy and saved the life to which our love had been transferred.

— Mrs. I. H. Raney

I WAS stationed in the Himalayas as a missionary. One day there came into our compound two burly Tibetans leading between them, on a heavy double chain, a huge Mastiff that showed signs of having been badly manhandled. As part of a bargain for grain this hulking creature came into my possession. He came with a warning: he must never be freed from the chain: he was a killer.

I called him Gypsy. For three days I fed him, warily, all the while talking to him, coming gradually closer, finally risking a pat on the head. I, even this savage brute, I thought, must have known the need of a friend.

The fourth day I turned him loose. The huge beast went racing away from me, never looking back. I thought he was disappearing for ever into the mountain wilderness. He must have gone about a hundred feet when suddenly he wheeled, lowered his great head, and tore back towards where I stood. The natives scurried to safety. If I did not it was only because I was paralysed by fear.

When he was almost on top of me the giant Gypsy slid to a stop. In a tumultuous release of long pent up emotions he lifted his head, with shining eyes - for me to pet him.

I did more than pet him. I threw my arms round him and cried.

From that hour, the children of the mission freely romped with Gypsy, pestered him, even climbed on his back and rode him. He loved every bit of it. He never again knew the touch of a chain.

His life ended on a dark night when, guarding us faithfully as usual, he took on a full grown prowling leopard. We sorrowfully buried one of the unforgettable companions of my life.

Dr. Charles Parnell

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Quotable Quotes

Just about the time a woman thinks her work is done, she becomes a grandmother.

—Edward Dreschnack in *The Saturday Evening Post*.

At 20 I wanted to save the world. Now I'd be satisfied just to save part of my salary.

—H. G. Hutcheson, Quoted by Earl Wilson

Nearly all men can stand adversity, but if you want to test a man's character, give him power.

—Abraham Lincoln

Women are unpredictable. You never know how they are going to manage to get their own way.

—Franklin Jones in *The Saturday Evening Post*

A good woman inspires a man; a brilliant woman interests him, a beautiful woman fascinates him, and a sympathetic woman gets him.

—Edgar Moss

Can we get along with less than the "normal" eight hours?
How safe are sleeping pills? Can snoring be cured?

Things to Know About Sleep

By Blake Clark and Norman Dine

Why do we sleep? We might better ask, "Why do we keep awake?" Sleep is a primitive state interrupted by wakefulness, according to Nathaniel Kleitman, an American physiologist. We wake from necessity—of making a living and keeping alive—and from choice: to do the things we want to do. Sleep is fundamental to life itself: animals able to live 20 days without food have died after four or five when deprived of sleep; a man forced to stay awake would probably die after ten days, though he might live without eating as long as six weeks.

How much sleep is normal? Most people from 15 to 50 years of age average about eight hours out of the 24. But each person's normal needs differ. The person of limited interests takes more sleep than the mentally alert. The fellow looking

forward eagerly to the day's activities is not a lie-abed. This is testimony to our highly developed cerebration—the ideas and interests whirring about in our brains. Man probably sleeps fewer hours than any other animal.

If you haven't time to sleep eight hours, can you get along on five or six? More people ask this question than any other. The answer is try it and see. You are all right if you find that (a) you can wake at the right time without an alarm and (b) you are not sleepy during waking hours. A ten- or 15-minute snooze after lunch, in the late afternoon or after dinner, if you can work it in, may give you relief and leave you more alert for the ensuing hours. Just a stretch-out, with tight shoes off, even while you are awake, is beneficial.

Can you repay a sleep debt? Yes, unless you are too set in your habits of going to bed and getting up. Even though you have had an hour or two less sleep than usual each night all the week, a late morning sleep can pay off the accumulated debt and leave you mentally and physically as alert as ever.

Do we need less sleep as we grow older? Yes. Newborn babies sleep about two thirds of the time, adults only one third. Thus we double our period of wakefulness, and for every hour of sleep we can stay awake two hours instead of half an hour. Here is the average amount of sleep, by ages.

Age 6	about	11½	hours
„ 10		10	„
„ 15		9	„
„ 20		8½	„
„ 25		8	„
„ 60		7	„

But these are merely statistical averages. Some old people sleep exceptionally long hours. And those who appear to sleep few hours frequently take forty winks during the day.

Are some people naturally inclined to sleep late? Yes. Experiments reveal that our ability to sleep or stay awake varies with the time of day and night. This variation is reflected in our body temperature, which rises and falls about two degrees during each 24 hours, and is usually at its lowest from 2 to 6 a.m. As we become more active, the body turns the heat on, we are at our most

alert mentally and physically when our temperature reaches its peak.

For most people this peak is reached in the early afternoon. Some, however, are their "hottest" in the late afternoon or early evening. These natural night owls are happiest doing jobs that let them sleep late in the morning.

We can adapt ourselves to different sleep schedules, but only after our body temperature has correspondingly shifted—and we eventually establish a new rhythm. The mother who is a night owl may force herself to rise early to get the children off to school for years, but when they grow up she is likely to revert to type and sleep until 10 or 11.

Should you take a short doze after waking? No. You are likely to feel much more drowsy when you wake again than if you had not taken it. The reason, according to Chapman Pincher, author of *How To Get More Sleep*, is that we sleep more deeply for about the first four hours, lightly for the next three, and then deeply again. If you doze off again in the morning, you are likely to restart this cycle and find yourself back in the first phase of deep sleep.

How harmful are sleeping pills?

There are two types. Powerful drugs, like the barbiturates, require a prescription. The milder sedative type does not. The barbiturate type is safe to use under a doctor's guidance. Getting the habit, however, is dangerous. You run the risk of using too many if the immediate results do



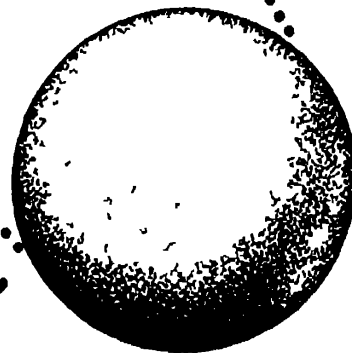
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not seem satisfactory, of sleeping in a drugged state when an emergency arises, and of letting a drug become a crutch. Also, the habitual user is likely to become irritable and difficult in personal relationships.

Non-prescription sleeping pills are safer because their effects are milder. (Some are related to the antihistamines, which have a well-known side effect of drowsiness.) Some people complain that they are too mild to be helpful. It is not yet known whether their constant use will have a bad effect on the brain or body.

Will coffee keep you awake? The stimulating element in coffee, tea or cola drinks is caffeine. Most habitual coffee-drinkers can ingest large quantities without marring their sleep. A minority, however, find caffeine excessively stimulating. If these drink coffee or eat a coffee ice cream at eight o'clock, they may not be able to sleep before 3 a.m.

Some *delude* themselves that coffee keeps them awake, and the delusion spoils their sleep. On the other hand, they can drink real coffee in the belief that it is decaffeinated and their sleep will be sound. This is merely one more evidence that the psychological factor in sleep is incalculable: any anxiety, whether about your sleep or coffee or unpaid bills, tends to keep you awake.

Are two hours' sleep before midnight worth four after? This seems to be an old wives' tale based on the obvious fact that since most of us

have to rise early we get more rest if we go to bed early. Actually, it is not *when* you lie down that matters, *so long as you get your needed proportion of sleep to waking hours*. A few years ago a businessman-inventor volunteered to try sleeping 30 minutes after every two and a half hours. After two years he seemed to be in better health than before.

Can dreams mar your sleep? A vivid dream may result from great emotional agitation, which also produces bodily agitation. This agitation can produce pulse, respiration and visceral activity equal to the strain of running up a flight of stairs. Thus it can destroy rest.

What is the best sleeping position? On the side, recommends Doctor James McDonnell. Back or front slumberers risk putting a strain on their joints and suffering future aches and pains, he says. The back sleeper may stretch tendons under the knee and eventually strain the small of the back. The front sleeper has to turn his head to the side, twisting his neck.

What is the best sleeping temperature? Fresh-air fiends who flood the room with cold breezes are inviting respiratory ailments and the hostility of chilled wives. The most favourable room temperature for restful sleep is about 55° Fahrenheit, with a relative humidity of 45 per cent. Individuals with a low metabolism, respiratory sensitivity, sinus problems, sluggish circulation or tendencies to arthritic or rheumatic

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twinges need a higher temperature.

It is true that lower temperatures favour deeper sleep than high temperatures. But whether the room is cold or warm, the climate under the blankets should remain constant—about a tropical 86°. A thermostatically controlled electric blanket can achieve this constant temperature.

Do we rest uniformly during the hours of sleep? No. Sleep comes in waves varying from deep to light, the first wave being the soundest. During the shallow phases we change position more often and dream more frequently.

Tests prove that rosy-fingered dawn has brass knuckles for most of us; light induces bodily activity and stimulates the kidneys. A bed either too Spartan or too sybaritic minimizes repose. Finally, any noise makes us move about in our beds.

You can increase the hours of rest in your sleep by making your bedroom as nearly light- and sound-proof as possible. A noise-muffling ventilator is good, as are sound-absorbing curtains.

How can you fall asleep again if you wake in the night? The ordinary person falls asleep again with the greatest of ease and doesn't even remember he woke. The insomniac is a special problem. Benjamin Franklin recommended two beds. Moving from a fatiguing, warm bed to a fresh, cool one was his method of invoking reluctant sleep. A neurologist recommends reliving the last dream situation lingering in

one's mind, thus restoring the mental attitude conducive to the onset of sleep. Many people recite soothing verses, repeat words or phrases, or count symbols. Others keep a carafe of a warm drink on the bedside table. These stratagems work best for those who think them up.

It is helpful to remember that rest which comes from lying very quietly is almost as good as sleep.

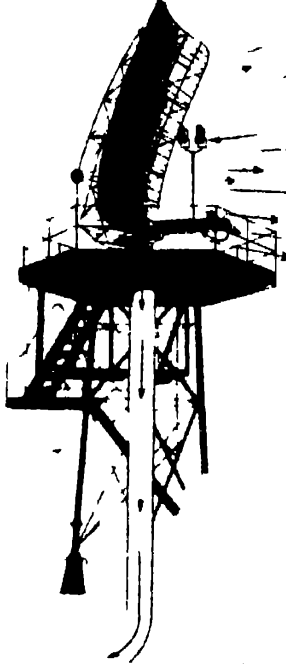
Is snoring curable? No. But its intensity can be diminished.

Snoring is caused by nasal obstructions in the respiratory tract with a resulting vibration of the soft palate. Most snorers rhapsodize only when they sleep on their backs. Some surgeons have tried to shrink the offending soft palate to lessen its vibration; the operations have not yet proved widely successful.

The victims of snorers should try to recognize that snoring, after all, is only a sign of a contented sleeper. A victim might also equip himself with ear plugs!

Is it bad to be roused suddenly from slumber? Yes. If you are having a nightmare, a shake, shout or strident alarm assaulting the senses may terrify you. Some doctors think the best way to be wakened is to have some obliging soul gently shake the corner of your blanket, bringing you to your senses *gradually*. If there is no one to do this for you, be sure that your alarm clock has a soft, long call. Few people sleep so deeply as to require a loud, shocking alarm.

Science in action



How Radar Works

By Harland Manchester

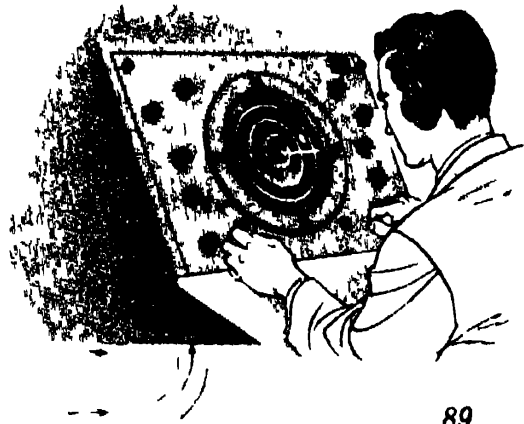
MILLIONS of people who are familiar with the word "radar" believe the technical process is so involved as to be beyond their comprehension. Actually it is simple in principle.

Radar, which stands for "radio detection and ranging," is based on the discovery twenty years ago in Britain that very short radio waves are reflected back by solid objects, somewhat as a shout bounces against a cliff and returns as an echo.

The big revolving aerial conspicuous at airports is part of a warning system which scans the skies day and night and reports the appearance of aircraft long before the human eye can detect them. Built like a searchlight—with the transmitter in the position of the

light bulb, and the concave grid serving as reflector—the aerial revolves continually 26 times a minute. It sends forth a narrow beam of radio microwaves which, fanning upwards and downwards, brushes the sky in a circle about 30 miles in radius. When an aircraft enters that area, the waves that hit it are reflected back to the aerial.

To hear the echo of your voice, you shout and then wait for the response; radar must do likewise. So it sends its waves in a series of short pulses lasting one two-thousandth of a second. Then the sending device is automatically turned off and becomes, for an equal slice of time, an electronic ear to pick up any echoes. Caught by the curved reflector, these echoes are focused on the transmitter, which alternately acts as a receiver.



The signals received are relayed to a control room, where the observer watches a screen similar to that of a television set. This circular screen shows the area of sky scanned by the revolving aerial. Pivoted in the centre (in the position of the aerial) is an electronic arm, suggesting a windscreen wiper, which sweeps round the screen in exact synchronization with the revolutions of the aerial. When a plane enters the aerial's field of vision, the electric charge of its "echo" is transmitted to the arm and excites the sensitive coating of the screen to form a spot of light, called a "blip," at the exact point on the screen corresponding to the plane's position in the sky. The blip does not look like a plane, but it can be interpreted by a trained observer.

While the arm sweeps on, in time with the aerial's examination of other parts of the heavens, the blip still glows because the screen has been treated chemically to make the image last until the aerial performs another revolution and picks up the plane in its new position. In this way the observer can "see" planes approaching from all points of the compass at the same time.

As the top of the screen represents

north, the observer will see at a glance exactly where in the area the plane is. The distance of each plane from the airport is continuously and automatically calculated by measuring the time it takes for the radar signal to bounce back from the plane, and each plane's blip appears on the screen at a corresponding distance from its centre.

At many airports this type of radar is supplemented by "Ground Control Approach," which keeps track of incoming planes down to the runway and enables the operator to "tell the pilot down" by radio in difficult flying weather.

The military "Early Warning Radar" can detect an approaching plane at a distance of 200 miles. If the plane is a friendly craft, it automatically identifies itself by responding to "interrogating pulses" with a message tacked on to the returning echo which can be seen on the screen.

In the many other types of radar—the radar altimeter; the type used in bombers and on naval vessels to spot unseen targets; the one used on ships to prevent collisions, and so on—there are many ingenious adaptations and refinements, but the principle remains the same.



THE Svenska Dagbladet, commenting on a big fire in Stockholm caused by a cigarette, ended its report with these words: "Don't smoke in bed! The ashes falling on the floor may be your own."

"There is something in this more than natural"

Stratford (Ont.) Hails Will Shakespeare

By Christy Borth

IN NINE weeks during the summer of 1954 the little town of Stratford-on-Avon, Ontario, (population 19,000) was host to more than 125,000 visitors. They came from all parts of Canada, the United States and from Europe. Six nights a week they packed themselves, almost 2,000 at a time, into an amphitheatre under a gaily pennoned tent to watch a troupe of

actors perform Shakespearean plays in this, the town's second Shakespearean Festival. In 1955, though records are incomplete at the time of writing, the throngs have been even more remarkable.

"What's in a name?" Stratford got its name accidentally in 1831, when William Sergeant was offered a piece of land free if he would build an inn beside a new road through

A scene from "King Richard III"



the Canadian wilderness. Sergeant agreed, and built his inn at a spot where the road crossed the Little Thames River. For a tavern sign, he hung up a picture of Will Shakespeare; in time the name attached itself to the inn, the hamlet at the bridge became Stratford, and the river was called Avon.

Eventually, the railway came, and with it a collection of small industries that clustered near the stream and made the banks of the Avon an eyesore. Then, in 1904, the people of Stratford organized a Parks Board to clean up the riverfront. Over the years it acquired land, planted trees and shrubs, and dredged the river to form lovely Lake Victoria in the heart of the town. Today there are 1,300 acres of parks from one end of the town to the other, their centre of interest a formal English garden tucked beside the arched stone bridge at the original crossing — Stratford's Shakespeare Gardens.

But, for all its parks, Stratford was to its neighbours "just a railway workshop town," and the townspeople had their lovely Avon pretty much to themselves—until Tom Patterson came along. The Shakespearean Festival is the fulfilment of a boy's dream.

Twenty years ago, when he was 15, Tom Patterson had never seen a serious stage production. But he had lived all his life in this place where streets, districts and schools bear Shakespearean names. One

night when the Canadian National Railway band was playing in a Stratford park, Tom sprawled on the turf with the music floating between him and the stars. He began to visualize "a Shakespearean theatre here, just like the one in Stratford in the Old Country." The idea excited him. It never left him.

After six years as a soldier in the Second World War, Tom went to work for a magazine in Toronto. He kept his dream to himself until one day in 1951, when he ran into the mayor of Stratford, David Simpson. He told the mayor of his idea. Simpson was enthusiastic, and Tom went to Stratford to talk further to anyone who would listen. Finally, the Stratford Chamber of Commerce formed a committee to "study possibilities." Then someone suggested that Tyrone Guthrie, former director of the Old Vic Theatre in London, might be interested. Tom phoned him across the ocean and said he thought he could dig up 500 dollars if Guthrie would come over and advise the committee.

When Patterson met Guthrie at the Toronto airport in July, 1952, the towering Scots-Irishman demanded, "Now, what's all this about?" Tom started to reply by confessing that he knew nothing about theatre. "If the rest of the committee is as honest, we'll get along all right," said Guthrie.

The director expected that the Stratford committee would consist "mainly of artistic and excitable



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elderly ladies of both sexes, with a sprinkling of businessmen to restrain the others from spending money." Instead, he was surprised at the youth of the group, and that men outnumbered women five to one.

After two weeks' investigation, Guthrie gave the group his professional advice: Canada had enough good talent for all supporting rôles for such a project, but get stars—"the very best"—for the leads. Only two plays a season at first. Lavish costumes, but simple lighting and settings. An apron stage, to return to the intimacy that existed between cast and audience in Shakespeare's time. No permanent building until there was an audience big enough to warrant it. Meanwhile, a tent would give shelter, wouldn't it?

Then, after presenting his bill for two weeks' expenses — \$7.50 — Guthrie flew back to Britain to direct at the Edinburgh Festival.

The following month Tom Patterson came to England to scout for talent. He sought out Alec Guinness and invited him to lunch. "Can we talk money?" Tom asked early. But by the time lunch was finished Guinness was so enthusiastic that he was saying, "Look, Tom, I'll be satisfied with the minimum."

Besides Guinness, who turned down a fat film offer to accept this job, Tom lined up Guthrie as producer, and the talented stage and set designer, Tanya Moiseiwitsch.

By December, Guthrie and Guinness had decided on the plays: *King*

Richard III and *All's Well That Ends Well*. Guthrie went to Canada and, in five days, interviewed 317 candidates for supporting rôles. The Stratford Shakespearean Festival of Canada Foundation had been set up with Doctor Harrison Showalter as chairman and Tom as Director of Planning; now they set out to raise 150,000 dollars in donations.

Tanya Moiseiwitsch's design for the theatre was unique and daring. It called for a concrete amphitheatre resembling a deep-dish pie with all but one slice removed. The remaining slice, projecting into the centre of the amphitheatre would be the stage, built on several levels. Seats would be tiered up on three sides round it, with no spectators more than 55 feet from the stage. The entire amphitheatre was to be covered with canvas suspended by cables from external masts.

A Toronto firm of architects went to work on the plans, a Chicago firm agreed to make the tent, and in April, 1953, a young local contractor, Oliver Joseph Gaffney, began excavating. "Now," says Guthrie, "the Jeremiahs, the Headshakers, the Finger-Waggers began to have a good time." Public confidence in the project weakened. Collections slowed. Collections stopped.

The crisis came on May 8, while contracts were being signed. The Foundation was committed to pay 66,400 dollars, but had collected only 48,250 dollars. And by the end of the week the Foundation would

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have to pay 15,000 dollars for the tent. The fulcrum on which all now turned was the faith of one man, Gaffney, the contractor.

Calmly, Gaffney announced that he would keep his construction crews and machinery at work whether he was paid or not. His declaration turned the tide.

The following week two anonymous donations were received, one for 10,000 dollars, the other for 25,000 dollars. Soon the collections from subscribers reached 157,000 dollars. Ticket sales began to boom, and an extra week had to be added to the schedule to take care of the 62,000 requests. Now Tom Patterson's "impractical idea" had become "our festival."

And then, on July 13, 1953, came opening night. At dusk a two-ton bell rang out, calling for silence in the town. A fanfare of trumpets summoned the gathered notables—and critics—through the turnstiles. The lights dimmed. Then, in the silent blackness, a pencil of light stabbed out and caught the crook-backed, malevolent figure of Richard as he launched the evening with:

"Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer..."

Later that night, when the spell was broken, the enthusiasm of the audience gave hope to all who had believed in the venture. The next night's performance of *All's Well That Ends Well* was even more warmly received. Before the season

ended, the favourable reviews and the mounting demands for tickets convinced even the sceptics: the Festival was in Stratford to stay.

That winter the whole town became part of the team. Women stopped playing bridge to organize themselves into Shakespeare study classes. The town's bookseller happily discovered that the Bard was a best-seller. Foundation headquarters had to be enlarged because of the flood of out-of-town requests for tickets for the 1954 season.

That year they staged *Measure for Measure* and *The Taming of the Shrew*, and also Sophocles' *Oedipus Rex*. James Mason was brought from Hollywood as star. When the season ended, the profits not only wiped out the first year's losses but left a balance of 32,000 dollars. This year, in addition to *Oedipus Rex* again, and *Julius Caesar* and *The Merchant of Venice*, there was a month of musical concerts.

The tent will last two more years at least, but the townspeople talk now of a permanent theatre. They know that something unusual has happened here on the banks of the Avon. A stirring of the spirit lights their eyes when they tell you how Stratford—a railway workshop town that got its proud name by accident—has earned the right to call itself the Classic City.

What's in a name?

"There is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out."

Singlehanded, Father Comey has turned a strike-ridden waterfront into one of America's most peaceful and productive industrial areas



ALL QUIET ON THE WATERFRONT

By Irwin Ross

THIS IS HOW a 58-year-old priest keeps the peace on the docks of Philadelphia, the second largest port in the United States:

In his narrow, high-ceilinged office on the north side of the town, Father Dennis Comey, S.J., gets an agitated phone call. The longshore gangs have "knocked off" a ship on Pier 53 South, claiming that the aluminium sulphate cargo is causing them "unusual distress." Unless they get double pay as provided in their contract, no work.

Half an hour later Father Comey is on the pier. At a meeting of the union and management representatives he says briskly, "I won't talk about this until the men go back.

The contract says no stoppages."

The men resume work, and Father Comey boards the ship. He sees an occasional puff of powder down in the hold; the men have handkerchiefs over their faces, there is a great deal of wheezing and blowing. To the priest this looks suspiciously like an act. So he descends into the hold. In ten minutes his eyes are streaming and he has difficulty in breathing. When he can stand it no longer he reaches for the ladder and climbs out, gasping, "Pay them double time."

Employers have equal reason to be grateful for his speedy solutions. One day Father Comey was requested to arbitrate in a bitter wrangle over fishmeal. "What's the

complaint?" he asked the union delegate.

"The odour is awful. The men can't stand it."

"Nonsense," said Father Comey. "It's the nature of fishmeal to stink. It smells no worse than a good Catholic kitchen on Friday."

And that dictum settled the issue. Previously the union had won a long series of bonuses by threatening to tie up almost every fishmeal ship that came to port.

In most American ports—New York is the worst example—unofficial strikes and violence have long been the common round of labour relations. Not so in Philadelphia. In the last two years the port has had only nine unofficial strikes; all but two were over in three days. (By contrast New York had 56 unauthorized stoppages in a single year—1953.) In Philadelphia labour harmony has curtailed racketeering. Employers no longer have to slip money under the table to prevent a stoppage, or to shorten such "spontaneous" action once it has occurred.

Responsibility for this happy result is shared by Father Comey personally and an ironclad arbitration arrangement which he administers. Since 1952 he has had the power to arbitrate in any dispute between union and management—whether or not his intervention is asked for. And his decisions are binding. No other port in the United States has a "czar" with Father Comey's power.

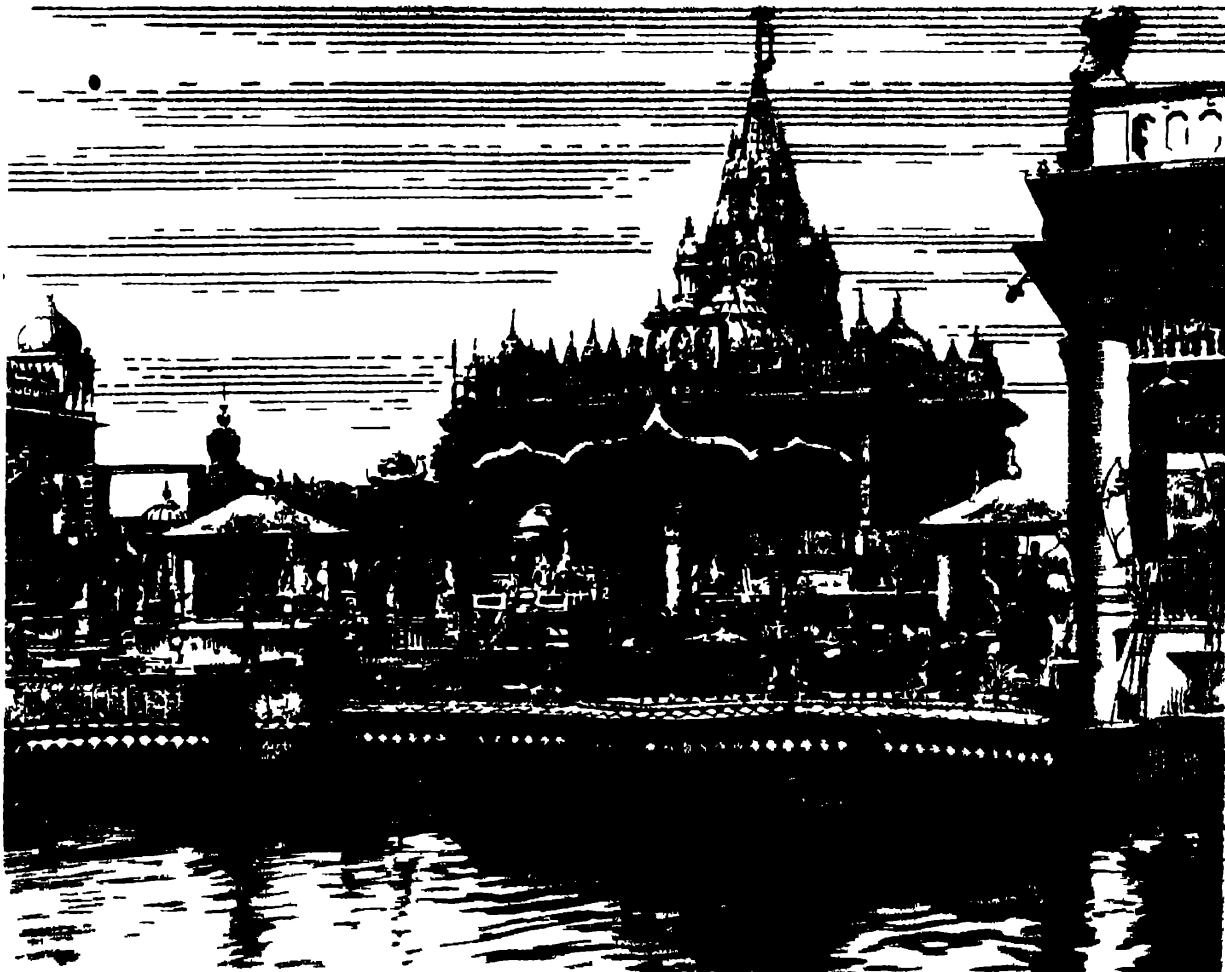
Father Comey might not seem the

type for a waterfront job. Tall, freckled, with a bulbous nose and blue eyes twinkling behind rimless glasses, he is at first glance the kindly, amiable cleric more at home in a classroom than with a group of dockside toughs. But confront him with a recalcitrant employer or union leader, and a forbidding scowl settles over his features; his resonant voice takes on a note of doom as he upbraids the miscreant with all the authority of a drill sergeant.

"Indignation has its uses," says Father Comey. "To settle a waterfront brawl you sometimes have to raise your voice."

A few union leaders are dubious of the benefits of peace, for it has eliminated the extortion money that was part of their income. But among the rank and file Father Comey's work meets unreserved praise. "The men like him; he's done a fine job settling disputes," says James Ford, one of the secretaries of the big Dockworkers Local 1291. "When the decision doesn't go their way some of the fellows may grouse, but whenever anybody says something about getting rid of Father Comey the men squawk their heads off. The fewer walkouts, the more money they take home."

Father Comey enters a dispute only after management and labour have failed to reach agreement. If the matter is not urgent he calls a hearing, but if the dispute concerns some swiftly changing condition he hastens down to the docks at any



The Jain Temple at Calcutta...

Built in 1867, the Pareshnath Temple in Calcutta is a well-known Jain sanctuary. Set amidst a garden adorned with a miniature lake, fountain and statuettes, the main shrine is of curious and interesting architecture. Its filigreed railings, its elaborately worked pillars and walls, set with multi-coloured crystals and stones,

its gilded spires . . . all combine to make the shrine look like an intricately wrought massive jewel box. The main shrine has three accessory temples, built in the same style.

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hour of day or night. In the rough and tumble of the waterfront, his Roman collar is a great asset. Only about 40 per cent of the workers are Catholic, but all defer to the priest.

Father Comey has acted with vigour in handling difficult employers. One old-timer invariably disrupted grievance meetings with long-winded speeches about the happy days 50 years before, when long-shoremen worked up to their hips in water and never complained. This would lead the union members into strident denunciations of skinflint employers. At the beginning of one such session Father Comey ordered the employer out of the room. "You add nothing to the proceedings," he told him.

Vowing vengeance, the employer complained to the Marine Trade Association. But they took it as a good joke. Meanwhile, the gleeful union representatives had worked off enough animus through Father Comey's move to make them agreeable when it came to compromising in the dispute. Which is precisely what he had intended.

Whenever he can, Father Comey prefers to solve a problem by indirect methods. On one occasion the union was arguing that a hatch full of packaged wood-pulp was so waterlogged that the men deserved special pay. Besides being extra heavy, it was dripping with water and ruining the men's clothes. "Why don't I just weigh the stuff?" said Father Comey. "If it's really

waterlogged, that 500-pound bale will be considerably overweight." The men then withdrew the complaint. He had called their bluff.

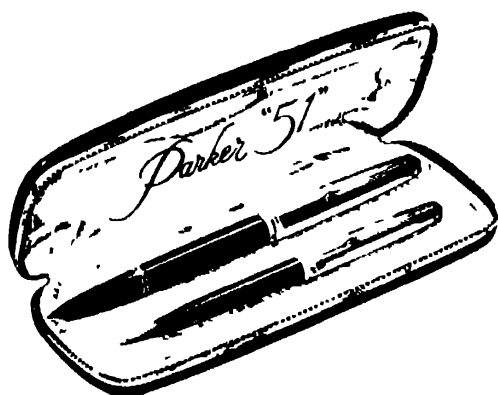
Father Comey appeared on the waterfront in 1951. Prior to that time the port of Philadelphia, which extends 130 miles along the Delaware from the Atlantic Ocean to Trenton, had been plagued by sudden strikes, capricious union demands and endless "deals" — a bonus for the men, a pay-off for the leaders. Emphasis on speed—getting a ship unloaded and turned—has always made the trade highly susceptible to extortion. The system could be unpredictably expensive, and as a consequence Philadelphia was losing certain types of goods, such as asphalt in drums and refrigerated cargoes, to other ports.

For a few years the union-management contract had contained an arbitration clause, but it had proved unworkable. The two sides normally could not agree on an arbitrator or on a precise definition of the matter in dispute. The Marine Trade Association pressed for a permanent arbitrator, and the union came up with the name of Father Comey, head of the Institute of Industrial Relations at St. Joseph's College. There is reason to believe that the union leaders regarded the proposal as a temporary tactic to take the heat off them.

At first Father Comey had little real power. The union's concept of arbitration was to "knock off" a ship first and then submit the case.



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This marked little advance, for if a vessel was laid up the employer was still under pressure to compromise. Early in 1952 the employers closed the port on two occasions after such snap strikes. This pressure exacted an agreement granting Father Comey "unlimited authority."

At the outset Father Comey found he had a sizeable educational job to do. The parties had signed contracts for years but were often blithely unconcerned about their contents. He remembers asking a union representative at one of the sugar piers, "Under what provision of the contract do you bring the grievance?"

"Ah, Father, don't give us that stuff!" said the union stalwart. "We only know how we do things on this pier."

To the arbitrator, however, the contract was law. Father Comey's opinions, written in simple, crisp language so that the workers could understand, made copious references to the basic document. Today the contract is printed and distributed to every longshoreman.

The employers also had to be adjusted to the new order of things. If the book called for double time, that's what the men got—not some lesser compromise sum. And the new arbitrator put the issue of bribery squarely up to the employers. Addressing a meeting of the Marine Trade Association, he announced, "If you insist on corrupting and bribing the union representatives, you are just as guilty; as dishonest

as the bribetakers. The price of blackmail always goes up, not down—and if it gets too high, don't think I'll bail you out."

Father Comey has also made it clear that "my sympathies nudge me towards the rank-and-filer. He is a hard-working man; he earns his wage. And I am dedicated to protect his rights under the contract."

Father Comey comes by his sympathy quite naturally. When he was growing up in Philadelphia, 50 years ago, his father worked as a boilermaker in the Baldwin Locomotive Works. The elder Comey was a union man and during the sanguinary trolley strike in 1911 he participated in a sympathy walkout and was promptly fired and black-listed. "The father of 13 children, he had to plead for work," his son says. "I have never forgotten the anguish—or the unfairness."

The priest's début in arbitration came as an adjunct of his work in St. Joseph's Institute of Industrial Relations, which he founded. "I wanted to see if my ideas would work," he says. Before being called in for the waterfront job he had handled disputes in banking, paper, steel, as well as in restaurant, night-club and car-washing businesses. That his ideas do work on the waterfront there is no doubt. They have transformed the port of Philadelphia, which last year handled 74 million cargo tons, into one of the most peaceful arenas of labour-management bargaining in the United States. ^

•“Perhaps the most important transport development since the invention of the wheel”

THE ROLLIGON

It Floats, It Climbs, It Crawls

By Parker Kimball

THE FIRST time William Albee ran over a person with a rolligon, it was accidental. A small crowd of friends had gathered to watch him drive a contraption which rolled along on four outsized, inflated sausage balloons instead of wheels. The vehicle slithered across a swamp, crawled over large rocks as if they were pebbles and wobbled

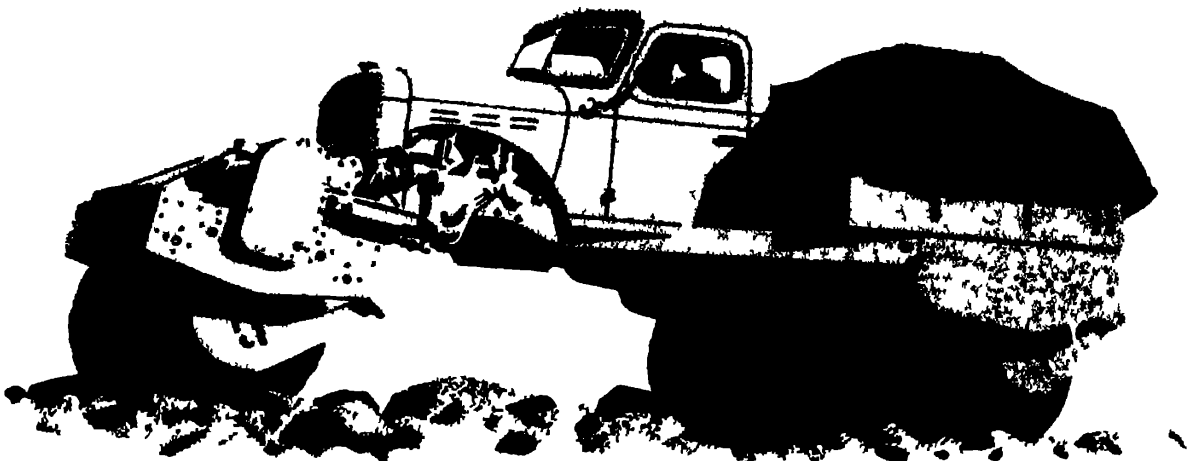
up a series of steep sand dunes.

At this point one of the gallery, a former bullfighter, capered in front of the moving machine, pretending it was a bull. He slipped in the sand — and Bill ran over him.

Two tons of steel slid across his body before I could stop,” Bill relates. “I thought he was a goner.”

But the victim bounced to his feet

Power wagon mounted on rolligon units



crying something like, "Oh! Try it, everybody! It feels so good!"

Albee was as astonished as anyone. Then, on reflection, he hit on the reason. It was that the rolligon's soft, squashy bags spread the vehicle's weight evenly over the entire body.

The rolligon is in the earliest stages of development. But the pneumatic roller-bag principle on which it is based is perhaps the most important transport development since the invention of the wheel.

The U.S. Government has spent over a million dollars testing the vehicle for mass-transport of troops on roadless wilderness areas. Rolligons have proved that they can navigate economically over snow, sand, ice, mud, swamps, rocks, brush and broken glass, in all kinds of weather.

The rolligon story begins in Alaska's Bering Strait one spring day in 1935, when Bill and Ruth Albee were teachers at an Eskimo settlement. Bill and ten Eskimo friends were returning from a walrus hunt in a skin boat. The Eskimos, while Bill watched, blew up a number of tightly-sewn sealskins into squashy, pillow-like bags. Then, using these bags as crude rollers, the Eskimos tugged the five-ton boatload of walrus meat up a steep, loose-gravel bank and over some good-size rock with apparent ease.

Albee thought little more about this until early in the Korean

War. The U.S. Army, though highly mobile, was bogged down in the rain-gutted roads and Korean paddies. Lieutenant-General Albert Wedemeyer, then U.S. Sixth Army commander in San Francisco, asked Bill, an old friend, "Couldn't you work up something along the line of those Eskimo rollers you were telling me about once? Mightn't they move our heavy stuff across those rice fields?"

Bill bought six cheap rubber toy footballs at a store. Then, in the Wedemeyer's living room, he inflated them until they were just squashy. He and the general turned a heavy Chinese coffee table upside down, resting it on the footballs. Ruth Albee and the general's wife improvised an obstacle course on the rug with paperweights, ash trays and book ends. Then the general and his lady boarded the table, holding fast to its legs, while Bill rolled them smoothly to and fro over the test course on the rubber footballs.

"Better get busy, Bill," General Wedemeyer said. "It looks as if it might work."

Albee drew his first designs of what looked like a good modern version of the Eskimo roller-bags, made of thin, rubber-impregnated nylon fabric; flexible, so that they'd flatten out and remain pliable like the sealskins, but also non-stretchable. In Washington, the then U.S. Under Secretary of the Navy, Dan Kimball, showed interest and arranged for Bill to see various U.S.



*it's a **BIG** job prospecting for oil*

Crude oil is not found everywhere in the world. Here and there it may occur in rocks that were once at the bottom of ancient seas and lagoons. But finding an old sea-bed is no guarantee that oil will be discovered there ; *that* can be decided only by drilling a test well.

In some areas, likely clues to buried rock conditions may be found on the surface of the earth, but where surface features are absent as in the Assam Valley, the search for oil possibilities is aided by geophysical surveys.

Three different methods of geophysical surveying for oil are being employed by the Assam Oil Company to "feel" for

suitable rock conditions under the Brahmaputra's thick blanket of Alluvium.

By aeromagnetic, gravity and seismic surveys, scientists can form a picture of the type, depth and attitude of buried rock layers.

But none of these can point to oil—even if it is there. The scientists, after studying the results, can only say—there *may* be oil there. The only absolute way of finding out is to drill a test well. Frequently the answer then is—no oil. The prospector must try again elsewhere . . . and so the search goes on, in the hope that India's petroleum requirements may be supplied to an ever increasing extent from her own resources.

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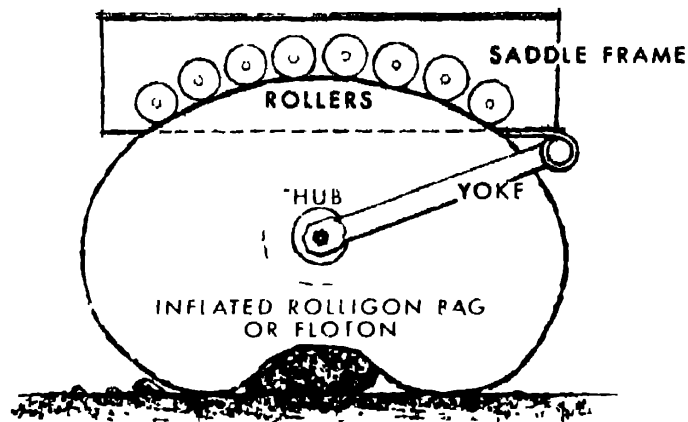
Navy officials and rubber - company executives.

"It looked as if my worries were over," Bill now says, grinning. But in machine - gun succession seven leading rubber companies turned the idea down. For weeks Bill plied to and fro between various rubber plants and Washington. The U.S. Army, Navy and Marine Corps showed interest in the bags' possibilities, but offered no contracts without working models.

Finally Goodyear agreed to build two sample bags according to Bill's designs. So, with the first "flotons" in hand, the Albee garage became the centre of rolligon development. Eventually it was found that power applied to the bag's upper surface through the platform rollers "pushed" the bags ahead, hoop-like, with excellent traction. By carrying its load directly upon its soft bags, the rolligon no longer needed the conventional rigid steel skeleton of springs, shock absorbers and hub-and-axle system between ground and pay load. Eliminating this produced a vibrationless motion.

After demonstrations with various models, the U.S. Army Transportation Corps ordered four large-size

Weight is distributed by saddle frame through rollers to the floton



BASIC ROLLIGON PRINCIPLE

test vehicles, which were designed, built and on their way to Greenland in nine weeks. There they competed successfully against orthodox and other experimental vehicles submitted by major manufacturers. Where wheels and tracks tore up and rutted snowy surfaces, the rolligon's gentle bags rolled lightly over them, actually smoothing and improving the track.

Rolligon units built so far haven't been designed for speed. Yet their top rate of 14 miles per hour cross-country is thoroughly acceptable. Albee sees higher speeds solved by proper bag design and by controlling bag inflation from the driver's cab through hollow, non-load-carrying axles—tightly inflated bags for highway speeds, soft bags for cross-country. Already Bill Albee's rolligons have lifted and transported heavy pontoon-bridge sections for U.S. Army engineers.

People watching the rolligon

perform nearly always ask, "What happens if you get a puncture? Does the bag explode like a balloon?"

It does not. Since the bag's low pressures expel air very slowly, an ordinary leak sometimes requires as much as a day or two to show. Even fairly large ruptures may take several minutes to deflate a large bag.

What will tomorrow's rolligon do? Some agricultural experts predict that in addition to its military employment, the rolligon's influence on farm techniques may reach far-

ther than even the tractor-tread and the tyre did in replacing the horse.

Bill Albee's dream is to make economical, sure, mechanized transport available to anyone, anywhere—as it is now available along the world's highways. After all, six out of seven square miles of the earth's land surface have no roads.

An impossible dream? "The next time anyone tells me it can't be done," Bill says, "I may just lie down in front of a big rolligon and let it run over me. That's 'impossible' too."

Curtain Call

FROM time to time the American actress, Helen Hayes, decides to dam the tide of reverence which threatens to inundate her. One New Year's Eve she was in Philadelphia playing *Victoria Regina*. As the Widow of Windsor she made a touching speech in the last scene about her long dead consort, Albert, although the New Year revellers tootling horns outside made it necessary for her to shout her lines.

Appearing for her curtain call, she thrust one hand behind her, drew forth a big red tin horn from within the bustles which draped her small derrière, and blew a blast at the audience. There was a moment of shocked silence. Then the delighted playgoers almost tore the house down.

"What I liked most about that horn-blowing," says Miss Hayes, "was when I turned to see how the rest of the cast took it. Their faces showed that they thought their star had either gone loose mentally or had done something as awful as burping loudly in church. I could see them asking themselves, 'Shall we pretend we didn't see her do it or shall we leap upon her and subdue her before she becomes violent?' Gradually they had come to identify me in their minds with the real Widow of Windsor and had become so respectful that they made me feel like a ghost. I let them have a lusty bleat from the horn too. After that, they were more fun to work with."

— *Saturday Evening Post*



Life's Like That

I HAD explained to Marie, our new maid, how the bell indicator in the kitchen would show the room from which I was ringing if I wanted her to come to me in another part of the house. She was still studying the indicator when I turned to leave the kitchen. As I reached the door, she asked, "Mrs. Horner, where is the bell I push when I want you?"

—LUCY HORNER

A PERSONNEL officer in a large firm was interviewing an attractive young miss. She answered all the usual questions: name, address, work experience. "Have you any physical handicaps?" she was asked.

Her eyes widened and her lips rounded in surprise. "Oh, no sir," she responded, "they have always been assets!"

—LESTER BARNETT

LATE one exceptionally hot afternoon my fiancé and I confronted a bored, wilted clerk in the registrar's office. He had no difficulty in getting the necessary data from my future mate. When he turned to me and

asked for my home address, my mind went into its usual tailspin. "Do you mean where I was born?" I asked. "That was in Bolton. But I was brought up in Sheffield until we moved to Manchester. My last address is Stockport — but Chester is my real home."

The clerk brought me to a stop. Shaking his finger at me, he said. "Miss, let's make this very simple. If you were to die this minute, where would you want the remains sent?"

—HELEN BEARD

HAVING HEARD of Texas chivalry, I was not surprised to see two young men pull up behind my car when I had stopped to change a flat tyre. I was surprised, however, when neither chap moved from the car. As I struggled with spanners, spare wheel, jack and brace — still with no offer of help — I grew more and more annoyed.

After I finally kicked the hub cap into place and slammed my tools into the boot, one young man sauntered over to me. "Congratulations,

ma'am," he said. "My buddy bet me \$25 you couldn't do it, and y'know what I'm gonna do? I'm gonna split with you." And he handed me \$12.50.

—LOUISE OSNESS

- AS PRESIDENT of the young wives' group of our parish church, I was upset to have to be away on the day when the church was celebrating an anniversary. I decided to send a telegram of greeting and ended it with the word Mizpah.

"What kind of word is that?" the man at the post office counter asked me

"It's from the Bible," I explained, "and it means 'The Lord watch between me and thee when we are absent one from another' "

The man shook his head. "All right, madam, I'll put it in," he said, "but you are certainly getting a bargain from the post office."

MARSHA CARPENTER

DURING a long holiday trip with our three-year-old daughter and her two elder brothers, we often stopped the car for sweets or fruit. We would toss the bag into the back seat to the boys with the remark, "There — share that with your sister."

One day we came to a fork in the road and had the inevitable discussion about which road to take. I was

driving, so I had my way. As a result, my wife sat silent, refusing to speak to me. We rode along wrapped in a cocoon of ill temper until the little girl reached over, gave her mother a big kiss and said, "There — share that with Daddy."

She did. We had a wonderful trip from then on — even if we did go many miles out of our way that day.

— KERMIT CARPENTER

A GIRL working at a U.S. Air Force base asked a young lieutenant, who was being sent to Washington for a few days, if he would mind delivering a message to her girl friend in the Pentagon. She gave him her phone number and the message which read, "Tell Irene I'll answer her letter on Sunday."

The lieutenant thought the message rather slight, but he faithfully delivered it. Irene, when he phoned, asked him if he could look in at her office and pick up a gift to go back to the girl at the Air Force base.

It wasn't until after he had picked up the tiny gift box and was dining with Irene at a swanky restaurant that it dawned on him how desperate the man shortage was in Washington.

WILLIAM SHEILTON

Typewritten contributions may be addressed to "Life's Like That" Editor, The Reader's Digest, 27 Albemarle Street, London, W1. Payment will be made at the usual rates. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

Plane Speaking

ON A plane flight was a lively child who nearly drove everyone crazy. He was running up and down the aisle when the stewardess started serving coffee, and he ran smack into her, knocking the cups of coffee to the floor. As he stood watching her clean up the mess, she glanced up at the boy and said, "Look, why don't you go and play *outside*?"

— Eugene Carroll



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EXPERIENCED AIRLINE

PAN AMERICAN

THE GREAT ASSAULT ON THE ARCTIC

An eye witness account of the fantastic job of building the DEW Line
—the joint Canadian-American radar network in the Far North

By Leslie Roberts

IN ONE of the great pioneering adventures of all time, Canadians and Americans are attempting to build a chain of radar stations across the roof of the North American continent—much of it in frozen, deadly wilderness where no human has ever penetrated before. The operation, which must be described in all sobriety as fantastic, will cost something like 300 million dollars, plus a vast amount of hardship, ingenuity, daring and, at the time of writing, at least two lives. If it succeeds, the result will be the DEW Line—the Distant Early Warning system, intended to give the first signal of a bomber attack across the polar regions.

A little before midnight one night last May, at an airfield in southern Canada, I climbed into a C-124

Globemaster, loaded with timber and shiny new trucks destined for an advance base in the Far North. Two hours after take-off I saw the lights of a tiny settlement on the Labrador iron beds. After that, nothing at all until dawn.

About 5 a.m., a thousand miles from our starting point, we sighted land: a few dark hilltops sticking up through the snow and the frozen, white sea running flush to the horizon. We touched down our wheels, and taxied promptly off the landing strip; another plane was due any minute. This base camp was handling as many as 149 landings and take-offs in a 24-hour period.

The scene was one of urgent confusion. Three small Canadian bush-planes were warming up for flights still further north. A landing gang

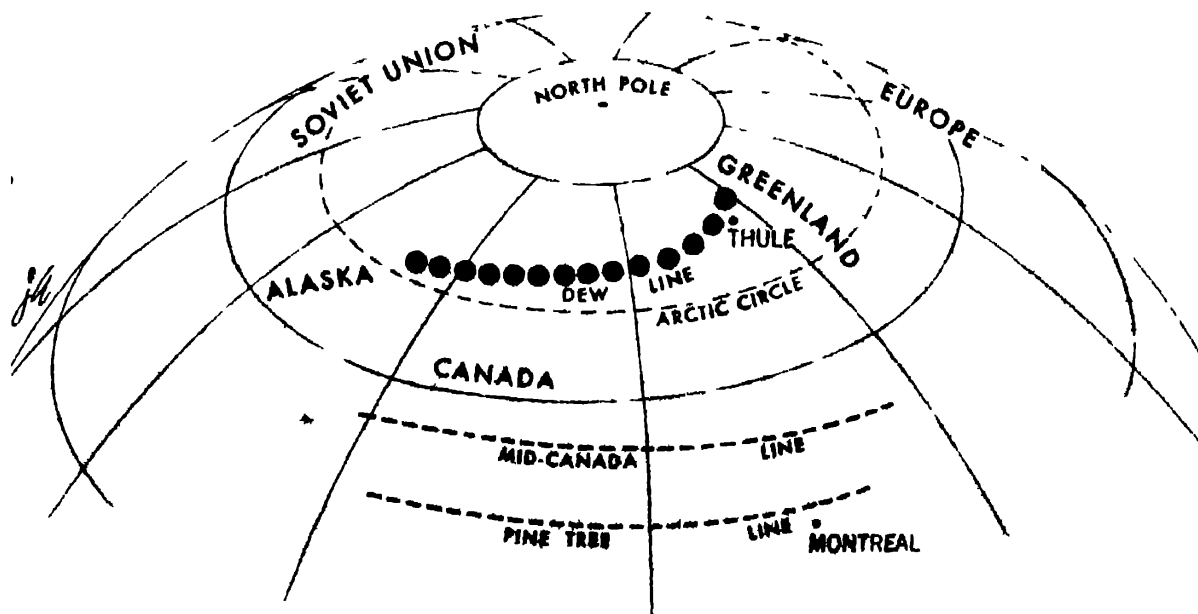
hustled up to unload our Globemaster. Our crew headed for the mess hall, to get a quick meal before starting their return flight. I reported to the busiest man in sight—Bill Stuart, general superintendent of the Foundation Company of Canada, which is building the eastern portion of the DEW Line. Over breakfast he explained why everybody was in such a hurry. The ice, he said, was melting under our feet, and nobody knew how much longer it could take the pounding of 80-ton aircraft landing at 100 miles an hour. An equally urgent operation was winging ahead in western Canada.

The air fleet was a motley one. It included 100 planes collected from 15 Canadian lines; two squadrons of U.S. Air Force Globemasters; and chartered private aircraft. In 100 days they had distributed 22,500 tons of freight and 1,500 men to points well beyond the Arctic Circle.

On not one of those days were all the northern destinations open simultaneously; on many, the entire fleet was grounded by bad weather.

There were smashes. Three Globemasters were written off, but everybody aboard survived. A DC-4 made a forced landing on a floe of sea-ice; I heard talk that it might be floated off with pontoons later in the summer, as the floe disintegrated. Others damaged propellers and undercarriages in rough landings. The remarkable fact is that only two men were killed throughout the feverish spring airlift.

One explanation is the kind of men involved. There are experts on the Far North like Tom Manning, the "white Eskimo" who went in with the advance parties to show them how to keep house in sub-zero wilderness. Some pilots are veterans of the Berlin air lift, and of the transatlantic bomber ferry flights in



the Second World War. A German, nick-named "DEW Line Jerry," flew with the Luftwaffe at Stalingrad. Men, in short, who have an instinct for survival.

The engineers and scientists and construction men are, in their own way, just as impressive. Beneath their casualness is a solid pride in doing a job the like of which no one ever tackled before. Bill Stuart, for instance, is a grandfather with a long and successful career behind him. He was on the point of going west to build a big hydro-electric plant when the Arctic job turned up. He didn't hesitate. "You can always build a dam," he explained.

Or take Slim Horne. He is a heavy-shouldered man in his 30's, standing six foot in his bush-socks and weighing about 16 stone. He is boss of construction at one of the many radar sites, building the peculiar dome-shaped structure which will house the radar equipment, and the living quarters for the men who will operate it.

Horne's site can be classified as moderately difficult. The "easy" ones are on ground which is level enough to permit the building of gravel landing strips that can be used all the year round. Some of the more difficult sites are on mountain tops, reachable at most times only by helicopter. Others are on terrain which is hard going even for snow-mobiles (tracked vehicles used in the Canadian winter) and a long way from the coast or any air strip.

Horne had occupied his site on February 9, exactly seven days after the first plane-load of men and equipment had been flown north from Montreal to establish the main eastern base camp. There had been no time for the leisurely planning which usually precedes a major Arctic expedition; one of the most fantastic aspects of the DEW Line project is the speed with which it was launched.

The first plane in carried four men, two tents, a stove, oil and enough food for three weeks. Its destination was a pin-prick on the map, marking a point which electronic experts had decided was right for a radar installation. The pilot had no landmarks to guide him in the solid white below, but he found the pin-prick somehow and came in low for a look at the ice. The hummocks looked rough. He turned into the wind and eased the skis of his undercarriage down to the surface. The plane bounced hard, but it didn't crash - and the DEW Line was in business. On its third trip in the plane brought a tractor to level a landing strip so that bigger planes, landing on wheels, could bring in heavier loads.

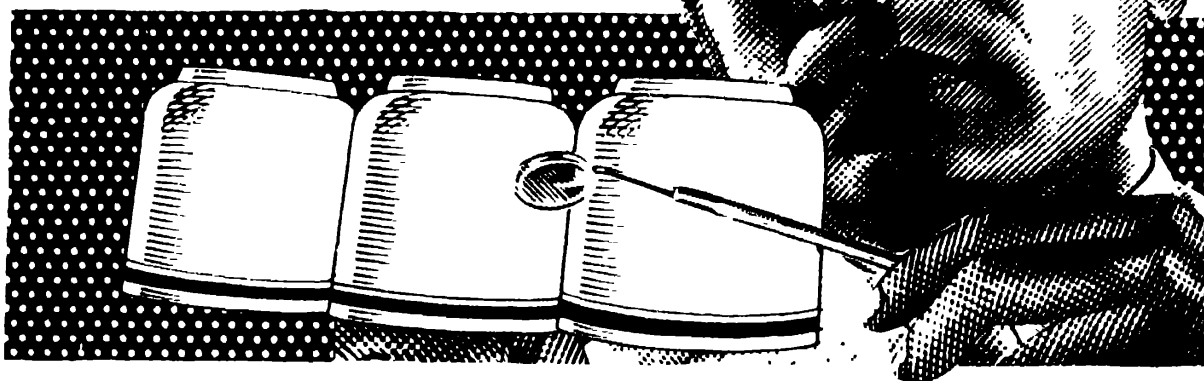
Here, as at most of the other eastern sites, the main task was to get ready for the big sea lift which would come in midsummer when the Arctic waters would be open for shipping. That meant bringing in by air a lot of heavy equipment needed to unload the ships and move

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their cargoes - tractors, cranes, fork-lift trucks, generators, welding equipment, compressors. Such big loads could be moved only in Flying Boxcars and Globemasters; hence the need for long, smooth landing strips.

The first hitch came when Horne discovered that their tractors were too small to break up the big hummocks. The only answer seemed to be bigger tractors; but they wouldn't fit into any plane which could land on the unlevelled ice.

The American fliers believed they could parachute a big tractor from a Flying Boxcar. So a tractor was mounted on rollers on the Boxcar's cargo deck, and the rear doors of the plane were taken off. As the pilot made his run over the site, a small parachute was to be released, yanking the tractor over its rollers and out of the door. Then three big parachutes were supposed to open.

One factor had been overlooked, however. The temperature was 45 degrees below zero, and such extreme cold affects the elasticity of nylon shroud-ropes. As a result, the first two tractors went crashing through the ice.

For the third try the Air Force men wrapped the tractor in heavy packing to cushion the landing. This made it harder to roll out of the plane, and dangerously overloaded the plane—but it worked. From

then on they were parachuting eight-ton tractors all over the Arctic. Horne had his landing strip in operation in short order.

Elsewhere, the tractor troubles were still far from over. Along the eastern coast, where high mountains rise precipitously from the sea, earth and ice can be worked only by out-size tractors weighing more than 20 tons apiece. Parachuting them was impossible. The solution was to take the tractors apart and fly them in piecemeal. Ground crews then re-assembled them in such shelter as they could find—a much more difficult and painful business than it sounds. You can get the idea by putting on thick gloves and then trying to bolt together heavy chunks of metal so cold that they sear fingers through their wool and leather covering.

Throughout the operation Canadians and Americans, individuals and governments alike, have been working together with remarkably little friction. When the men at work think of the DEW Line's international implications, the talk usually turns to Russia. Far North experts generally feel that North America has fallen behind the Soviet Union in knowledge of the strategic Arctic, particularly in seafaring. The DEW Line undertaking offers both the United States and Canada a chance to catch up.

You've reached middle age when all you exercise is caution.

—Franklin Jones in *The Saturday Evening Post*



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A-45

The Most Unforgettable Character I've Met

By Jhan Robbins

VISIONS may think it strange that the unusually beautiful gardens in the little village of South Nyack, New York, look so much alike. Nearly every dwelling, rich or poor, has its rhododendrons by the door, clumps of peonies along the path, purple wistaria flowing over the fence and red geraniums in a white pot in the side garden.

The explanation is that each garden is a monument to Mike McEvoy—Old Mike, the gardener—who worked in them for more than

half a century. He had fiery botanical prejudices and, as long as he lived, Mike kept the entire village firmly under his two green thumbs.

My wife and I first met Mike shortly after we moved into a mellow old South Nyack homestead. We looked out of the window one morning and saw a man trimming our hedge. We rushed out to say that we hadn't engaged a gardener, but by that time he was planting some woody-looking shoots beside the fence.

"You needed a bit of wistaria



here," he said firmly when we questioned him. We agreed meekly that we did.

It is difficult to say when Old Mike came to South Nyack; by the time people began to ask, he had already been there longer than anyone could remember. His brogue told of his origin in County Kilkenny; his face was that of an ageless Gaelic elf, wrinkled and brown with rosy cheeks. Under devilishly peaked white brows, his eyes were as blue as the wild chicory flowers he weeded so relentlessly from his lawns. He was in his mid-70's when we came to know him, but his body was still taut with muscle and he moved with a quick, bobbing grace.

Each morning he would swing down the road where the businessmen stood waiting for the city bus. As he passed them he would shift his pruning ladder to the other shoulder and call, "Good morning, gentlemen! Is this the morning ye're goin' to throw away them briefcases and lead a healthy outdoor life like meself?" Then he would stride away, amused by the open envy of men 40 years his junior.

Mike drew his pay from the people who owned the Big Place at the end of our street. The help he gave the rest of us was only "a bit of neighbourliness."

Mike loved old-fashioned flowers. Once we planted a new hybrid tea rose. Next morning Old Mike was standing beside the interloper with

a pained expression. "Poor, new-fangled thing!" he said. "It'll never thrive here!" And he dug it up and carried it away to the "flower hospital" he kept in his greenhouse. He filled the empty hole with a slip of one of his own old favourites.

Mike taught us things more fundamental than landscaping. One Saturday our children came in to lunch with grubby tearstains on their cheeks. They said they had been to a funeral.

"Whose?" we asked, startled.

"A sparrow's!" they replied. "The cat got it. Mike buried it."

When one of the dogs caught a baby cottontail, or when a cat was hit by a car, Mike would bury the corpse with love and sorrow. The children helped him. "Don't you think it's morbid?" we were asked. Rather, we felt that Mike was teaching our children, in his simple way, about the inevitability of death and the sweetness of the gift of life.

Once we overheard Mike trying to help our children to understand a God they could not see. He pulled some zinnia seeds from his pocket and pushed them into the moist earth. Then, still on his knees, he said: "Now look at this spot next week and the week after that. You will see God at work, making the world!"

Not all of Mike's ways were gentle. Once we had to take into protective custody a housepainter who had carelessly set his ladder in

the middle of an ancient lilac and, in the course of his day's work broken the bush. The old gardener angrily went for the painter with a garden fork. "You ought to be burn-in' in hell!" he howled. "That lilac is old enough to be your mother!"

Mike enriched most of the gardens of South Nyack with bulbs and slips from the handsome plants and shrubs at the Big Place. We were embarrassed when we discovered the origin of the myrtle, iris and day lilies that Mike gave us.

"Mike, that's piracy!" we scolded him.

"Ah," he answered, "'tis only a bit of thinning and pruning!"

Undoubtedly his employers submitted to his horticultural tyranny, as we all did, simply because he was indispensable to the operation of the neighbourhood. When a tile blew off the roof, Mike knew just the man to repair it. He knew what you should pay for real estate, which merchants in Main Street could be argued into a bargain and at what point beneath the pavement everyone's drain joined the main sewer.

He was baby-sitter extraordinary to the entire community. At the Big Place he had already helped to bring up two generations of young ones and was well started on a third. Our own four children and a dozen others followed him, as he said, "like I was a pie-eyed piper!" He trundled them about in the wheelbarrow. He fed them lemon drops from his well-supplied pocket. He

spoiled them, every one. Yet they obeyed him at the jump. We saw the worst troublemakers trotting docilely along beside him, their defiant freckled faces breaking into smiles as Mike pointed out a tiny new bud or a fresh green shoot.

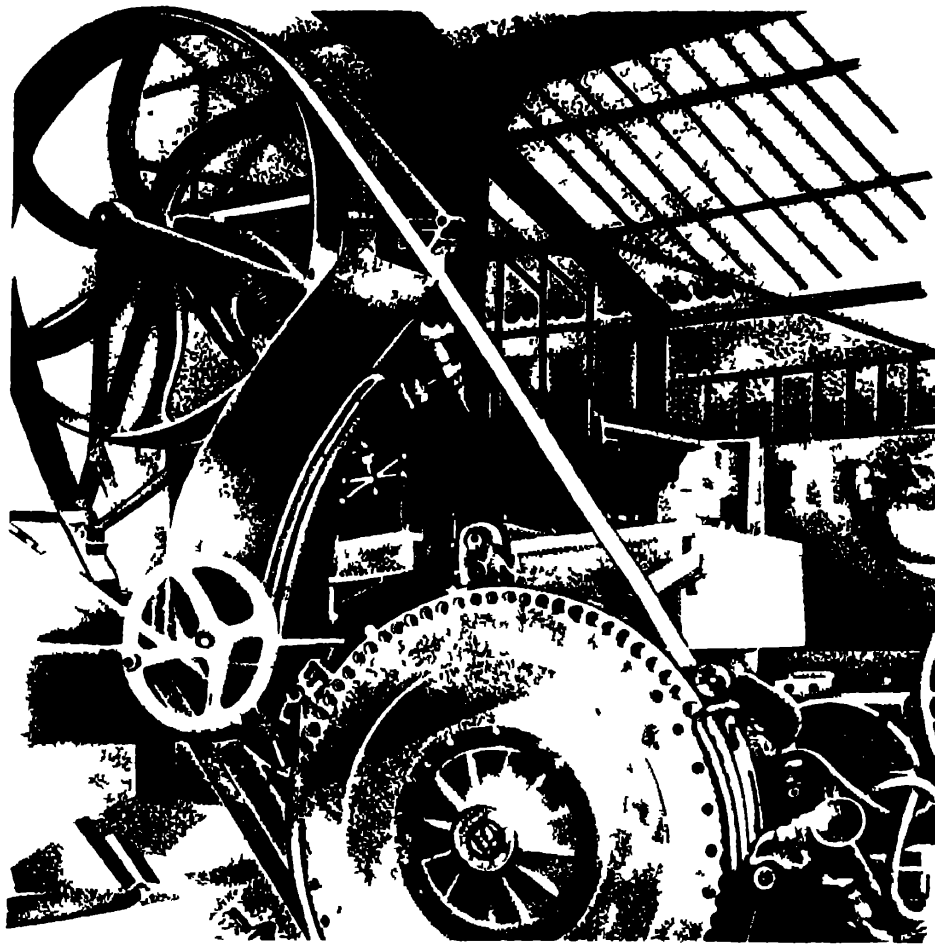
"Treat flowers as if they was children and children like they was flowers," he advised. Then he added, "That means they both get a good rakin' over when they need it!"

He could not see a child unhappy. Once when our Penny, then four years old, was left out of a birthday party in the neighbourhood, we found Mike and Penny sitting up in the branches of the crab-apple tree having their own party.

Mike knew just when to add "Miss" or "Mr." to the first name of every lanky adolescent. He was always delighted to see young love; when a strapping teen-ager went out on his first "date," Mike invariably furnished the bouquet.

He lent a helping hand to all. When one of our neighbours was struck down by a heart attack, his doctors ordered him to retire and live quietly at home. He was an engineer, used to roaming the world, and he was terribly bitter. "What is the use of living if I can't set foot outside my own garden?" he asked.

"The world is waitin' in your garden!" Mike told him. Soon the two were busy planting Japanese holly, English ivy and French lilacs.



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One of the lads who had once followed Mike's wheelbarrow was killed fighting in Korea. His mother could not be comforted. Mike went to see her carrying a package. When he came back, he reported that she was feeling better.

"What did you take her, Mike?" we asked.

"A bowl of lily bulbs," he answered. "The flower of the Resurrection."

Mike himself had learned to live with sorrow. He was a widower. Living with his only son, he cultivated the garden behind his small grey cottage so that it glowed like a stained-glass window laid upon the ground. He was proud of his lawn, which he dotted with those garden ornaments of a bygone day: prim iron benches, a shining glass globe on a stone pedestal, bird baths, a sundial. Mike admitted he had garnered most of them from the district rubbish dump.

He was always scandalized by what other people threw away. At Christmas every child who belonged to his gardens received a shining toy; but if you looked closely you could recognize it, under the new paint, as the twisted, rusty trolley or the smashed doll's pram that had previously been consigned to the dustbin.

Each winter Mike would look up at the snowy skies and say, "If I can just last until the grass turns green again, I'll be all right!" And miraculously, when the Red Emperor

tulips opened spring's early show, his step lost its shuffle. His long bony arms dug the fork into the moist spring earth with all their old authority. He visited all the new babies that had been born during the winter. "Margaret! 'Tis a fine name for a colleen!" he said of ours, and gave her a primrose.

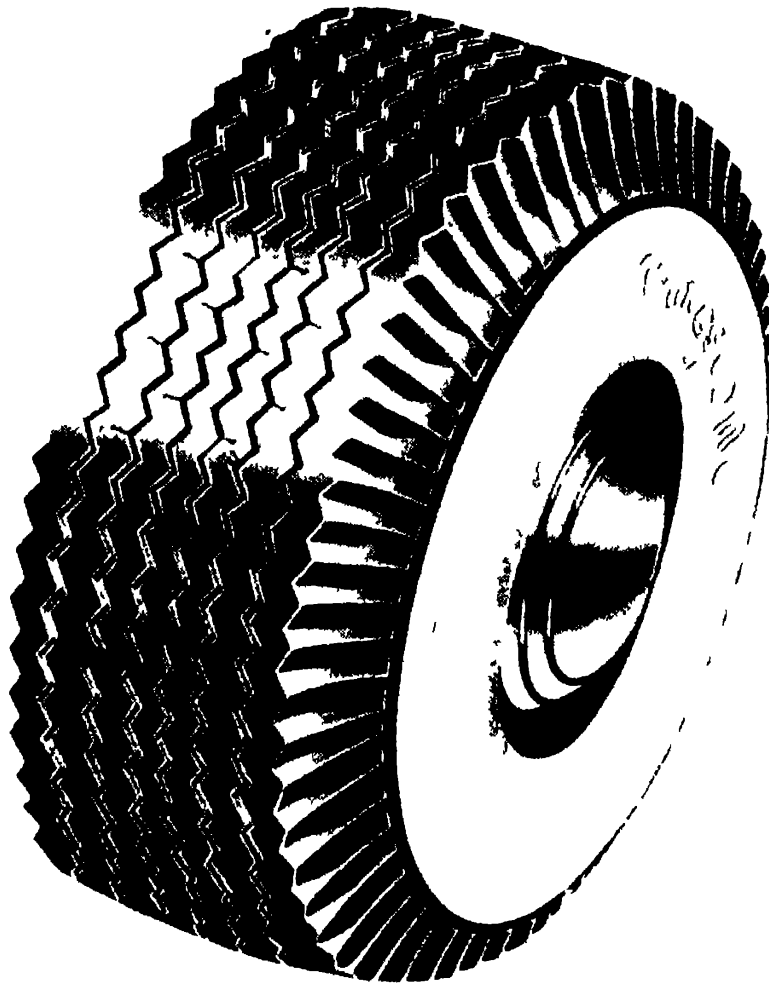
One day in August Mike climbed his ladder in the heat of the day to cut back a huge mulberry bush. "Mike!" a neighbour called. "Stop that! Don't you know the temperature's nearly a hundred?"

Mike waved, "So am I," he said. But when he climbed down, he staggered and fell. He lingered on through the summer until the first deep frost. Then, like the flowers in his gardens, he died.

The tall hemlocks that he planted as tiny seedlings have outlived him. So has the crippled peach tree that was struck by lightning some years ago. They told Mike to cut it down, it was done for. But Mike had planted the tree when he was a young man and he would not give it up. He pruned it back to its stunted bole, cleaned and filled the blackened wound—and behold, the next year it bloomed more beautifully than we had ever seen it bloom before.

It still seems wrong to breathe the summer air without Mike. But in these troubled times I am glad we learned in his gardens that no frailty of man can stop the turning of the earth.

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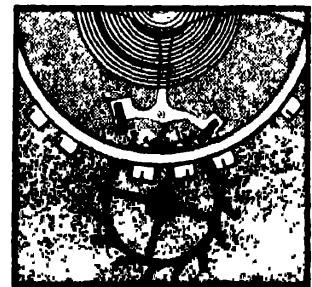
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THE WATCHMAKERS OF SWITZERLAND

It All Started With Europa

By Richard Armour

RICHARD ARMOUR is a professor of English and a writer of light verse. He dedicates his slyly distorted history of Europe "to history students and teachers who for generations have made each other equally unhappy." Brief excerpts follow.

EUROPE, like the rest of the world, was originally too hot to handle. Its beginnings are shrouded in impenetrable myths. According to one of these, it was named after Europa, a girl who rode around on a bull named Jupiter. The fact that Jupiter was actually not a bull but a god gives us some indication of the uncertainty of those early days.

IMPROBABLE as it may sound, the cradle of European civilization was the Mediterranean basin. The most important country of this region was Egypt, which was ruled for

centuries by Pharaohs who had an obsession for building pyramids. These pyramids served no useful purpose except for burying Pharaohs, but to Egyptians who had been held down for years by a Pharaoh, there was some satisfaction in knowing that the Pharaoh was held down by a pyramid. These ancient structures provide interesting backgrounds for middle-aged tourists, whom they make look younger.

GREEK art reached its peak under Pericles. All the artists were classical and every work of art was a classic. It was called the Golden Age, for

prestige purposes, although everything was actually made of marble. The men in Greek statues are invariably clad in the simple, severely classical fig leaf. The art of wearing a fig leaf without braces was lost with the Greeks.



The art of fig-leaf wearing

THE GREATEST of the Roman emperors was Julius Caesar. He especially enjoyed conquering Gaul, which he divided into three parts: Veni, Vidi and Vici. Caesar was the first general to write his memoirs, thus setting a precedent that too many have followed.



After Julius Caesar came Mark Antony. He went to his downfall with Cleopatra, which must have been better than going there alone.

BUT FOR the Norsemen, we should probably not have Norway, Sweden, Denmark or *smörgåsbord*. The more adventurous were known as Vikings, who roamed the seas in quaint sailing vessels called *sagas*. One extremist who sailed as far as Russia and settled there became known as Eric the Red. When they died, the Vikings often went to Valhalla, which was popular despite the presence of Valkyries, corpulent ladies with flaxen braids and huge lungs chock-full of Wagner arias.

TO UNDERSTAND the Middle Ages, it is necessary to understand chivalry, a system whereby a man, after he was knighted, went out looking for a damsel to distress. Other favourite occupations in those days were tilting and making love to

the queen. Tilting was done in tournaments, where there were long lists of knights who were horsed, unhorsed or just enjoying a little horseplay. Making love was done in the king's absence.



DURING the Dark ages everyone was ignorant. Towards the end someone pressed a switch and there was a revival of learning. People began to know more and more and to correct each other about names and dates and the source of familiar quotations. Universities opened their doors; those that taught chemistry opened their windows.

MODERN times in Europe were ushered in by wars and rumours of wars, most of the latter being well-founded. It was now that Napoleon rose rapidly, despite his appearance; he became a general while people





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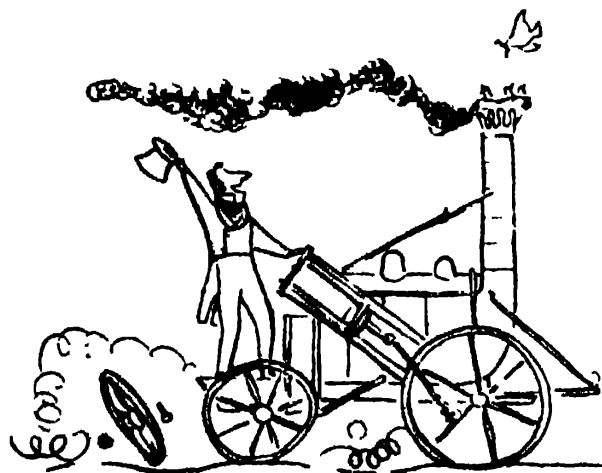
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were still calling him "the little corporal." He was so short that he would have had difficulty in seeing parades if he hadn't always been in them. From the beginning he put his hat on sideways, and no one ever dared to tell him.

Soon the steam engine replaced the stage coach, and the steam whistle replaced the whinny. Steam was in turn superseded by electricity, which was invented by three dwarfs named Amp, Ohm and Erg. Nevertheless, steam continued to have its uses, being better than electricity for pressing trousers, opening envelopes and inhaling when your nose is stopped up.



WORLD WAR I was the first war to be numbered. It is not known why

this convenient device was not employed earlier. If it had been this might have been World War CXVIII. World War II, also called the War to End Wars to End Wars, having come to one end in Europe, came to another in Asia. Whatever else is said about World War II, it is the only war with two ends.

JOSEPH STALIN was born Joseph Vissarionovich Dzhugashvili, which he did away with because it was too long to get on the voters' roll. Later, just to play safe, he did away with the voters' roll. Officials who wanted to stay out of trouble busied themselves changing the names of cities and streets to Stalingrad, Stalino, Stalinabad and Stalinagood. A collectivist, Stalin soon acquired all the neighbouring countries.

TWO COLD WARS followed World War II, one against the Common Cold and the other between the East and West. Neither war has yet come to a conclusion, though experiments continue with explosives—and anti-histamines.

Some credit must be given to the United Nations. Despite some long speeches, it has proved that wars are better heard than fought.



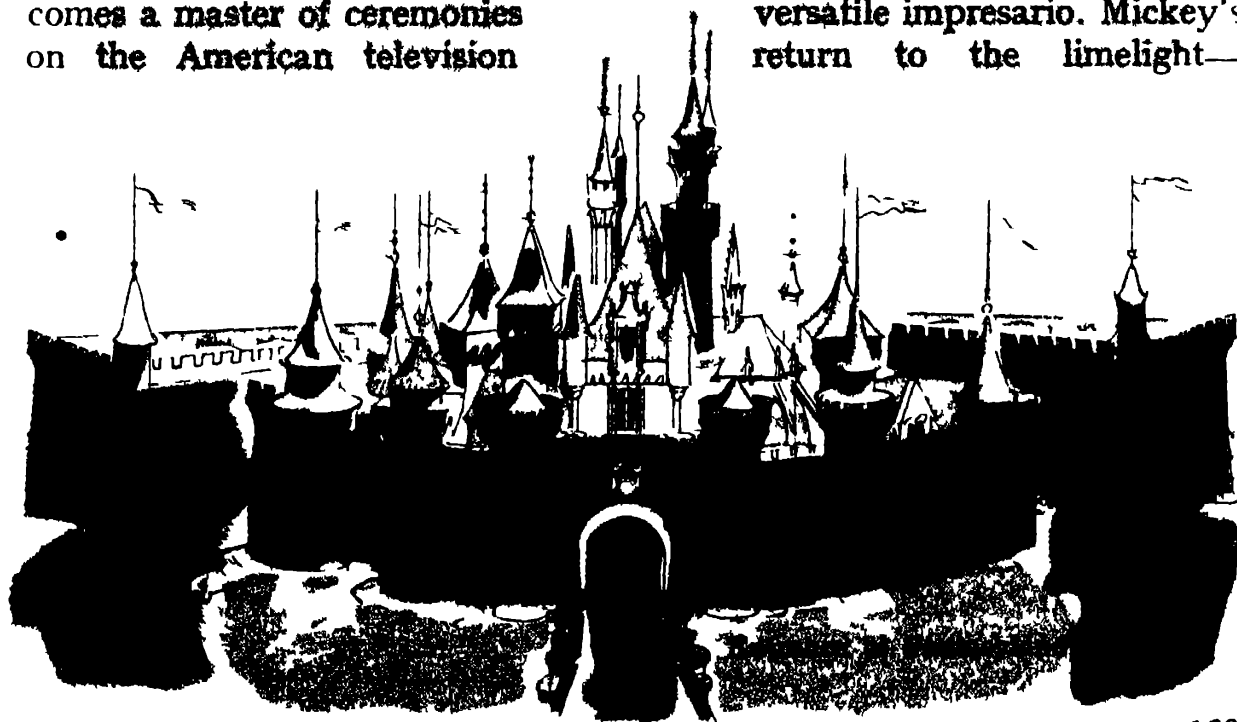
SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL was once asked what qualifications he thought the most essential for a politician. Without hesitation, he answered: "It's the ability to foretell what will happen tomorrow, next month and next year—and to explain afterwards why it did not happen."

How Walt Disney, with his films, television shows and an amusement park, has turned fantasy into high finance

Walt Disney's Fantastic Genius

THE SAGA of the ageing film star is all too well known — the heady upward trajectory, the few brief seasons on the summit, then the swift descent to “second features,” guest appearances and, of late, odd jobs on television. This month the saga is being enacted again—but this time with a difference. The old friend who becomes a master of ceremonies on the American television

programmes, and may soon appear on British TV, has no paunchy or balding look to pain his old fans. His eyes are as glossy as ever, his voice as strong and clear, his cheerful bounce undiminished. Most important, he's bound to be a hit. For his name is Mickey Mouse, and his sponsor is the man who created him, Walt Disney, the world's most versatile impresario. Mickey's return to the limelight—



Condensed from Newsweek

in "Mickey Mouse Club," a series of 180 hour-long television shows—is just one project in what may be history's greatest example of industrialized (and shrewdly synchronized) entertainment, Walt Disney Productions.

At his studios in Burbank, California, the 53-year-old Disney and his 900 employees are today blocking out 26 new "Disneyland" programmes for the 1955-56 television follow-up to this season's most popular series. They are getting ready four full-length feature films for release by December. They have 15 other films in various stages of preparation, as well as assorted cartoons and short subjects, any of which may be Academy Award material. (Disney added two Oscars last March to his collection of 22.)

Meanwhile, nearly 80 Disney camera crews are combing the world for (1) new Disney nature films, "True-Life Adventures," (2) settings for Disney "Live Action" films about fictional and historical people, and (3) subject matter for "People and Places" documentaries, a new Disney series scheduled for unveiling this year.

Besides all this, Disney has ventured into a new and, to him, unfamiliar territory on a multimillion-dollar scale. He has transformed a 160-acre orange grove, 22 miles south-west of Los Angeles, into the world's most fantastic amusement park. At first glance it might seem that the Walt Disney universe was

over-expanding. But each part has been carefully, and beneficially, balanced against the others. The "Disneyland" television shows, in addition to being top-notch entertainment, have already proved to be effective advertising for Disney films and presumably will do as much for Disneyland, the park. In turn, the park will publicize all other Disney enterprises. Indisputably, the man who turned fantasy into high finance is bringing off the most profitable "treble" that show business has ever seen.

Family Institution: Last year, when Disney announced that he was going into television with an hour-long weekly show, Hollywood prophets said he would be out-classed in a strange field, that he was "selling out" to the opposition and would ruin the market for his own films. Before a month of "Disneyland" programmes had been run off, Disney was summoned to accept the 1954 Sylvania award for meritorious service to television. From the beginning he was among the top ten TV shows in popularity in America, and has stayed there ever since.

"Disneyland," now an American institution, is the first big-budget television show consistently and successfully aimed at the whole family. As a consequence, the greatest flood of fan mail the Disney Productions have ever known has been pouring in from grateful children and their parents. There has been an effect on

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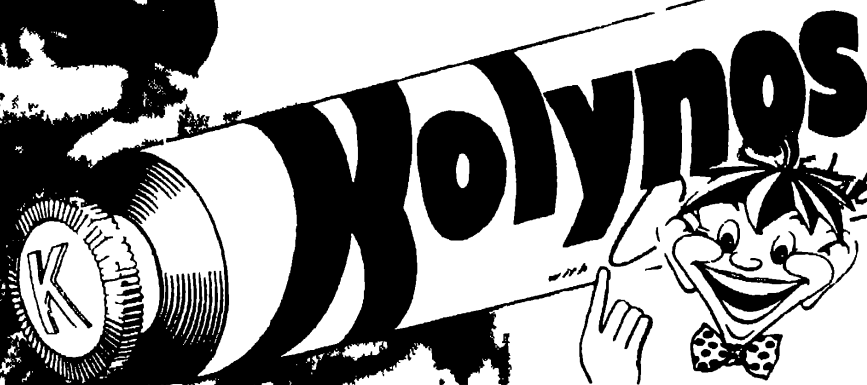
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schools too. Early this year teachers in a Seattle suburb protested that Thursday-morning classwork—the morning after “Disneyland” — came to a standstill. They heartily approved of the programme, but in the interests of scholarship would it not be better if parents tucked the children in bed without it? The teachers finally had to give in: they devoted the first morning period each Thursday to a discussion of the previous evening’s Disney show.

Rival U.S. television networks have been no less upset. Arthur Godfrey, long-time Wednesday-night leader, plunged as low as twenty-ninth in popularity, and admitted to his audience: “I love Disney. I wish I didn’t have to work on Wednesday night and could watch his show.”

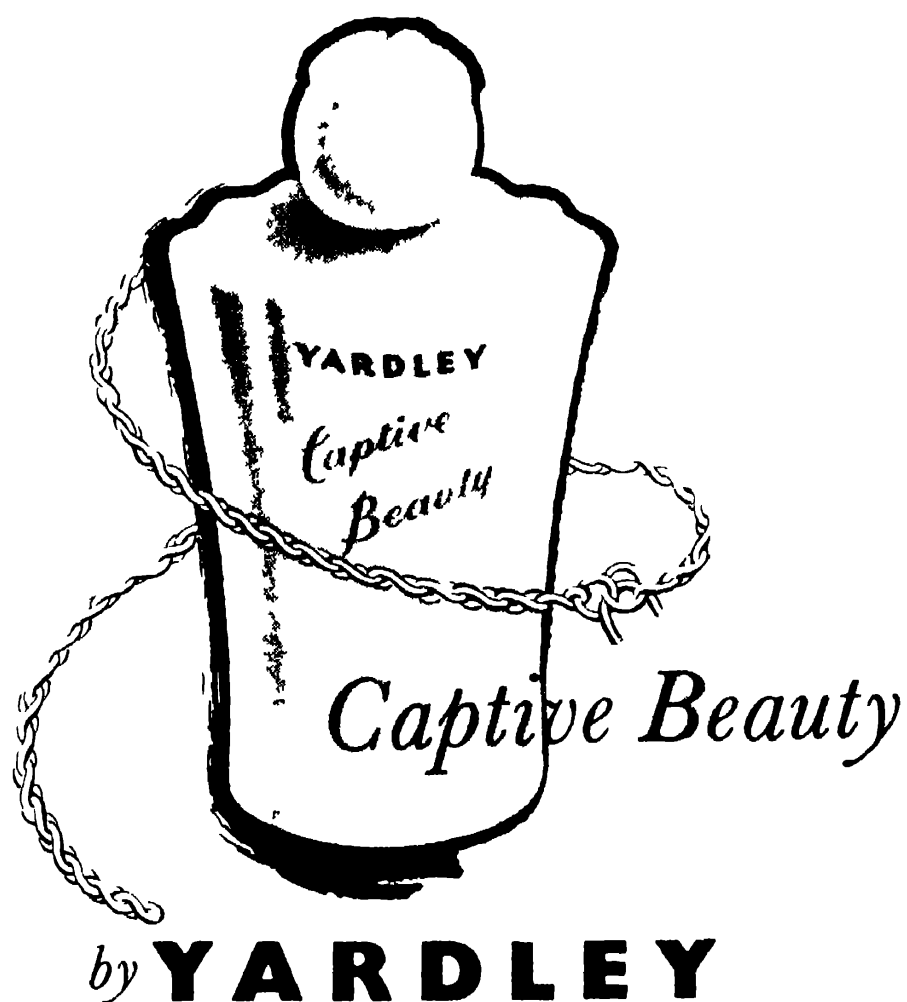
The runaway hit of this year’s “Disneyland” series was a three-installment resurrection of an old American folk hero, Davy Crockett—an irresistible Disney mixture of fantasy and fact, sentimentality and authenticity. When, in accordance with history, Crockett was doomed to die at the Battle of the Alamo, the public outcry was enormous. “If you don’t get Davy Crockett out of the Alamo unharmed,” wrote one outraged household, “the Bonniwell family will go back to Arthur Godfrey.” Disney killed off Davy, but that hardly put an end to the Crockett show. The film made for TV was shown in the cinemas, and Disney’s 1955-56 television series

will include four one-hour folklore segments entitled “The Legend of Davy Crockett.” The show’s theme song, “The Ballad of Davy Crockett” headed the “hit parade” for weeks.

Another in the “Disneyland” series, “Operation Underseas,” earned Disney an award from the U.S. Academy of Television Arts and Sciences as the best show of the year. Besides entertaining its audience with a fascinating essay on underwater film techniques, this programme publicized Disney’s latest film, “Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea,” and helped to make it a box-office winner. As a result, at least two major American film studios have announced plans to follow Disney’s lead into television. They will use their stars and facilities to produce hour and half-hour dramatic and variety shows that incidentally promote their regular cinema programmes.

“He Keeps Excelling Himself”: Disney’s extraordinary television success is based on the same factors that produced his previous triumphs. He has a firm faith in his own judgment; he is patiently indifferent to the safe bet and the quick return; he never rests on his laurels. At the core of it all, an associate believes, is the steady growth of Disney himself: “He gets wiser. He gets better. He keeps excelling himself.”

The amusement park is another



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big, though quite calculated, risk. For one thing, it ignores a trend. In the last few years amusement parks all over the United States have been shutting down. All this time, however, Disney has clung stubbornly to an idea of his own. The 11-million-dollar Disneyland, which opened in July, has given solidity to what is perhaps the master's wildest dream.

Like the TV show, it has four sections named Tomorrowland, Fantasyland, Frontierland and Adventureland, with a fifth—Recreation Land—thrown in for good measure. Although Disney ruled out the old-fashioned "thrill ride," there are innumerable attractions to dilate childish eyes and drop parental jaws. The "Peter Pan Fly-Thru" is a trip in an air-borne pirate galleon over Never Never Land, where a midget pirate stationed behind a plastic "Skull Rock" fires ping pong balls at passengers. On the "Mr. Toad Drive-Thru," children in a replica of a 1903 car may barrel into a haystack, knock over a cow, crash into a barn, and finally glide back to their waiting parents through "pearly gates to the accompaniment of heavenly music." The "Alice in Wonderland Walk-Thru" takes visitors painlessly and safely down the rabbit hole and through the looking-glass.

Other features are: rocket trips to the moon; stagecoach rides across a miniature painted desert with Red Indians and highwaymen in hot

pursuit; rides in a 105-foot paddle-steamer named the *Mark Twain*, in horse-drawn trams and fire engines, in canoes down rivers infested with rubberized crocodiles, plastic hippopotamuses and ostensibly hostile "tribes."

For all its flamboyant dimensions, Disneyland has a sound financial basis. Leading industrial firms have invested six million dollars in park exhibits. It is estimated that within five years five million people will patronize it annually.

No Middleman: At least five times as many children are expected to see the "Mickey Mouse Club" TV show each week, and the audience for "Disneyland" is estimated at over 50 million. Eighty per cent of the Disney staff's time, and most of Disney's, will be taken up by television and Disney is quite happy about it. He has particular reasons, as an artist, for liking TV. "I go directly to the audience without any middleman," he explains.

Like no other entertainer in television, Disney has 100 per cent control over all his programmes. "I don't have to run and ask anybody, 'Can we make a picture on Davy Crockett?' I can make a decision and not ask the cinema exhibitors. The tempo of the place has picked up. It has pushed me into a lot of new things."

Some of the new things that Disney has in mind for his "Mickey Mouse Club" programme:

► Disneyland Junior Symphony

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► "The Mickey Mouse Newsreel," with a staff of correspondents roving all over the world.

► "The Flying Carpet"—trips all over the world with a flight simulator and screen.

► "When I Grow Up"—enquiries into such vocations as detective, airline pilot, engine driver.

"On 'Mickey Mouse Club,' " says Disney, "we'll do certain educational things, but that's a bad word to use. Let's say they will be entertainment dealing with factual subjects."

For a man whose output has been consistently winning favourable audience reaction since 1928, Disney is doing an odd kind of worrying about Mickey's TV series. "It is aimed directly at children," he says, "and I've never done anything just for children before."



In a Word

Amazon: Today any outsize or intimidating woman may be referred to as an *amazon*, which, surprisingly, comes from the Greek, *a mazos*, meaning without a breast. But according to legend, the *Amazons*, who were allies of the Trojans against the Greeks, were deadly efficient warrior-women and in order that nothing should interfere with their bows (weapons, not frills), they cut off their right breasts.

Bonfire: We usually think of a bonfire as a gay part in some outdoor celebration, but its origin was less lively. In the Middle Ages, a *bone-fire* (it was so spelled till 1760) was a funeral pyre for burning the bodies of plague victims; a fire for burning witches, heretics, proscribed books. Then in 1755 Johnson, in his *Dictionary*, decided the word was "bonfire," derived, he stated, "from, *bon*, good (French) and fire," and in time the original charnel meaning was forgotten.

—Margaret Ernst, *More About Words*

Grass widow: During the years of British rule in India, Army officers posted there usually took their wives and children along. But most of the military establishments were in the intensely hot coastal areas, and those officers who could afford it sent their families to the hills for several months each summer. The higher terrain had a lush carpet of grass, in marked contrast with the barren plains, and a man who had dispatched his wife to the hills, jokingly said that he had "sent her to the grass." This is how the unusual expression, "grass widow," came to be applied to any woman who is separated from her husband, but not divorced.

—Webb Garrison in *Ladies' Home Journal*



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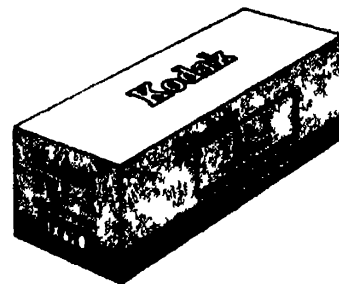
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In this vivid account there is both hope and warning

How It Feels to Have a Heart Attack

By Robert Wallace

THE PAIN had begun just before he got into the train. Like most men in middle age he had vaguely considered the possibility that he might some day have a heart attack. His father had died of one. But there was nothing the matter with his own heart, so far as he knew, and he was no more a hypochondriac than any man whose breath comes shorter than it once did and whose belt seems tighter than it was.

This account of what happened to him is completely factual except that, at his request, his name is not given.

A specialist might have told him that he was a good candidate for a heart attack. He was 41, five feet eight inches tall, of stocky build and inclined to put on weight; stripped, he weighed 11 stone 11 pounds. He had a nervous stomach. Sometimes he worked under pressure and did not readily shake it off when he went home at night. He supposed he took

care of himself. He rarely drank more than one cocktail a day, smoked about twenty filter-tipped cigarettes daily. He occasionally played golf, pottered around the house and garden at week-ends, but rarely engaged in violent exercise.

At 7.55 p.m. on November 10, 1954, having worked three 11-hour days in succession, he left his New York office and started to walk the five blocks to Grand Central Railway Station. He lived in Connecticut, and was taking an 8.9 train. He moved rapidly through the platform barrier and headed for a front coach. The pain commenced then.

It arrived full-grown. It was as though a small hot bulb had suddenly begun to glow in his chest. The area of pain seemed about the size of a shilling, in the centre of his chest, four inches below the knot of his tie. He thought it was indigestion; he often had indigestion pains, and carried a box of antacid tablets in his pocket.

Suddenly he did not feel like walking further, so he stepped into the nearest coach and took an empty seat near the door. If he were going to be ill, he thought, he could get to the toilet quickly without attracting attention.

The pain was severe, but he had felt many worse pains in his life. He took an antacid tablet and began to chew it. Presently he felt a second ball of pain beside the first one and then another. Soon all three merged into a bar, hot and high up across his chest. He began to wonder whether his heart might not be involved, but he had the conventional notion that the pain of a heart attack would be lower and on the left side of his chest. He thought of leaving the train and trying to find a doctor, but considered how ridiculous he would feel if he were told that he merely had indigestion.

For two or three minutes he sat quietly. Then he noticed that his left arm was numb, and felt pain running from his left shoulder down to his elbow. He knew now, beyond doubt, what was happening to him.

The train had started moving. He was certain that he was going to die, but was not terrified, and began to say the Lord's Prayer.

The train was approaching a station now, and for a moment he thought he would try to get off there. Then he was seized by the conviction that if he were to stand up he would take only one or two steps and drop dead in the corridor.

He is a man of strong religious faith. He had written his will. It was not terror of death or regret for things undone that disturbed him, but something he describes as an enormous, leaden sense of loss: he would never again see his wife and three young sons. And he had a faint feeling of resentment: only 41 years old.

The conductor entered the coach and began collecting tickets. When the conductor reached him he said quietly, "I am having a heart attack. I want to get off the train."

The conductor's eyes widened. "I'll stop at Fordham station," he said and walked swiftly away.

As the train slowed down, the conductor reappeared, accompanied by a ticket collector. The man stood up, wondering whether the motion would kill him. Nothing happened. Leaning on the ticket collector, he slowly descended the steps to the platform.

"This is a bad place for you," the ticket collector said, as the train pulled away. "There's a big flight of steps up to the street and no elevator. Can you make it?"

"God knows," he said. "I'll have to try." He had decided that death was inevitable.

Somehow, partly supported by the ticket collector, he got to the top, where he leaned against a wall. The ticket collector went out into the middle of the street, waving his arms to stop any passing car. After perhaps five minutes—here his recollec-

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can resist!*

HEROS' No 43

tion of events becomes episodic; he was, in fact, extremely close to death—a police car appeared.

He remembers walking slowly to the car, and then a seemingly endless period of interrogation during which he pulled out his wallet and identification papers. There were questions as to whether he was a nervous hypochondriac or drunk. The policeman wrote down his name laboriously.

"Please," he remembers saying, "can't you call an ambulance?"

Instead, the policeman kept looking through the identification papers.

"I want to notify my wife," he said.

"Sure, sure," said the policeman.

"Look, can't *you* take me to a hospital?"

"All right," the policeman said. "Get in the car." They left the ticket collector standing on the kerb.

In five minutes he was in the emergency room of the Fordham Hospital, being examined by a woman doctor. She put her stethoscope to his chest, looked at him with narrowed eyes and slipped a small pill under his tongue. Then she injected morphine into his left thigh.

Two hospital attendants helped him to get into a wheeled stretcher, took his clothes off and put him in a bed in a ward. It was nine o'clock, almost an hour since he had felt the first pain.

The morphine worked quickly. In half an hour he was drowsy, only

slightly conscious of the pain, and might easily have gone to sleep. But he expected momentarily to see his wife and his own doctor enter the ward, and he refused to lose consciousness until they came.

About 9.30 a resident physician¹ listened to his heart with a stethoscope for perhaps a minute, and then said tonelessly, "Coronary occlusion."

The Lord's Prayer again . . .

He lay with his eyes fixed on the door of the ward through which his wife and his doctor would surely come. All night he stared at it, sometimes dozing for a moment and then snapping awake. No one came.

The New York police had sent a teletype to the police in Connecticut requesting that his relatives or friends be notified. There had been delay in its transmission, and it was long past midnight before a patrol car reached his home. His wife, supposing that he was working late in the city, had gone to bed early. The policeman could tell her only what was in the teletype—that he was "ill and confined to Fordham Hospital."

They had only recently moved into the neighbourhood and she knew of no one she could ask—at that hour—to come and take care of her children while she went to New York. It was mid-morning before she reached the hospital.

He watched her walk through the ward towards his bed, enormously grateful that he had lived to see

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her again. Soon his own doctor arrived and an electrocardiogram was taken. The pattern of his heart-beat on the graph paper would show the amount of damage.

The human heart performs fantastic labour. Every day it pumps about 3,000 gallons of blood through thousands of miles of vessels in the body. To nourish its own muscular tissue the heart itself requires a large quantity of blood, which flows through the two coronary arteries and their branches. In normal individuals the lining of the coronary arteries is clean and smooth. But in those who are likely to have heart attacks the inner layer of the arterial wall is thickened by the slow deposit of a fatty wax called cholesterol, which is found plentifully in foods and is also manufactured by the body itself.

In his case, somewhere in one of his coronary arteries, cholesterol had caused an obstruction. For years, perhaps, it had only slightly impeded the flow of blood. But recently the blood had begun to pile up behind it in eddies, and as he walked down the train platform the eddying had increased. Backed up, some of it unable to pass the obstruction, the blood had begun to seep out through the arterial wall. In a spasmodic reaction the artery had pinched shut. The heart, deprived of part of its nourishment, had begun to ache. It still obtained blood through other coronary-artery branches and thus a great part of it was undamaged, but

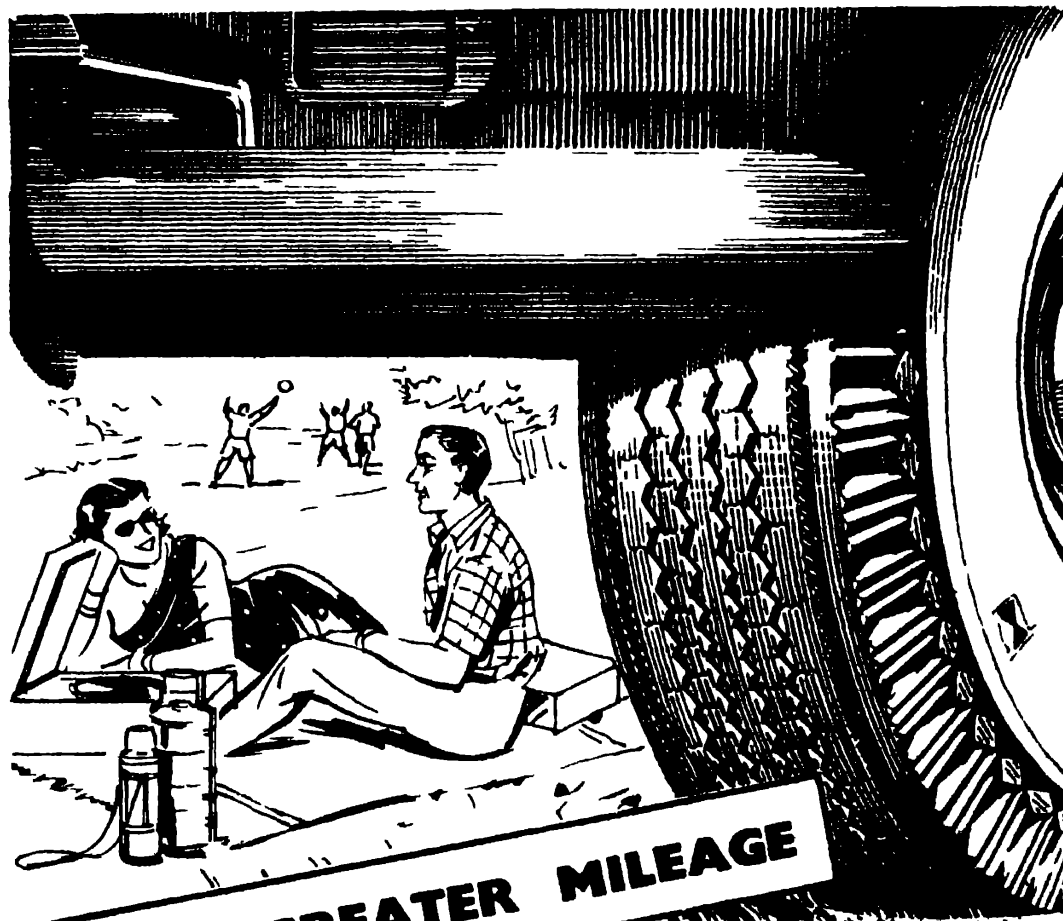
one area of it had begun to die.

His was no exceptional case; he had suffered a classic heart attack of the sort that happens annually to hundreds of thousands of people. All such attacks result from obstruction or impairment of the flow of blood in the coronary arteries, but differ in name and in their exact nature. In general, whether the attacks are called coronary occlusion, thrombosis or angina pectoris, cholesterol is thought to be the root cause. (It should be said here that there is no reason for the average middle-aged man to become a cholesterol hypochondriac. He would be well advised merely to moderate his consumption of fatty foods and await the results of further research in the subject.)

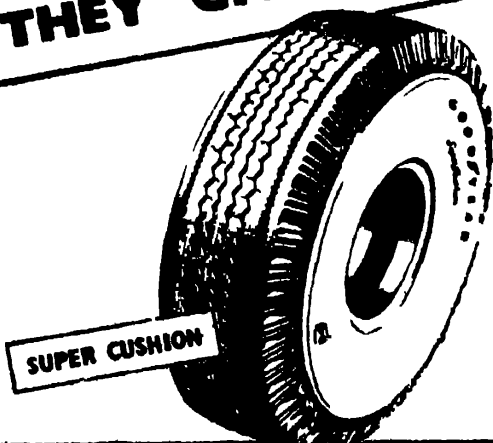
At four in the afternoon, tests having shown that he was not in imminent danger of death, he was transferred to Lenox Hill Hospital in the central part of New York City.

There are no miracle drugs, other than emergency medicines, for cardiac patients. The primary treatment consists of prolonged rest, during which the heart makes its own repairs: the obstructed artery is bypassed, new channels are opened, old ones enlarged, through which the blood may flow. It can never restore the damaged area of muscle which does die and is replaced by scar tissue, but it can make arrangements and compromises in its blood supply for which there is no other word than miraculous. Eight out of

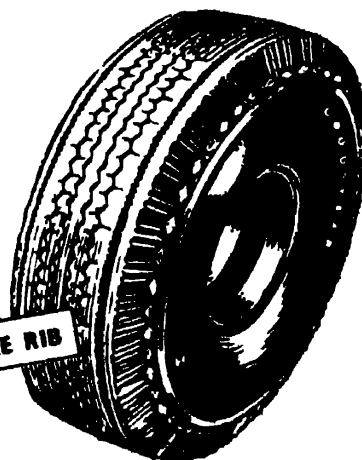
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PASS/23A

every ten who suffer heart attacks survive them and thereafter lead normal and even long lives because of the magnificent vitality of that fist-sized hollow lump of muscle in their chests. Morbid fear of heart attacks is foolish. The chronic worrier would do better to consider how strong his heart really is.

In the 48 hours following his attack the pain gradually subsided. But in the late afternoon of the third day he awoke from a drugged nap to a new and terrifying sensation—he could not breathe.

He was suffering from pulmonary oedema, a disastrous complication that sometimes follows severe heart attacks and fills the lungs with fluid. An oxygen mask was connected, and a doctor gave him an injection which helped to clear out the fluid in which he was literally drowning.

For two days he drifted between sleep and wakefulness, burning with a fever that once reached 105°. It was here that he was closest to death, and he was not even aware of it. Then, as abruptly as it had begun, the fever left him.

He awakened one morning feeling completely alive, and certain for the first time that he would not die. He was overcome with a sense of the freshness of life such as he had not known for years. He looked at his hands, thinking how marvellously they were contrived. Every

object on which his eyes fell was remarkable. Today he knows that cardiac patients, in fact all men who have gone to the final brink, looked over and drawn back, have such feelings.

He was discharged from the hospital 46 days after his attack. He stayed at home several months, resting. Then he went back to work.

Occasionally today he wonders what he might have done to avoid the attack. He finds some of the answers in the way he must now live:

He is obliged to watch his diet; previously he had known he was a stone above normal weight but had never done much about it. He must avoid animal fats, which he once consumed in abundance. He must use little salt, which causes the blood to retain excess fluid and hence to become overweight. He must not become heavily fatigued or emotionally upset; this, too, he had known but had ignored. He must, of course, avoid violent exercise.

The other adjustments he must make are small. He may no longer smoke but may drink. He goes to bed at ten. He eats light meals.

When he looks at his wife, at his three young sons, and watches the grass growing green beside his door, the coming of spring is not to him an annual occurrence scarcely to be noticed, but an enormous personal gift that can bring tears to his eyes.



BOOK SECTION

Me and My Russian Wife



BY EDDY GILMORE

EDDY GILMORE's Russian wife finally escaped from the Soviet grasp in 1953. Here is Gilmore's own account of that dramatic episode.

"I knew Eddy in Moscow during the wartime '40's," writes W. L. White, author of *Report on the Russians, They were Expendable*, etc. "Back in those days many correspondents stayed at their posts by currying favour with the dictatorship. Gilmore stood up to the Russians and they respected him for it. So while you are entertained by his warmly human pages which follow, remember they were written by a courageous and deeply honest reporter who successfully campaigned against the Kremlin for his family's freedom."

"Me and My Russian Wife" copyright 1954 by Eddy Gilmore and published by Doubleday & Co. Inc., Garden City New York With additions by the author

ME AND MY RUSSIAN WIFE



IT ALL began in Moscow in July, 1942, when Major John Waldron, a young doctor at the American Embassy, phoned me. "I've got a wonderful girl," he said, "and I'd like you to meet her."

"That's fine," I said sarcastically, "you and me and your girl. We'll all go out together and have a wonderful time."

"Oh, no," said Waldron, "I've got a partner for you too. And boy, wait until you see Tamara!"

When I had come to Russia as an Associated Press correspondent, a few months earlier, I had had no idea what was in store for me, except that it would be cold. Now I was about to find out. I weighed 15 stone 10 pounds and looked more like a Russian general than most Russian generals do. Thus I was obviously not a very romantic-looking fellow. But I was certainly destined to get myself mixed up in a lot of romance in Russia.

Following instructions, I turned up about eight o'clock at the doctor's apartment at the Embassy. Major Waldron introduced me to his girl,

Tanya, and the three of us strolled up Gorki Street Hill to meet my partner.

Presently Tamara came walking towards us out of the cobalt-blue evening an average-sized girl with the biggest, brownest eyes I'd ever seen. Her hair was brown, too, and it hung long and thick over her trim shoulders. Her nose was turned up, her lips were full. Her ankles were thin, and she had the kind of figure that ballet dancing develops. She had very long eyelashes over those wonderful eyes, and if you'll forgive me for being sentimental, she was about the loveliest thing I'd ever seen.

(I expected Eddy, as an American, to weigh 18 stone, smoke long cigars and sport a shiny, gold chain across a big stomach. That was the way Americans were pictured in our newspapers and magazines.)

I was not too far off about Eddy's weight but completely wrong about everything else. I knew very little about foreigners in those days, but I said to myself, "Anyone who can get this far from home must be

unusual." How right I was.—
Tamara.)

We went to a restaurant where we had caviar, *stasivi* (breast of turkey submerged in a cold sauce made with nuts) and drank chilled vodka and *borzhom*, the Georgian soda water. Later on, the band played everything from "On the Streets of Yerevan" to the haunting Georgian love song "Suliko."

It was an unbelievable evening in my life and, of course, I fell in love with Tamara.

GETTING Tamara to fall in love with me wasn't so easy, for I didn't have a clear field and the competition was considerable. Americans in Russia observed an unwritten rule—we never tried to capture another American's girl. But between the Moscow representatives of other nations infighting was rough, with no holds barred. I had much opposition from the British camp and moreover while I haltingly spoke dog, or kitchen, Russian, my rivals could rattle it off with formidable rapidity.

* Not blessed with good looks, I have always had to resort to words, spoken and printed, and when I'm muzzled by a language I can't even talk about the weather in, I find it very difficult to deal in the fine nuances of romantic chitchat.

Tamara and I began something like this: "*Maken te the okno auf, po zha lasta.*"

"*Da. Ya budu eef I can.*"

In German, Russian and English, scrambled in a horrible polyglot, the above is:

"Open the window, please."

"Yes, I will if I can."

Hardly the language of love but, as Tamara once said, you've got to get the window open some time.

We saw a lot of each other and, despite the linguistic difficulties, I soon learned a great deal about Tamara. Her father had been a Polish Army officer and engineer. After the First World War he migrated to Russia, married a Russian woman and settled down in Moscow as the director of a large cigarette factory. He died of tuberculosis when Tamara was a baby, and she was brought up with the help of her mother's large Russian family, who launched her at the age of eight for a career in the ballet. In her teens she had passed the aptitude tests for the famous Bolshoi Theatre School and was duly enrolled as a student. But when I met her she was at a loose end. Due to the war the school had been closed and the personnel of the theatre evacuated.

To say that Tamara was different from any girl I had ever known is to commit the gravest of understatements. Almost invariably sweet and gentle, she could cloud up in a rage in two seconds—yet be over it in two more. She was exceptionally thoughtful and fiercely loyal, yet for a long time she refused to write letters. She was beautiful, yet one of the best cooks west of the Volga. I

knew I had never met anyone and would never meet anyone quite like Tamara Kolb-Chernashovaya.

DURING the war, when Russia and the United States were such close allies, it was inconceivable to me that the Soviet authorities would object to their citizens associating with the few Americans then stationed in Moscow. I was wrong.

One morning in March, 1943, Tamara's sister, Zina, knocked at my door and asked if I knew where Tamara was. I replied that I thought she was at her home. Zina said no, that Tamara had gone to the market for her mother and had not returned.

A cold, clammy terror swept over me. And Zina, crying now, crossed the first two fingers of her right hand over the first two fingers of her left—making the sign the Russians use when they mean someone is in gaol. Some of the girls who'd been going with foreigners had been warned off by the secret police, Zina said. Tamara had not been warned, but Zina was now sure that she had been arrested.

My first impulse was to rush to the headquarters of the NKVD (as the secret police was then called) or to make enquiries at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. But the interpreter I called in to get the full story from Zina advised me not to. "If the NKVD have her," the interpreter said, "your enquiries will only hurt her. Just wait a while and see what happens."

We didn't have to wait long. That same night Tamara came to see me. She clutched a piece of paper in her hand, and she looked very frightened. The secret police had picked her up at the market and had been talking to her all day. They told her she was wasting her time with a foreigner; I didn't love her, and it was unpatriotic to be in love with any foreigner, particularly an American, representative of the foulest capitalistic system in the world. (This was at a time when Russia was receiving millions in aid from the United States.)

Tamara unclasped her hand and showed me the paper. It was an official document giving her "permission" (I shall always remember that part of it) to establish residence in a certain section of western Siberia. She had just 48 hours to leave Moscow.

Tamara said there was nothing I could do. But I was determined to try something.

I talked to her mother and learnt that she had relatives in a village some 115 miles south-east of Moscow. We decided that since Tamara had to leave the city it would certainly be better if she could live near these relatives than to go to Siberia. Her mother wrote to the authorities explaining about the relatives. It worked. Tamara was given another paper, again giving her "permission" to establish residence in the village where her relatives lived.

This is typical of Russian "jus-

tice." A man, or woman, is arrested for some political offence (usually based on nothing more than suspicion) and is given a sentence of, say, ten years. Then, after special pleading, the sentence is changed to eight years and everyone concerned becomes thankful to the Soviet officials for lightening the sentence. Tamara and her mother and sister thought a great favour had been done them. The Russian mind just does not operate the same as ours. Perhaps this explains the passivity with which Soviet citizens endure the brutalities of their police state.

THE LAST few hours that Tamara and I spent together, knowing that she now had to leave Moscow, I number as the most terrible of my life. We walked to the Crimean bridge and looked at the frozen Moskva River. We drove to the beautiful Lenin Hills overlooking the old city. Nothing helped, and my heart was heavy with frustration.

I chose this sad time to ask Tamara to marry me. I shall never forget how she stared at me, completely bewildered, tears welling up in those large brown eyes.

"But it's impossible. We shall never see one another again," she said. "They will never let me come back to you."

I asked her to believe I would arrange things so that I could marry her.

"But how?" she asked.

"I don't know, but somehow."

At the final moment of departure, Tamara found she could not purchase a ticket on any train. She complained to the chief of her police precinct whose job it was to see that she left the city. He looked at her coldly.

"You can walk, can't you?" he said.

"For 115 miles?"

"That is no business of mine," the police chief answered. "Good-bye, please. I am busy."

I had a chauffeur and an old car that had already travelled more than 125,000 miles. I thought the car might make the journey if we could only obtain petrol — which was strictly rationed. Finally, by begging from all my friends, I collected just enough fuel for the trip.

The road was terrible, and it took hours to reach our destination. Tamara was billeted with a girl cousin, sharing a small room in the house of the village miller. When the dreadful time came to say good-bye, she clutched my coat, tears running down her face. "Hoaney," she said over and over again, "I luv you."

As our car bumped down the ruts of the country road, I looked back at her. Tamara was running after the car. Running through the mud and falling, getting up and running and falling again. I asked the driver to stop the car and I ran back to her.

"Tomka," I pleaded, "please believe me. Somehow I'm going to fix things for us. Since apparently I can't do it here, I am going back to

America to try from there. Just believe me."

Her eyes were unutterably sad.

"Hoaney," she told me, "I believe you. I know you gonna try."

SOON after I got back to Moscow I arranged permission from the Associated Press for a flight to America. A few days later I was in New York, sitting with Wendell Willkie in his office, pouring out the story of Tamara. I had not seen Willkie since I reported his tour of England and Ireland early in 1941.

"What can I do to help?" he asked.

I said I thought he should send Stalin a telegram.

"Write out what you want me to say," Willkie told me, "and I'll be glad to send it."

I drafted a telegram, and the next day Willkie telephoned to inform me that Stalin had replied to it. I hung on every word as he read the message, and I poured out my thanks when I had heard it. For Stalin said that because of Willkie's "personal vouching" he was making an exception: the request would be complied with.

Three days later I had a telegram of my own from Moscow: I BACK HOME WITH MAMA STOP I LOVE YOU STOP I WAIT FOR YOU STOP HURRY UP HONEY YOUR TAMARA.

Quite naturally I told a few friends about what had happened. Someone telephoned me to check details. The following morning

Kent Cooper, general manager of the AP, was on the phone congratulating me on my good news. Then his voice grew stern. "You're a hell of an AP man," he said. "You let us get scooped on your own story. The greatest love story of the war."

"Scooped?" I gasped.

"Yes, scooped. You and Tamara are all over the front page of the new York *Times*."

When I flew back to Moscow I found Tamara waiting for me at the battered military airport. And as I rushed out of the plane, she fell happily into my arms.

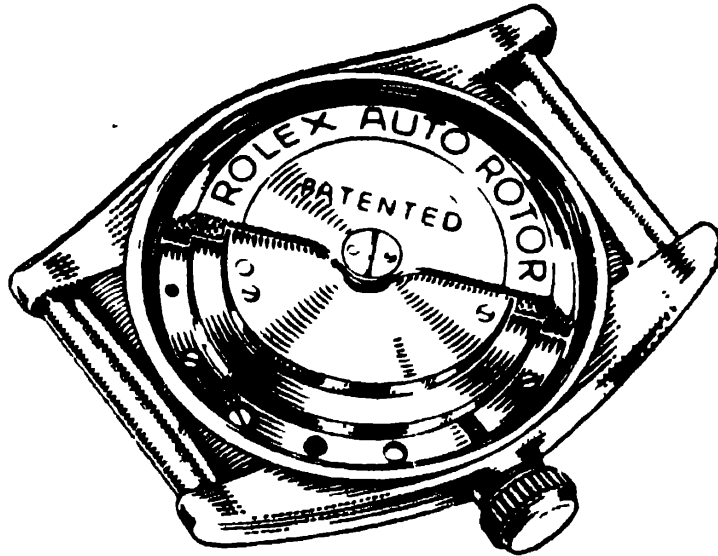
We agreed we'd better get married as soon as possible. So we presented ourselves at the Zags registration office. The official there examined our documents, excused himself, and went into an adjoining room. Through the closed door we heard him telephoning. He hung up and returned to us.

"I'm sorry," he said, "but you'll have to go over to the Raion Soviet. This is a special case."

At the Raion Soviet, we were instructed to come back in two days. We did. And waited. After about 45 minutes a smiling, dowdy woman came up to us, shook hands, and asked us to follow her. She led us into a room filled with potted palms and Russians. The Russians were seated in what looked to be two jury boxes facing one another.

"Comrade Kolb-Chernashovaya, stand up," said one of the Russians. Tamara stood.

Why a self-winding watch keeps better time



Watchmakers are sensible people. What they do, they do for a reason; and what they make, they make for a purpose. They had a very good reason for trying to perfect, over the centuries, a watch that would wind itself.

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"Gospodin Eddy Gilmore, stand up." I stood.

"Your application to register your marriage is in order and it has been approved," continued the voice from the bench. "Hurrah!"

At this point every Russian in the place stood up and started applauding. Then one of them handed us the marriage certificate, and all of them crowded round to congratulate us. We thanked everyone and left—I, at least, a bit dazed by the enthusiasm of the ceremony.

"That was all because of Stalin," Tamara explained. "Remember, he approved this marriage."

Later when I brought Tamara to the Metropole Hotel, we found our very first invitation as Mr. and Mrs. Gilmore. We accepted, and that night Tamara wore one of the dresses I had brought her from America. She looked beautiful.

"Now that you are married," our friends said, "you must begin thinking about getting Tamara out of Russia."

"Not yet," I replied. "A war's on. I've got to see this one out."

THOSE remaining war years were, as far as Tamara and I were concerned, the best we had in Russia. An era of friendliness reigned. We were invited everywhere. We were able to mingle freely with both foreigners and Russians.

I remember particularly one glittering affair at the Speridonovka Palace on Red Army Day, 1944. I

never saw so many marshals and generals assembled under one roof. I wandered about with Tamara, greeting and talking to Russians. At one point, Marshal Klementy Voroshilov grabbed me by the arm, "A toast," he said.

"Of course, Marshal Voroshilov."

"Come, come," he motioned to Tamara, "you are a real Russian girl. You must drink too."

As we did, Marshal Semyon Budenny arrived on the scene.

"You Russian?" he asked Tamara

"Of course."

"A toast to the women of Russia. The best women in the world," said Marshal Budenny.

The last I remember about that party was that I had one arm round Tamara and the other round Voroshilov, now the Chairman of the Praesidium of the Supreme Soviet. Voroshilov had an arm round me, too, and congratulated me on my taste in women.

NEVERTHELESS, we were always watched, whatever the occasion. One night as we were speeding through the streets to a maternity hospital, I happened to look back and noticed that we were being followed by a secret-police car. I smiled.

"Why you laugh?" asked Tamara.

"The boys," I said. "They even follow us when we're going to have a baby."

Madras

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That night, in a cold, bare room she shared with seven or eight other women in labour, Tamara gave birth to an eight-pound girl. The event occurred during a salute celebrating the liberation, by the Red Army, of three Russian cities. The Muscovy skies were filled with rockets, searchlights and salvoes from anti-aircraft guns.

"Since she was born in the middle of a salute," said Tamara, "I'd like to name her something having to do with victory. But the Russian word for victory, *pobeda*, is no name for such a beautiful child."

"How would you like Victoria?" I asked.

"That was the name of a great queen, wasn't it? She shall be Victoria, after a victory and a queen."

"And if you don't mind," I put in, "I'd like her middle name to be Wendell."

Victoria Wendell Gilmore.

*W*HEN the Germans surrendered and the war in Europe ended, I made up my mind to try to get Tamara and our daughter, Vicki, out of Russia. I talked it over with Tamara. She wanted to see my country and meet my mother (my father had died while I was in Russia). Accordingly, I sent a message to the AP. They agreed to a home leave.

I went to see a Mr. Zinchenko, then chief of the press department, and asked him to take up the matter with the Soviet authorities. Mr. Zinchenko heard me out without

committing himself in the least. Apparently the prospects were not good, and U.S. Ambassador Averell Harriman asked me what, if anything, he could do to help get Tamara out.

"Say something to Uncle Joe about it," I told him.

I believe he carried out this request, for Mr. Harriman had had a long war, too, and he was thinking about going home himself. Of course, he and his daughter Kathleen, who had been friends of ours, had no problem in leaving. But their parting shot was characteristic of their thoughtfulness.

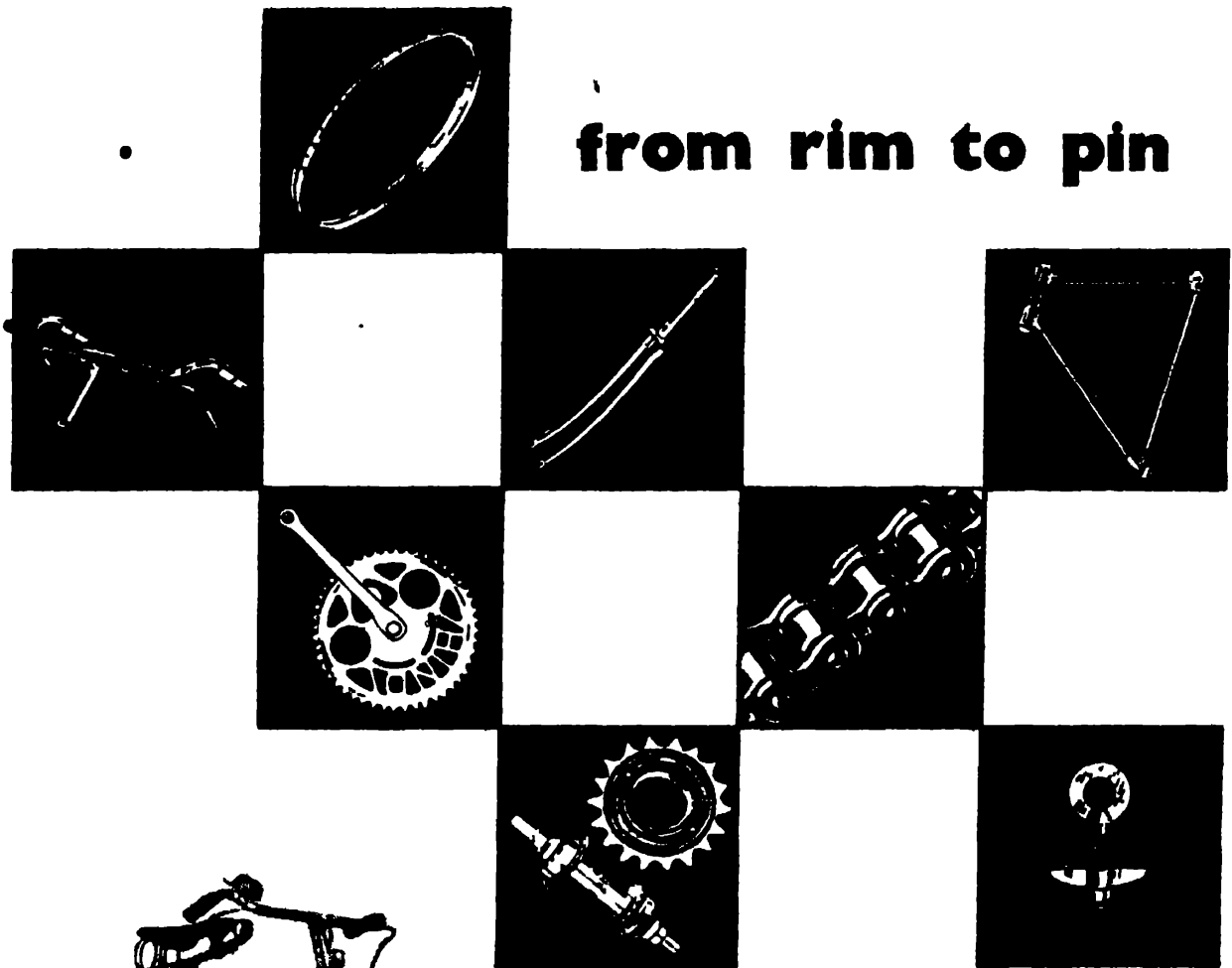
"Eddy," said the Ambassador, "you've got to see at least one more winter through. Here, take my overcoat."

Kathy loaded Tamara down with dresses.

"And here," she said, "are my leopard-skin trousers."

(I wore them, too. Being Mrs. Eddy Gilmore gave me an advantage in clothes over other Russian girls. In fact, one of Eddy's first presents to me was a pair of high-heeled, blue suede shoes from Teheran. I loved them, but I'm afraid I hurt his feelings when he showed me a pair of low-heeled sports shoes. "They can't be for me," I said. "They're for some footballist." Don't you believe that business about young Russian girls and women wanting to spend all their time learning how to drive tractors and build dams. They also want to

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look pretty. It is a great pity that the Soviet Union has not been able to make good, cheap, pretty dresses, suits and sweaters. If so many Russian girls and women look as if they're dressing alike, remember it's not their fault. In their hearts, they are just as human and feminine as women anywhere.—Tamara)

As Ambassador Harriman predicted, we did have to wait another winter before I could get Tamara out of Russia. But the year 1946 was a good year for us. First, by a strange bit of luck, I won a Pulitzer Prize for a written interview with Joseph Stalin. I simply asked Stalin some questions he wanted to answer at a time when he wanted to answer them. So, among all the letters which correspondents were frequently sending him, he chose mine to reply to. The resultant scoop made quite a splash all over the world.

Moreover, a few weeks later Mr. Zinchenko telephoned me. "Congratulations," he began.

"For what?" I asked.

"Your wife gets her exit visa to leave the Soviet Union!"

GOING to the United States was especially exciting for Tamara. She had never been outside Russia, of course, and had never been on an aeroplane before.

(My first reaction to America was—how tall are the buildings and how dirty are the taxicabs. When I complained about the cabs, my

husband fairly screamed and said, "How terribly Russian. In Moscow you haven't even got any cabs."

I knew the answer to that.

"If we did," I told him, "they'd be clean."

Taxis came back to Moscow streets in 1947. Some of them are dirty too. But not as dirty as those in New York.

My second reaction, which has now become my biggest reaction, is how kind are the American people and how great their friendliness. With my husband I've travelled to many parts of the world, but nowhere have I found people so downright nice as in the United States.—Tamara.)

We spent three months at home. Then came the big decision: what should we do now?

Many friends had urged me never to take my wife and daughter back to Russia. But Russia was still the greatest news story in the world, and I am a newspaperman. So when the Associated Press asked me to go back, I offered but faint resistance. The most I could say was, "There is always the chance that I won't get out again with Tamara." But my boss was confident that since I had done it once I could do it again. And, to tell you the truth, so was I—then.

BUT once we were back in Moscow, where our old apartment now looked older and shabbier than ever, we found a new hostility in the air.

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D. 54

The cold war had begun, and things were changing all round us.

The first indication of trouble came when Tamara fell ill and spent seven weeks in a hospital. They gave her 180 shots of penicillin. She lost two stone. I applied for an exit visa for her, and the chief of the press department met me with a cold stare.

"We have the best hospitals in the world in the Soviet Union," he said. "Your wife can recuperate here."

There were other indications that the cold war was blowing very frigid. By this time at least 15 girls we had known had disappeared, their only crime being that they had associated with foreigners. Nor was the ban on associating with foreigners applied merely to obscure Soviet citizens.

One night, as Tamara and I were on our way to a private dinner party at the Metropole Hotel, an arrogant Russian officer stepped into the lift with us. I recognized him as General Yeremenko, whose front I had visited during the war. When I spoke to him, he remembered me, and I introduced him to my friends. The General, who smelt strongly of vodka, was talking volubly when the operator stopped the lift at his floor.

"Don't touch that door," commanded the General, brandishing his swagger stick, "and don't move this lift while I am talking to my friends."

The frightened operator complied, and soon the bell was ringing

like a fire alarm. Presently the hotel manager, breathless from running up a long flight of stairs, arrived outside the cage. "Tovarishch General," he pleaded, "won't you please let the lift go up? People want it."

"All right," snapped Yeremenko. And when the lift let us out at the next floor he got off with us, talking his head off.

"General Yeremenko," I broke in, "we are going to dinner. It would give us much pleasure if you could join us."

"Dinner!" he said. "Why, of course!"

At this moment a little man in a blue serge suit appeared from nowhere elbowed his way between us and stood in front of the General.

"Tovarishch General," was all the little man said, looking the bear-like Yeremenko straight in the eyes. The General's expression changed. He was stunned. He wilted. General Yeremenko, commander of an entire front during the war (and today a marshal) turned to me.

"I'm sorry," he said in a hollow tone. "It's impossible for me to have dinner with you."

*M*Y NEWSPAPER work continued to be interesting, but otherwise life was grim indeed. It was particularly rough on Tamara and the other Russian wives of foreigners. They had no Russian friends. Even Tamara's mother, sister and brother were forbidden to enter our apartment. "It's a dangerous house," they were told.

Tamara was allowed to visit them, but I didn't see them for three years.

Tamara was no longer invited to receptions given by the Minister of Foreign Affairs. Each time I received an invitation, I wrote my regrets and added that it was not the custom in my country to attend gatherings where other ladies were present without one's wife. There were few places we could go. Had it not been for the many wonderful friends we had in the diplomatic corps, I don't know what we would have done.

When our second daughter, Susanna Hager Gilmore, was born, I made up my mind that I'd have to get Tamara and the two children out of Russia as soon as possible. Hitherto I had refused even to consider the possibility that I might not be able to manage it—eventually. But now something occurred which made me suspect I'd been too optimistic.

One afternoon Tamara came home in tears.

"I was taken off the street today," she said, "on the way to the market. They took me to an apartment. They were nice. Oh, so very nice. But they told me I should divorce you."

"And what did you tell them?"

"I told them they could do with me what they wanted, but I'd never divorce the man I love and the father of my two children."

I immediately went out to Spasso House and asked General Bedell

Smith, then the American Ambassador, to come out into the garden for a walk. (He and I both knew that his residence might be fitted with microphones. And if the secret police learnt that Tamara had told me of their threats and that I'd told the American Ambassador, well, I hate to think what might have happened.) As we walked about the grounds, I related this latest development to General Smith. He's a very tough man, as many people have discovered, but I think I saw tears in his eyes.

"The dirty so-and-so's," was his highly undiplomatic observation.

Obviously we'd have to secure an exit visa for Tamara, and quickly. General Smith took the matter up. No results. The months dragged by, and eventually General Smith was replaced as Ambassador.

Admiral Alan Kirk, who succeeded him, raised the question with Andrei Gromyko, then First Deputy Minister of Foreign Affairs. Nothing happened. I wrote letters to Stalin. The general manager of the Associated Press wrote letters to Stalin. My mother appealed to him. Silence. No answer. It was now late summer of 1950 and time was running out.

I decided that I had to fight my private war where I had successfully done it before—back in the States. In August I went home.

I got nowhere with my problem in Washington. Moreover, I soon learnt that the Russian authorities

(who had assured me before I left that I could have a re-entry permit) were now determined to keep me from returning to Moscow.

Christmas came and went, and the promised re-entry permit was not forthcoming. In fact I could get nothing out of the Soviet Embassy, or anybody else. Finally I had several long talks with my chiefs at the AP and they suggested that I'd better go to work in Europe. I was transferred to Paris with the title, "Bureau chief, Moscow, temporarily assigned to Paris bureau."

Of my Paris experience, I recall most vividly the agony of those telephone conversations with Tamara in Moscow: "Hoaney, when are you coming back to us?"

I dared not tell her the dreadful truth, that it might be never. And the long-drawn-out uncertainty of it was hard to bear. I did not sleep well in Paris.

(I didn't sleep so well in Moscow, either. I was cut off from my Russian friends, but at least I could go and see my family. And Eddy's many friends in the diplomatic corps gave me courage.)

Lady Kelly, wife of the British Ambassador, Sir David Kelly, was especially kind. She came to our apartment one day and told me that the doors of the British Embassy were open to me and my children any time I wanted to move in.

"You'll be safe with us," she said, "and we shall be delighted to have you."—Tamara.)

Then one morning I was surprised at coffee by a telephone call from the American Embassy. "Some Russian guy told us to tell you to come and get your visa to return to Russia!" said an Embassy secretary.

Why, at long last, was I given a return visa? The Soviets had applied for a visa for a Russian correspondent to go to New York. The U.S. State Department had let the Soviet Ministry of Foreign Affairs understand that there would be no American visa for this Russian correspondent, or any other one, until there was a Russian visa for Gilmore.

I flew back to Moscow in mid-May, 1951.

"And now," I said to my wife the first moment we were alone, "let's start thinking about how to get out of here."

But the prospects for finding a way out did not look bright.

I TOOK up my work where I'd left off. We were nearing the climax of the hate-America campaign. The propaganda machine was really hotting up the slanders against the United States. America was being denounced for bacteria warfare in Korea. U.S. soldiers were accused of committing unmentionable tortures on Korean women and children. Even an experienced Russian hand like George Kennan couldn't last as American Ambassador under such pressure.

President Eisenhower's new appointment for the difficult Russian

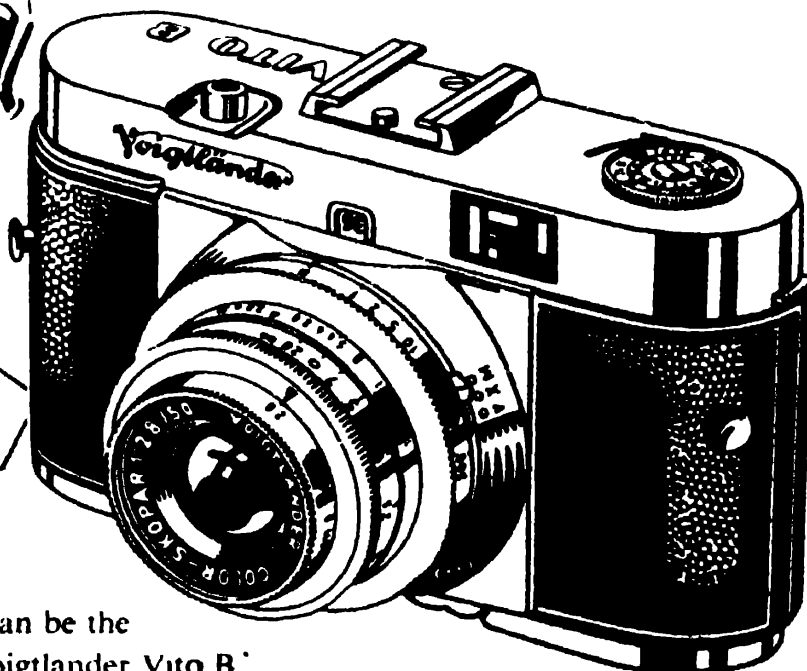
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E. 61

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post was Charles (Chip) Bohlen, an old friend of mine. The new envoy had just arrived in Moscow when he said to me, "Eddy, one of the first things I'm going to do over here is to try to get Tamara out. I promise no result, but I want you to know I'm going to bring it up at the highest level and, if need be, I'll continue to bring it up."

While Bohlen went to work for me, new troubles were brewing. Robert Magidoff, American correspondent for the McGraw-Hill Publications, had been forced out of Russia when his former secretary denounced him as a spy in a letter to *Izvestia*. I knew this girl very well, and I knew she liked and respected Magidoff. The secret police, of course, forced her to write that letter.

So I wasn't completely surprised when I lost my two secretary-translators, Lydia Kleingal and Alyce Alexis. Lydia, who was probably the most ardent Soviet patriot I ever met outside the Communist Party, was the first to go."

"What's the matter, is it the salary?" I asked when she announced her decision. "It's a very good one, you know."

"It's not that. I've just got to leave you, that's all."

"Of course, Lydia, if you must, you must. I believe I understand."

She was crying quietly as she left our office. Shortly afterwards she was arrested.

I learnt later what happened. It was well after midnight when there

was a knock at Lydia's door. Two uniformed men and two plainclothes policemen entered the tiny flat she shared with her mother and six-year-old son.

"What will my mother and son do without me?" she implored. "What will they eat?"

"Let them eat American food," said one of the secret policemen as she was led away.

Alyce, the other secretary, worked on for several weeks before she too disappeared. She set off for work one morning and never arrived. One of her neighbours saw her get into a big car with some men.

The arrest of these two girls was all too typical of how things were going—from bad to worse—until a day in early spring of 1953.

IT WAS about 4 a.m. when I was awakened by the ring of the telephone.

"Mr. Gilmore," said a voice in Russian, "this is Tass (the Soviet news agency). We should inform you that the Chairman of the Council of Ministers, Comrade J. V. Stalin, is seriously ill."

That shocked me out of my half-sleep.

"Will you repeat that again?" I asked.

I handed the receiver to Tamara and began pulling on clothes over my pyjamas. "It's true," Tamara said, after she had listened to further details. "Stalin is very seriously ill." And I knew I had one of the greatest

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Everyone benefits from taking Marmite, so use it regularly in your diet and increase your vitality.

Marmite is untouched by hand and does not contain meat or animal fat.

MARMITE VEGETABLE PANCAKES : Mix diced, cooked vegetables in cheese sauce seasoned with a teaspoonful of MARMITE. Place mixture on batter pancakes, roll up and sprinkle cheese on top. Decorate with parsley. Serve hot.

MARMITE is obtainable in 2-oz., 4-oz., 8-oz., & 16-oz. Jars

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of news stories to cover. What I did not know was how quickly it was to affect my own situation.

On March 6, 1953, the Moscow Radio announced a solemn communiqué from the Central Committee of the Communist Party. It expressed "profound grief" at the death of Joseph Vissarionovich Stalin, and it marked the beginning of a great change in Russia. We noted signs of it even at the funeral.

We both received black-bordered invitations to the funeral, which was strictly an invitational affair. During the service we saw a number of Russian officials we knew. They bowed. Several shook hands with me. This was something new, for they'd been grimly formal during the hate-America campaign in the days leading up to Stalin's death.

"Look at them; they're smiling," said Tamara.

"The new look," said I.

Despite the general easing of tension, it was several months later before anything happened about Tamara's exit visa. Then one day the telephone rang in our apartment. I recognized Ambassador Bohlen's voice. He asked me to come over right away.

"Is it bad news, Charles?" I asked.

He seemed to wait an eternity before he said. "It's not bad."

I found Bohlen pacing the floor of the Embassy's blue room. "I've just come back from seeing Molotov," he said.

"Yes?"

"Well, boy, you're free. Tamara gets her visa."

At this point, Mrs. Bohlen rushed into the room and said, "Congratulations!"

"I've, I've," I began, "I've got to kiss someone."

"Well, honey, she answered, 'here I am.'" And I kissed the American Ambassadors without protocol.

When I stutteringly tried to thank the Ambassador he laughed.

"Don't thank me," he said, with characteristic modesty. "Thank whatever it was that took Joe Stalin away."

Back at home, I shouted for Tamara.

"Tomka," I shouted, "Chip has just been to see Molotov and you get your visa!"

She staggered backwards and collapsed into a chair. "I'm in a dream," she said. "Don't wake me up."

Our final farewell party was at the Pakistan Embassy. This building was just round the corner from where Tamara's mother, a sister and brother lived. At midnight we quietly left the party and went to say good-bye to the nice, kind people whose daughter married into such a lot of trouble. I hadn't seen them for three years until I stood before Tamara's mother that night. She held an icon in one hand and blessed us with it.

"You have my blessing, my son," she said in Russian. "I give you my

daughter and my granddaughters. Go with them, and may God be with you all."

(My family and I write to one another all the time. Our letters are sent by ordinary post. At Russian Easter this year I telephoned Moscow and talked to my sister, Zina. I feel quite sure that nothing will happen to my family because of anything I have done. With Stalin gone I believe that a great deal of ruthless punishment of the Soviet people has gone.—Tamara.)

A good-sized crowd was out at the airport the following morning to say good-bye, and the crowd included some of the best friends I've known anywhere. There were kisses, handshakes and tears, and at last I led Tamara and Vicki and Susanna out on to the field and into the Soviet aeroplane. I literally kept my fingers crossed, for we still weren't out of the workers' paradise.

The door closed, the plane rose off the ground, and we soon left Moscow far behind. We landed briefly in Leningrad. And I still kept my fingers crossed until we took off

again and, a few minutes later, passed the Finnish frontier.

As soon as I stepped out of the plane at Helsinki, I bent down and picked up a handful of Finnish soil.

"What are you doing?" asked Tamara.

"Nothing," I said.

I'm afraid this was awfully sentimental of me, but I couldn't help raising that soil to my lips.

(I wouldn't have been surprised if he'd swallowed that Finnish soil! —Tamara.)

Tamara may have found the symbolism of this action difficult to understand; but she certainly shares my love of freedom—as she demonstrated a year later down in Mobile, Alabama. She had just become an American citizen and, after we left the Federal Court Building, she asked me to take her for a drink.

After draining her glass she said solemnly, "I think President Eisenhower is a louse."

"Why?" I gasped.

"Well, I really don't," she replied with a slow smile, "but how wonderful it is to be able to say so."



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MARMITE ONION CUPS Scoop centres out of skinned onions. Simmer chopped centres and dhal in water with two teaspoonfuls MARMITE, until dhal is tender. Fill onion cups and bake in greased casserole in moderate oven for 45 minutes.

MARMITE

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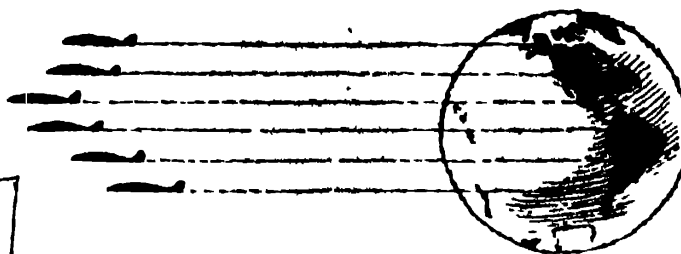
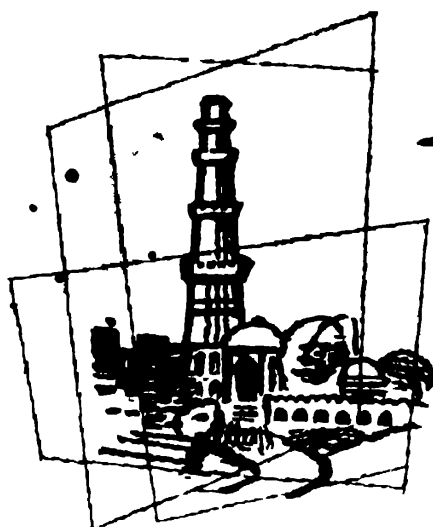
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actor
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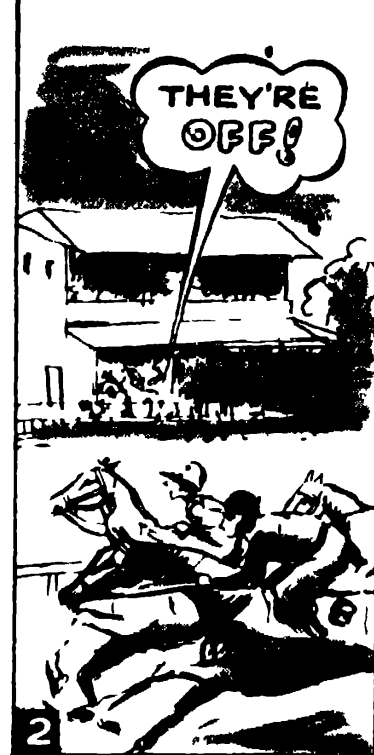
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Our story is a part of the story of India's industrial development as a whole. And with the second Five Year Plan stressing the importance of further industrialisation, we hope that the Indian Industries Fair will serve as a record of present achievements and a pointer to India's future.



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5

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8

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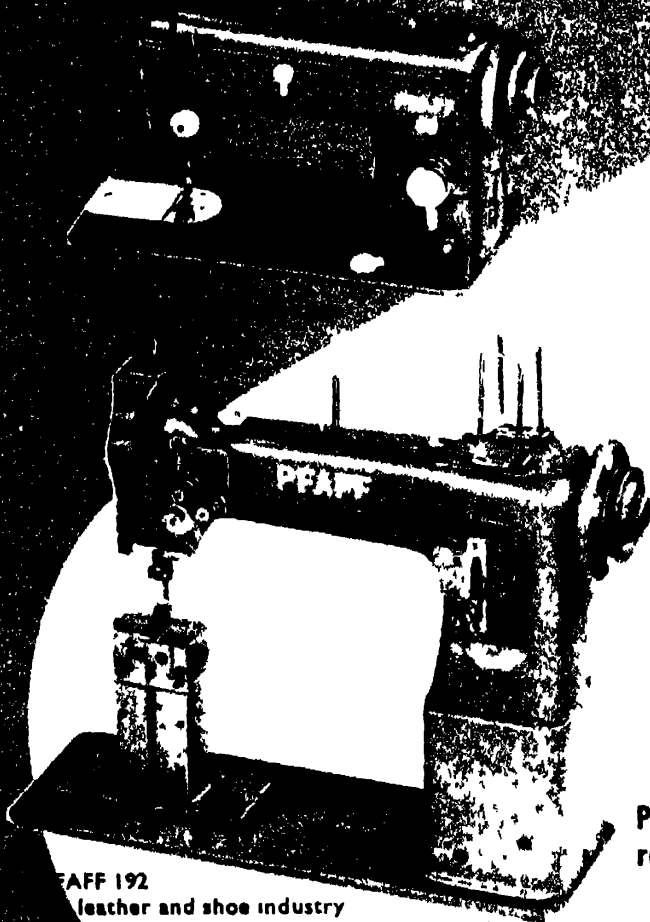
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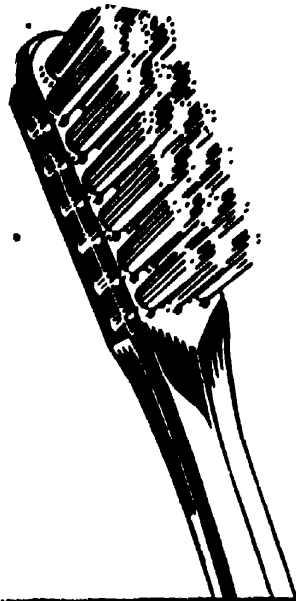
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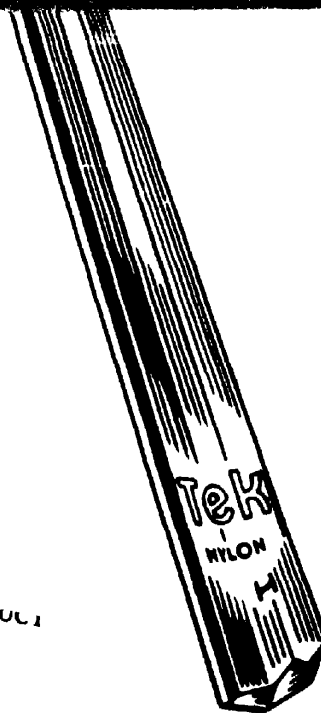


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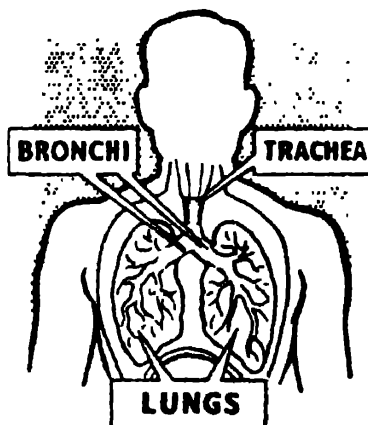
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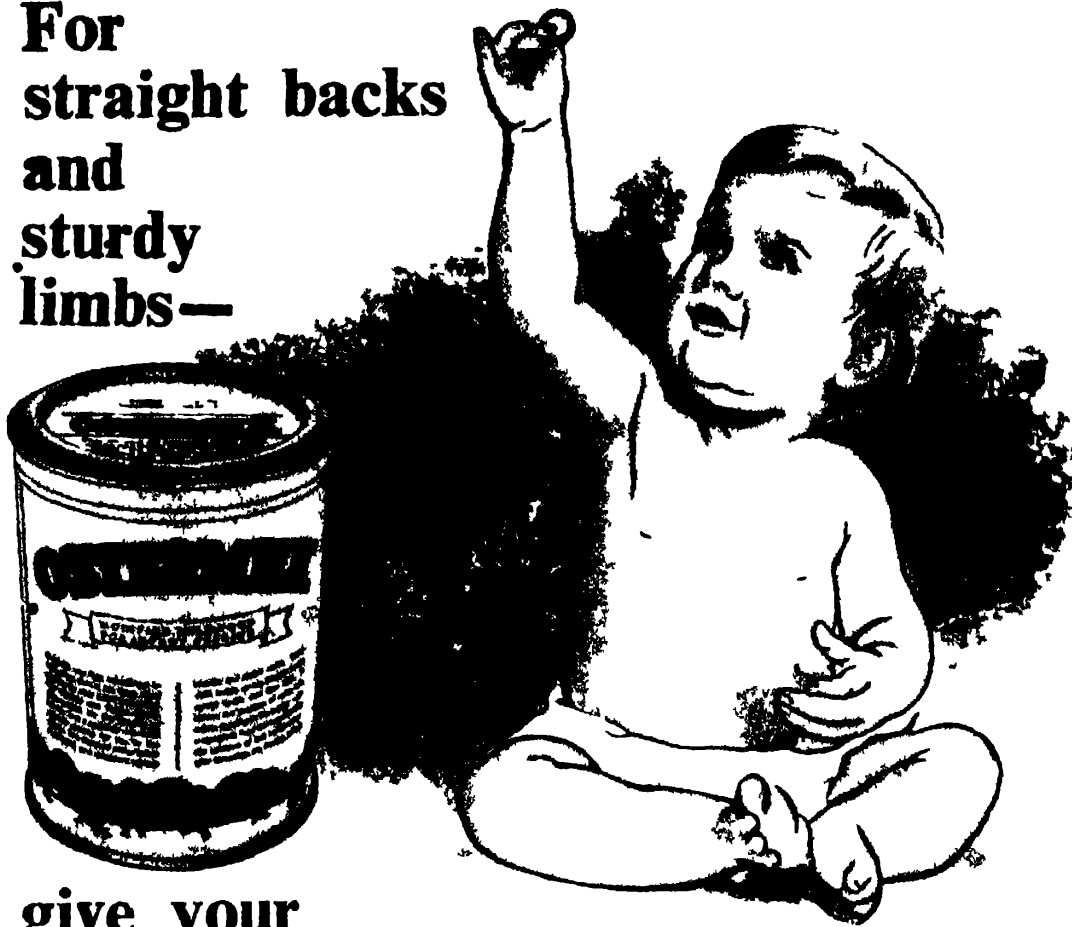
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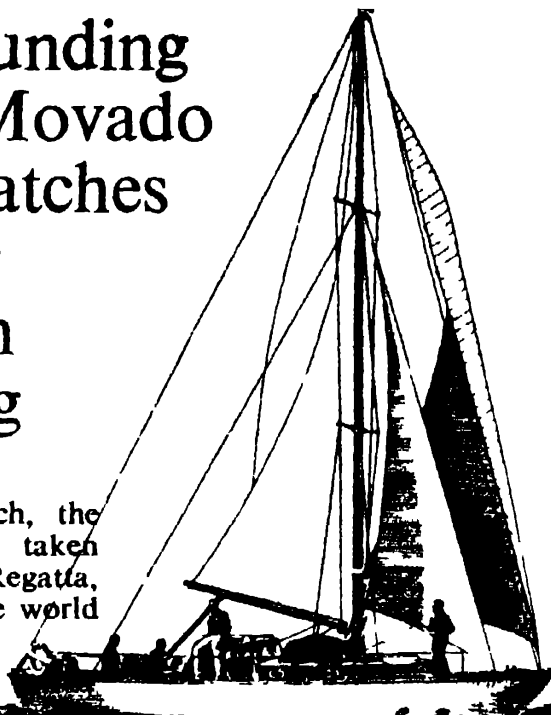
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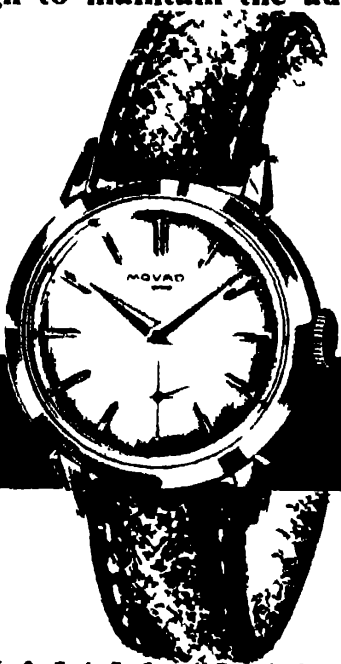
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A Movado waterproof watch, the Automatic "331", has just taken part in the Sydney-Hobart Regatta, Australia, known all over the world for its difficult sailing



Point at which the watch was attached

Fixed for 10 days to the keel of the yacht "Solveig", well below water line, it confronted the waves of the Pacific over a distance of 700 nautical miles and was officially attested as indicating the exact time at the finish of the race: the mere rocking of the boat was enough to maintain the automatic winding.



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"A living, malignant, unpredictable thing"

FOREST FIRE!

By Robert de Roos and Alva Neuns

FIRE LOOKOUT Al Mantonya took a restless turn round the narrow catwalk surrounding his glass tower above 60 feet of spindly steel on southern California's Santiago Peak. The breeze was a hot blast on his face. The temperature was 98 and the relative humidity 15 per cent—ideal fire weather. And there had been no rain in this area for three months.

Below Mantonya the steep canyons and brush-choked gullies of the Cleveland National Forest rolled for 50 miles. These were watershed lands, hence the tangled growth whose roots hold the winter water. The twisted, dark-red branches of manzanita (the Californian bearberry) were brittle. The feathery, sage-green chamise, sumac, scrub oak and scattered pines stored up

the constant sun and writhed in the warm gusts of wind.

Underneath lay a thick blanket of powder-dry leaf mould and needles. The air was a mixture of scents, the exudation of gums and resins and oils—an explosive overlay for the explosive forest.

This morning there had been an edge of tenseness in the Forest Service dispatcher's voice; all through the Cleveland, men's nerves were tightening. Everyone knew that anywhere in the vast mountain wilderness a tiny spark from a truck backfire or a carelessly thrown cigarette could detonate any part of the forest's 580,000 acres of tinder.

Then Mantonya saw the smoke, a tiny rolling puff of black eight miles away. In two steps he reached the fire finder in the middle of his glass

room, swept it towards the smoke to get a bearing and lifted the phone that linked him with the dispatcher.

"This is Santiago Peak," he said. "I've got a smoke. The reading is 116.30. Looks as if it's on Ortega Highway near El Cariso."

Seventy miles to the south-west Kenneth Seebold, dispatcher at the Escondido Ranger Station, noted the time in his logbook: Monday, August 30, 1954, 1.03 p.m.

The smoke was the beginning of the Jameson fire—though it had no name yet. Before the smoke cleared—after days and nights of terror and ripping destruction—a thousand men, some from a thousand miles away, would be plunged into the fight against it.

Fire in the forest is a living, malignant, unpredictable thing. At times immense forces are unleashed, against which humans are helpless: 80 acres of brush fuel can kick out as much energy as an A-bomb. The struggle against the Jameson was not an isolated episode. It was a drama that, with only minor variations, has been enacted many times in California's forests.

Within a matter of seconds after the fire was spotted Seebold, the dispatcher, was on the phone to El Cariso guard station, and before he stopped talking its tanker and crew were roaring up the highway. Within three minutes Seebold had summoned the San Juan unit, from 37 miles away, ordered out a bulldozer and two hand crews—40 men—from

Oak Glen. He then reported the fire to the San Diego forest headquarters.

At Perris, nine miles north, state ranger Truman Holland had just finished lunch when he saw the smoke, sized it up and started more men towards the scene. By 1.30 Holland, three other rangers, a bulldozer, six 250-gallon tank trucks manned by three men each, and two Orange County trucks were either at the fire or swiftly approaching.

When he reached Jameson Point, Holland, a veteran of 28 years of fire fighting, did not like what he saw. The fire was burning uphill towards the west side of the highway, sending up mounting coils of black smoke and sluicing through the heavy brush. He knew the prevailing west wind could drive the fire down the steep eastern façade of the mountains to the town of Elsinore.

He radioed for four more tankers; then he sent a bulldozer down to meet the blaze. With luck the bulldozer might cut off the head of the fire, which covered only about five acres, and nip it then and there. It was a critical moment.

The bulldozer nosed down to the fire, working in brush 15 feet high, nudging at the flames with its blade, throwing the beast back upon itself. Then its cable hoist snapped and the operator could not raise the blade.

He tried to replace the cable but was twice overcome by heat. Finally he had to be carried from the oven-like canyon while the flames raced

beyond the now useless bulldozer
“When that cable broke,” Holland said, “we lost an hour, a cat man, for a day—and we lost the fire.”

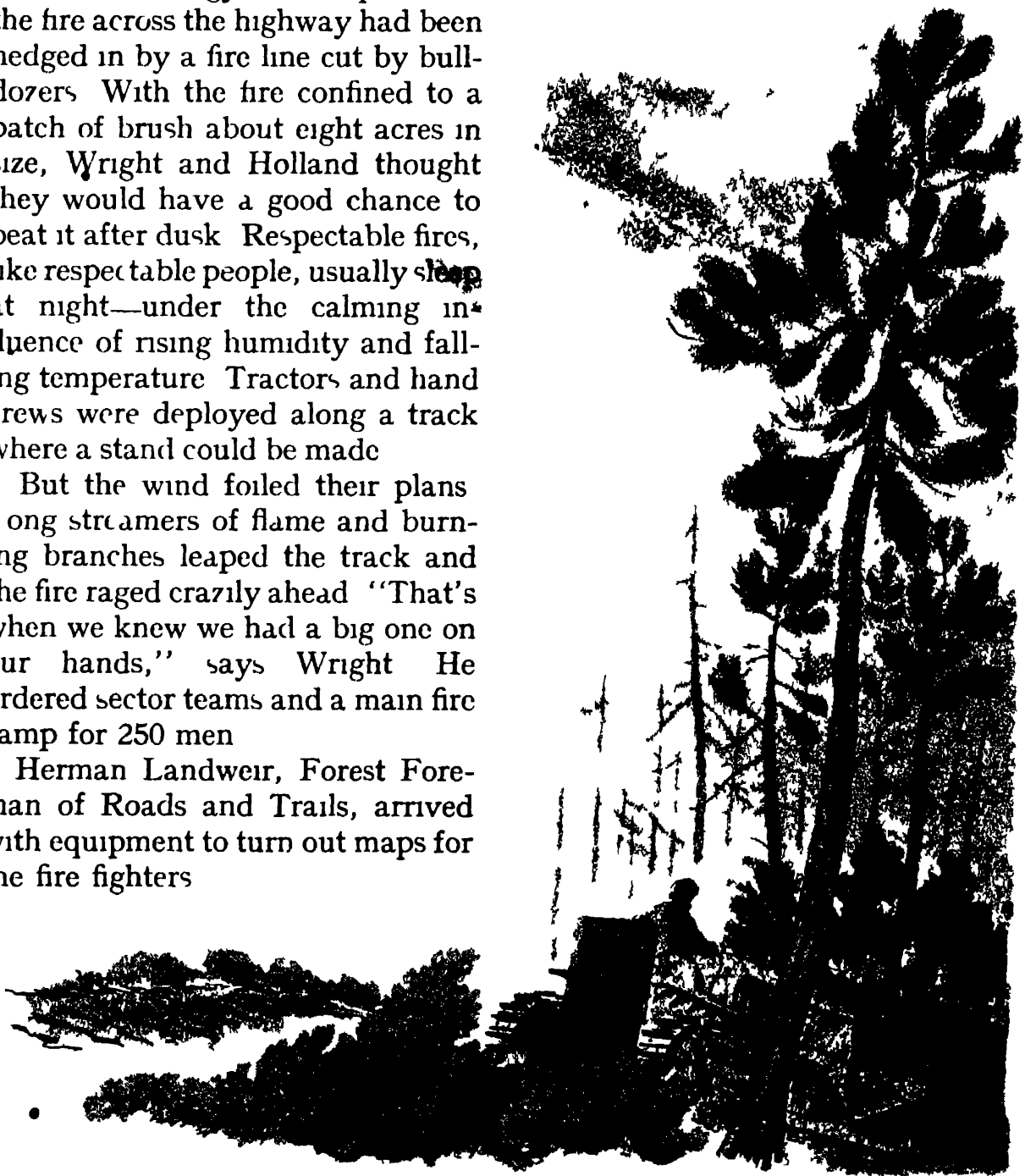
About 5 p.m. Al Wright, fire control officer from San Diego headquarters, and Holland got together to discuss strategy. The stop over of the fire across the highway had been hedged in by a fire line cut by bulldozers. With the fire confined to a patch of brush about eight acres in size, Wright and Holland thought they would have a good chance to beat it after dusk. Respectable fires, like respectable people, usually sleep at night—under the calming influence of rising humidity and falling temperature. Tractors and hand crews were deployed along a track where a stand could be made.

But the wind foiled their plans. Long streamers of flame and burning branches leaped the track and the fire raged crazily ahead. “That’s when we knew we had a big one on our hands,” says Wright. He ordered sector teams and a main fire camp for 250 men.

Herman Landwehr, Forest Foreman of Roads and Trails, arrived with equipment to turn out maps for the fire fighters.

At 9:20 Landwehr asked for 200 Forest Service Red Indians and Zone headquarters dispatched planes to pick them up. The fire had grown to 400 acres.

Wright and Holland divided up responsibility for fighting the fire. Wright took charge in the west,



while Holland deployed the state crews along the eastern front

Throughout the night the fire sporadically flared up. When it ran, the tired, soot streaked men had to back away and let her go. But as soon as the flare ups died they flung themselves back on the fire line, using their shovels and hoses and pumps. All night the back breaking work went on.

By noon of the second day Wright was in command of nearly 300 men

FIRE protection schemes were discussed by foresters from 51 countries when the Fourth World Forestry Congress met last year at the Forest Research Institute of India at Dehra Dun. The Congress was inaugurated by the President Dr. Rajendra Prasad who noted that the forest policy declared by the Government of India in 1894 was probably the earliest formal statement of the broad principles that should govern the administration of forests ever made by any country.

A revised statement of policy was issued in 1952 and today each province of India has a forest department with a branch devoted to fire protection. Safeguards against the outbreak of forest fires include the use of fire watching patrols, controlled grazing of the land and firing which consists of running a light surface fire through an area when the grass and fallen leaves are just dry enough to burn. Fire protection by these methods now covers most Indian forests. In Bombay State more than 16 000 of the 18 700 square miles of state forest are protected

and scores of wheeled and winged vehicles. Chartered aeroplanes were bringing him more men.

He felt reasonably confident about his fire. The state crews had completed the murderous work on the eastern escarpment and that flank seemed secure. The flames were moving slowly towards Leach Canyon, the broad basin a mile to the north. The strategy was now classic. With a short tie line on the south and a stout one on the east, Wright could now concentrate on the northern and western sectors.

It was not a job for fire engines or bulldozers, he needed "hot-spot crews" grubbing right at the edge of the fire. He needed Red Indians, whom the Forest Service calls "human bulldozers." They had to slash lines through the brush, to tie a noose round the fire and choke it to death for lack of fuel. If the fire lay down with the cool of the night, the men might be able to pinch it off.

Then a strange thing happened. At six o'clock, the wind died out. A layer of air above Leach Canyon pressed down with cosmic weight, the smoke flattened out and filled the canyon with milky light. Men became wraiths in a white world. The fire stood still. The hoppers on the lines raised their sweaty, soot-stained faces and listened. Tractor operators idled their engines and waited. Far away a foreman of a Red Indian crew, feeling the change in the air, started calling his men down from a brush-covered hill.

The almost non-existent wind turned lazily until it came directly from the south. Then, without warning, it suddenly picked up speed like a long-jumper and flung itself at the fire. There was a *shuuush*, a long rush of sound sucking through the canyons like the sound of gravel going down a chute.

From behind a near hill a wall of flame 100 feet high swept over the ridge. The milky smoke turned orange, pink and black, and in seconds the cauldron of flames sluiced down into Leach Canyon, throwing howitzer blasts of fire ahead. Dancing tornadoes of spiralling flame and embers pirouetted daintily on the edge of the conflagration, walked out ahead and collapsed suddenly in heavy brush, starting new fires which burned uphill towards the wind-driven fire tide. The fires collided and sent embers a mile into the air. A mushroom smoke column boiled orange to 25,000 feet.

While the fire blew it was a time of flight. The men gathered in the safe places. In their faces was a look of futility. The fire now covered 2,000 acres and had some five miles of open line.

The Jameson fire, having had its fling, should have finally given up and gone to sleep. But the Jameson was a freak. The devilish wind shifted round the compass and roared in from the desert in the east. At 1.30 on Wednesday morning the flames nimbly leaped the 150-foot firebreak at the main divide in the

west and roared down the canyons and over the ridges on the western slope of the Santa Anas.

The fire was sweeping towards Trabuco Canyon on the western fringe of the hills, threatening homes and week-end cabins, when the fierce east wind died and south-west winds began to come from the ocean. At last the rampaging run of the Jameson was over. It had devoured 6,000 acres of forest.

It took nearly another week of back-breaking toil to put the final crusher on the beast. Its death throes were marked on a hundred minor fronts, but by the following Tuesday — eight days after Al Mantonya had seen the first tiny smoke—the Jameson died.

Al Wright looked over the canyons and the far ridges where the inferno had raged. A thousand men had laboured there against the fire. It had cost \$250,000 to put it out, but Wright knew the final cost would not be assayed for 70 years: now rain could bring down a sea of mud on the groves and homes in the valley below. His eyes swept the burnt-out forest again and he hunched his bulk into his Forest Service car. He started the engine and listened when the radio barked to life. It was a ranger reporting to the dispatcher at Escondido.

"This thing in Black Canyon is building up," he said. "It's in bad country and going fast. . . ."

Al Wright turned on to the highway and started for Black Canyon.



ALL ABOUT LOVE

By Julian Hurley

FOR MOST OF US love is the most absorbing subject in existence. There is an enormous range of meanings in this one little word: mother love and self love, father love and children's love for their parents; there are brotherly love and love of one's home and country; love of money and love of power. Preachers insist that we should love God. Jesus adjures us to love our enemies. Love clearly includes all these usages, but the love in which one can *be* is the pre-eminent love for most of us.

Love at its fullest can include an enormous range of emotions and sentiments. It can combine humility with pride, passion with peace, self-assertion with self-surrender; it can reconcile violence of feeling with tenderness; it can sublimate sexual desire into joy and the realization of a fuller life.

"Being in love" is love at its most

*A famous scientist's view of
our most complex emotion*

intense, and personally focused in a very special way. Our common speech reflects this fact. We talk of "falling in love," as if it was something into which we are precipitated against our will, like falling into a pond. Love at first sight is a well-established phenomenon, no less surprising as a scientific fact than as a personal experience. Lovers are obsessed by the image of the loved ones, to whom they ascribe every virtue and merit; outside observers of the phenomenon speak of the lover's "madness" or "blindness." The lover experiences a heightened vitality and finds new significance in life.

For the lover, merely to see the beloved is to feast the soul; and to touch her (or him) is bliss. But

when the two souls can interpenetrate, an even more magical state is achieved. The sense of "going out" of our essential being to another is one of the hallmarks of being in love. *

Falling in love is irrational, or at least non-rational. The emotions involved are so violent as to override our reason. But reason and experience can play a part later. A point may suddenly be reached at which the lover's eyes are opened, and he falls out of love as he once fell in. Many teen-age "crushes," many cases of calf love, though they may provide necessary experience to the callow personality, are soon outgrown.

Luckily for the human race, love often chooses aright. Then reason and experience may give it eyes to see, and may transform a transient madness into the highest and most enduring sanity.

There is a distinction between love and sex. Sexual desire by itself is lust; it is universally regarded as immoral. But for true lovers, the act of physical union is motivated not merely by a desire for pleasure, but for the transcendent sense of total union which it can bring.

At puberty the sex impulse intrudes—strong, new, often frightening. The adolescent's central problem is how to incorporate this intruding force into his developing personality and how to integrate sex and love. At puberty, too, romantic idealism raises its head; so that

another problem of adolescence is how to reconcile this with the hard facts of practical living.

Sexual desires arise several years before marriage is desirable or possible. Different cultures have met this problem in different ways. In eighteenth-century England and France it was the acknowledged thing for upper-class young men to take a mistress. In America, "dating" and "petting"—the twentieth-century version of bundling—are the recognized compromise.

Other societies find other ways of gratifying adolescent love. In some cultures the boys live in communities with the girls, only after some years do they marry, and then extramarital love is severely frowned on. Among the Bontoc Igorot of the Philippines (as with some European country folk, until quite recently) adolescent love-making served as a test of fertility. A girl could marry only if she conceived.

However, no advanced civilization has yet adequately resolved this conflict and in our modern life the problem is a very real one. Clearly, promiscuity and undisciplined indulgence are both bad—bad for the individual and bad for society. But the complete repression of sex is equally damaging, and so is the self-reproach that even the mere manifestation of the sexual impulse arouses in sensitive adolescents who have had an exaggerated sense of sin imposed on them.

Man's primal conflict is between.

love and hate. The human baby inevitably loves his mother as the fountainhead of his satisfaction and security. But he is also angry with her, as the power who rules over him, denying him satisfaction and thwarting his impulses. The child's aggressive hate feelings soon come into violent conflict with his love, and the only method available to the infant to cope with this conflict is to repress this hate into his unconscious.

The infantile conflict between love and hate generates the primal sense of guilt, which is the rudimentary ethical mechanism. Around this mechanism, our conscience, our sense of right and wrong, are later constructed. Of course, reason and experience, imagination and ideals also contribute, but the underlying basis of conscience remains largely unconscious.

This is demonstrated by studies of children who were brought up in impersonal institutions. Many of these children never developed a conscience or the capacity for love. Mother love is thus indispensable for the development of children's consciences and emotions. Mother love has also been responsible for

introducing tenderness into sexual love.

As a biologist, but also as a human being, I want to affirm the unique importance of love in human life — an affirmation 'badly needed in a tormented age' like ours, where violence and disillusion have joined forces with undigested technological advance to produce an atmosphere of cynicism and crude materialism.

Love is indispensable. Mother love is indispensable for children's healthy and happy growth, both physical and spiritual. Personal love is indispensable both for the continuance of the species and for the full development of the individual. Love of beauty and of all lovely and wonderful things is indispensable for our growth. It brings reverence and a sense of transcendence into personal love, and into all of life.

Love is a positive emotion, an enlargement of life; it leads on towards greater fulfilment and counteracts human hate and destructive impulses. In the words of a poet who was also a man of science—Robert Bridges: "... love is a fire in whose devouring flames all earthly ills are consumed."



Capsule Wisdom

THERE'S one thing certain about flattery—it's not done with mirrors.

—Caroline Clark in *Quote*

THE TROUBLE with being a breadwinner nowadays is that the government is in for such a big slice.

—Mary McCoy

Berlin

Divided She Stands

Here one can step across the Iron Curtain and compare at close range the two systems competing for the loyalty of the human race

By Robert Littell

IN ALL HISTORY there has been no absurdity more arbitrary and grotesque than the isolation and dismemberment of Berlin. Ten years after the war the great city that should be Germany's capital is still besieged and divided—one half slave, the other free.

Berlin is an island set deep within a surrounding Communist puppet state, the so-called "German Democratic Republic," with its 18 million subjected East Germans. Through a few strictly guarded gates must move all traffic between Berlin and the Western world 114 miles away. Here is where the fingers of Moscow can tighten about the city's throat. Here is where the flow of West Berlin's life-blood, petrol, coal, food-stuffs, raw materials in, manufactures out—can be, and often has been, slowed down to a trickle by

minute inspection of every load, by suddenly raising the road toll rates, by pretending the necessity for railway repairs, by a hundred subterfuges which only serve to scream from Berlin's housetops the brutal, simple truth that Moscow wants this outpost of liberty to be starved into surrendering. Nothing said or done at the Geneva Conference has altered this.

Berlin has an area of approximately 340 square miles. Round the western part of the city snakes a 75-mile ring of Soviet Russian armed suspicion, of watchtowers, barbed wire, road-blocks, check points. In woodland districts along this Zone border lies a no man's land, several hundred yards wide created by fear. By experience the forest deer have discovered that this solitude, so shunned by man, is the safest place for them to rear their young.

Inside the city is that erratic 27-mile sector boundary separating East from West Berlin. Like the twitchings of a madman's pencil it zigs and zags through back yards, across garden plots, along the middle of one street, the east pavement of another, it amputates railway yards from their stations, farmhouses from barns. There isn't any line that one can see, there are no obstructions. Berliners by the thousand daily go to and fro, by underground, elevated railway and on foot, to work, shop, often just to have a look at the way of life of the fish in the other bowl.

In Berlin, and only in Berlin, can one step across the Iron Curtain and compare, at close range, the two systems of thought, law, morals, and economics which are competing for the loyalty of the human race. All of which makes it the strangest, the most interesting city on the globe.

Berlin has two kinds of money. The West German D-mark, which rings when dropped on a counter, is worth about 4.20 to the dollar. The anaemic paper East mark, tied to the Soviet monetary system, varies between 17 and 20 to the dollar. But the Communists keep up the fiction that their currency is as good as the D-mark. In East Berlin one may exchange West for East marks only at the rate of one-for-one.

East Berliners are careful not to be caught with West marks when they return home. If a search at the

border reveals even one D-mark, the transgressor can be heavily fined.

West Berlin retailers welcome shoppers from East Berlin, and accept payment in East marks at the free-market rate set daily by West Berlin's licensed exchange offices. Many shops near the sector border have lowered prices to attract the Easterners, and make up in the quantity of goods sold for the smaller margin of profit.

Considering that the East Berliner's average wage of 375 marks a month is seldom worth more than 80 marks in West Berlin, it is remarkable how many East Berliners daily come over to shop. All the more remarkable because they run the risk of having their purchases confiscated at the East sector border, and of being fined or imprisoned. The importation of goods from the West is prohibited, as a threat to the East's government-owned stores and co-operatives. And it hurts Communist pride to have their constituents prefer the food and clothing of a capitalist economy.

West Berlin shopkeepers do all they can to protect their neighbours. In department stores, before a parcel is wrapped, one repeatedly hears the solicitous question; "*Sind sie Ost?*"—"Are you from the East?" If the answer is yes, the parcel is wrapped in plain paper instead of paper bearing the store's name. "When I went across to buy 50 cigars," an East Berliner told

me, "the shopkeeper gave me string with which to fasten them inside my coat so that they wouldn't show."

Shoes are among the most popular items for shoppers from East Berlin. At Leiser's big shoe shop 50 yards from the sector line, East German customers—proud but a little fearful in their new shoes—are taken out to a scuffing track at the back of the shop, a big yard screened by a fence. Here they walk round and round until the soles look reasonably worn.

This is just one of the indispensable precautions which no longer seem absurd to East Berliners. Too many novices, with virgin soles and that proud, stiff walk which advertises the first hour in new shoes, have been relieved of them before they got home. There are stations on the elevated railway where Vopos (East German police) have confiscated new shoes right off the customer's feet. They have the decency to provide the poor fellow with a pair of straw sandals—for which, however, they exact a charge of one and a half marks.

A good solid pair of West Berlin shoes costs the average East Berliner about ten days' pay. He and his wife and thousands of others risk coming over to buy shoes at the equivalent of about \$100 a pair, for the simple reason that the shoes manufactured and sold in the East just aren't any good. The East Berlin warehouses are bulging with shoes people won't buy. Yet there

are factories in East Germany which used to make good shoes.

Anywhere else in the Soviet satellite empire, people have to buy what the State provides. But in Berlin there is close-up, day-by-day contrast and competition between goods made under free enterprise and goods centrally planned by committees gazing at the consumer through Karl Marx's beard.

The contrast between the appearance of West and East Berlin is striking. At one point the sector line passes between two pillar-shaped advertisement hoardings ten feet apart. The one that belongs to the West advertises cigarettes, concerts, films; the Soviet pillar bawls out in giant letters: "Help our People's Police in Their Battle Against Foreign Spies and Agents."

The visitor usually enters East Berlin through the Brandenburg Gate, which is surmounted by a defiant red flag. Almost at once, you drive down East Berlin's showpiece, the *Stalinallee*—a mile, not yet finished, of the best that Communism could do by way of reconstruction and modern housing: a double row of grandiose apartments in a style not favoured by architects since 1910. Dotted with meaningless small decorations, faced with a sort of whitish tiling, *Stalinallee* seems to have been inspired by a super-colossal railway station cloakroom.

As you drive or walk about the rest of East Berlin, you are struck

by how much, compared with West Berlin, still remains to be cleared up and rebuilt. You are amazed by the shabbiness of what is being lived in, worked in; by the absence of neon lights; by the weary, temporary look of the signs over the shops, by the small windows framed down with brick where once there was generous plate glass; by the thin trickle of cars, many of them pre-war. You see hundreds of people, nearly all with shopping bags, hurrying along towards West Berlin and something better than the grey-ness and sadness and shoddiness of what they see around them.

This contrast between the two Berlins—sharp and pungent—is an unmistakable comment on the two societies, the two ways of life. All one has to do is to walk through East Berlin's number one government-run department store, the "HO" on the *Alexanderplatz*, and see how poor, unattractive and unimaginative is the merchandise offered to a people who once know how to make anything, and make it well. It is no wonder that in a West Berlin library, specially set up for East Berliners near the sector line, the most dog-eared book is a catalogue of an American mail-order firm.

I had a long talk with an East Berlin *Hausfrau*. She seethed with scorn. So many things go wrong, or cost too much, or can't be had. Electrical appliances don't work, because the current fluctuates. If she wants certain food items, she has

to be at a particular store at just the right time.

"When you go shopping," she said, "it's a good idea to get quickly into any line you see—and find out what is being sold afterwards. You may need it."

The owner of every house or flat, she complained, is required to keep ready for inspection a "house book" recording the absences for more than three days of anyone living under that roof, as well as the date of arrival and length of stay of any strangers.

Worst of all is the sense of being constantly spied on. "Every block of flats," she said, "has a 'house chairman' whose job it is to take note of the tenants' 'political reliability.' He distributes the ration cards, so it's a good idea to stay on his right side. He has to be used as a reference, and a black mark from him can prevent one's getting a job."

Unlike Russia and the satellites, a certain degree of free enterprise is legally tolerated in East Berlin. Tolerated, but under the constant menace of extinction, for by law the private enterprisers can be dispossessed for the most trivial reasons.

The owner of a small East Berlin ladies' wear shop lost her husband when he went to gaol for seven years for making "hostile utterances." Later the authorities shut her business down because "she had persisted in her negative attitude, and

had also given false reports to customers regarding her husband."

The manager of a government-owned restaurant in a populous part of East Berlin was called to the local police station where he was told that the authorities wanted to open another restaurant in the neighbourhood. Which of the existing privately owned restaurants did he consider most suitable? Shortly after he had named one, its owner was notified by the police that his place was to be closed "because recent incidents on your premises prove that you are incapable of conducting the business properly."

There had been no "incidents." The manager contributing to this injustice eventually fled in disgust to the West.

And Big Brother's eye is on all private individuals, regardless of their business. An East Berliner who buys in his sector a typewriter, rug, or any of a long list of things that could profitably be sold in the West for D-marks, must sign a declaration that it is for his personal use. Weeks after the purchase, an inspector from the Economics Ministry's special investigating squad appears and asks to see the purchase. If it isn't there he wants to know why, and have proof that the excuse is legitimate.

An East Berlin woman bought a carpet and gave it as a wedding present to her daughter, who lived in West Berlin. Even though she showed the inspector her daughter's

marriage licence, she was imprisoned for two months.

Such controls also work in reverse. A carpenter from East Germany, caught coming back from West Berlin with some nails of a size unobtainable in East Berlin, was sentenced to five years.

All parcels sent from the West to people living in East Berlin are opened. The regulations are strict: no foodstuffs in airtight containers (this excludes tinned foods); only 14 pounds a month; no package worth more than 30 East marks (less than two dollars).

It is not healthy to bring back Western newspapers. An East Berlin boy who took in 20 Western papers was given the same sentence awarded in West Berlin for manslaughter—five and a half years.

Berlin doctors have for a long time noticed the vague symptoms complained of by so many East Berliners, and ascribe them to living in an atmosphere of anxiety and fear. East Berliners often come over to the West simply to feel release from the pressure, to be able to talk freely for a little while, to sit down in a public library and read anything they please.

All letters addressed to East Berliners from West Berlin, West Germany, or foreign countries, and all outgoing letters from East Berlin are opened by the SSD (State Security Service). The letter is steamed open by a sort of sewing circle of women sitting like witches

round a cauldron. After that it is read by inspectors. Normally, a letter emerges so neatly resealed that only an expert can tell that it has been tampered with.

The SSD is patient and its arm is long. One day the reading circle spotted an unsigned letter, addressed to someone in West Berlin, which scaldingly criticized the Soviet régime. In a few days there turned up another letter, unsigned, to the same address. And several more. Finally came the letter the SSD chief had been waiting for. It said: "Yesterday I placed tulips on the grave of our friend." A squad of detectives scattered to East Berlin's churchyards and cemeteries. The rest was routine. The anonymous writer is now an anonymous number behind high walls.

People in East Berlin live in such a chronic state of uneasiness that some trivial sign or apparent threat is often enough to send them scooting across to West Berlin. One East Berlin woman was picking mushrooms with her daughter in the woods near the border, when a friend breathlessly came running to report that the Vopos were at her house.

"We came over just as you see me now," she said, "with nothing more than the handkerchief which we

were putting the mushrooms in."

This panic was not frivolous. Her son, aged 15, had been arrested two years earlier for handing out illegal leaflets. She had heard nothing from him since.

So many people have gone over in a hurry and never come back that the East Berlin authorities have made it a rule that after eight weeks' unexplained absence the missing person's personal property may be confiscated and sold at auction.

The thousands of East German refugees arriving in West Berlin every month add a tremendous burden to a city which is itself already a burden to the rest of Germany. For Berlin is patiently, courageously fighting for its life. Its unemployment rate is three times that of Western Germany. More industries have moved out than have moved in. Rebuilding the western part of the city, where Allied bombers piled up one tenth of all the rubble in Germany, is in itself a colossal job.

No end to the city's siege is in sight. Foreign aid and aid from the rest of Germany must continue indefinitely. West Berlin must be helped to keep alive as a perpetual showcase, in the Soviet East, of the ways of Western life, as a haven for the refugees, as a beacon of light in the totalitarian darkness.

"ONE OF the most tactful men I ever knew," says a manufacturer, "was the man who fired me from my very first job. He called me in and said, 'Young man, I don't know how we're ever going to get along without you, but starting from Monday we're going to try.'" —Gene Sherman

A two-pronged attack on ignorance is showing millions of people the way to a better life.



Revolution by Reading

By Stanley High

THE HERO of one of today's most promising revolutions is a fictitious character, known as Anand in India, Iqbal in Pakistan, U Sein in Burma, and Saleh in Egypt. Wherever he goes he helps to launch a two-pronged attack which is freeing millions of people from illiteracy and arming them with the means to emerge into a higher standard of living and a better life.

Every night in hundreds of Indian villages groups of adults begin the story of Anand the Wise Man, reading aloud in Hindi. Their reading vocabulary at this point—only three to four weeks out of total illiteracy—is not more than 100 words. But as they go on, each

chapter adds a few simple, essential words, while telling the story of Anand, the needs of his village, the "good things" he and his wife, Revati, and their family learn to do, and how they make themselves, in prosperity and health, the envy of the whole village.

Much of Anand's wisdom is as earthy as it is practical. Villagers, instead of burning cow manure for fuel, should know the value of a compost pile. So in Chapter 10 Anand, while adding 14 words to the reader's vocabulary, learns about compost:

This is the way to make compost
Make a ditch,
Put leaves into the ditch,

Put all waste from animals into the ditch

In three months our compost will be decayed

Anand took the compost out of his trench

He put it on the ground

In three months his crops were very good

They were better than his neighbours' crops

The neighbours all said

Anand can read. Anand is wise

Anand was created three years ago when the Committee on World Literacy and Christian Literature, an agency of the mission boards of 31 U.S. and six Canadian denominations, was asked by the Indian and American governments to prepare material and train leaders for a nation-wide village literacy campaign. With help from the Indian Government's Community Development Administration, the first Literacy House was set up in Allahabad. Using methods worked out by the famous American missionary Doctor Frank Laubach, Special Counsellor to the committee, 500 Indians have been prepared and sent into villages to teach others to teach. Fifty new teachers are being sent out each month and Literacy Houses are being planned in four other centres.

"Since today's biggest conflict is a war of ideas," Dr. Laubach says, "it is not enough merely to teach people to read. We must provide reading matter which will help them to help themselves and will increase

their understanding of what freedom means."

Committee representatives asked India's experts, "What do you want to tell the village? We will put it into our primers and the villager while learning to read will learn many other things."

Villagers have few gardens and eat too few vegetables, said the experts. They must learn to grow their own vegetables, thereby saving money and improving their diet. So in Chapter 16 of the primer, *Anand Makes a Good Garden*. He builds a bamboo fence, "so that the cows cannot eat his garden." He uses seeds from the government store and fertilizer from the compost pile.

All the neighbours came and saw his beautiful garden.

They said, "Anand has a beautiful garden."

Anand is a wise man; he has plenty to eat.

We want to read; then we also shall be wise.

Anand cleans out the village well. He destroys rats that were eating his grain. He builds a fireproof chimney for his house. He teaches his wife how to read and his daughter how to care for her new baby. He learns many things about health.

There are 12 of these readers for India's new literates, translated into 13 of India's languages. When the villager has read them all he has gained a reading vocabulary of 1,100 words and accumulated a large store of practical knowledge. He knows how to read a moneylender's

contract, keep simple accounts, write a letter.

Tin-trunk libraries, each containing 50 books chosen to expand the new literate's knowledge, are circulated*in the "graduate" villages. Supplementary material is provided by the Indian Government, including a simple farm journal which is sent free to each newly literate villager.

In the headquarters of the World Literacy Committee in New York a huge map of the world shows the committee's activities in 60 countries. With aid from governments and missionary agencies, its literacy materials have been translated into 268 languages and dialects. Missionary publishing centres in 26 countries help to finance the printing. The committee has been called on by UNESCO and the U.S. Foreign Operations Administration to help to launch literacy campaigns as part of their programmes in various countries.

The committee's budget, about \$300,000 for 1955, is partly underwritten by the co-operating mission boards, partly subscribed by private individuals and foundations. That such a relatively modest sum goes so far is due to the committee's strategy of self-help. The committee does not undertake to free a country or an area from illiteracy; it only demonstrates how it can be freed. When invited, it sends a Literacy Team into a region. The team consists of an expert in the local language, an

artist, a writer, a printing and mimeograph technician.

Using Dr. Laubach's proven techniques, the team reduces the alphabet of the language and its key sounds to simple, illustrated charts. These are built up, with further pictures, into key words and the beginning of a vocabulary. In most cases it takes only a few weeks to prepare this basic material and a few more to train local teachers who can conduct Each-One-Teach-One classes.

Once such a pilot scheme gets going, the committee usually withdraws to an advisory rôle, leaving local authorities to carry on but continuing to make reading matter available. In Mexico, after the Laubach method had been demonstrated, the Ministry of Education launched a campaign through which several million Mexicans were taught to read and write. A similar campaign, carried on by the government of Brazil, has been bringing literacy to hundreds of thousands of Brazilians each year. In addition to India, Literacy Teams have recently set up pilot projects in Afghanistan, Malaya, Iran, Algeria, Liberia and Egypt.

At the end of 1952 Sir Gerald Templer, then British High Commissioner in Malaya, wrote that in 12 months following the visit of the Literacy Team, despite Communist disturbances, 100,000 adult Malays had learnt to read and to write. With that beginning, "the number should rise even more rapidly until

adult illiteracy is wiped out—a contribution of vital importance to higher standards of cultural and material well-being.”

Some months ago I saw results of this work in an Egyptian village 350 miles up the Nile Valley from Cairo. Three years ago the village was filthy and disease-infested, its population never far from starvation. Eighty per cent of its 1,000 adults could neither read nor write. Officials and landowners generally agreed that most villagers, even if given the chance, were incapable of learning.

Then a young Egyptian appeared who thought otherwise. Just graduated from the American University in Cairo, 22 year-old Menis Abdul Noor, a Christian minister, had asked for a village post with “the kind of people and human problems the Christian church ought to be most concerned about.”

Menis soon saw that illiteracy was at the root of most of the needs of these villagers, and enlisted the aid of representatives of the World Literacy Committee. Three months later, in a memorable ceremony, certificates were granted to 20 villagers who had passed their first reading and writing tests. When I was there, fewer than ten per cent of the villagers were still illiterate.

“When the people began to read those books,” the mayor told me,

“everything happened at once.”

Having read that filth causes disease and that disease was a major cause of their poverty, the villagers now clean the streets daily, and burn the fly-attracting refuse. While I was there houses were being white-washed. A one-room clinic had been built.

On the outskirts of the village the first family gardens had been planted. Learning about upbreeding, villagers appealed to the mayor, who obtained a shipment of chickens to improve the local scrawny breed. A similar appeal led the mayor to get the loan of a high-grade bull from the agricultural department of Asut Christian College.

Stirred by this demonstration, more than 20 other villages in the district asked for a similar campaign, and work has been started in 15 of them. A Literacy House, similar to that in India, has been established in a neighbouring city. It is hoped that the present government of Egypt will take over the programme and make it country-wide, as has happened in Liberia.

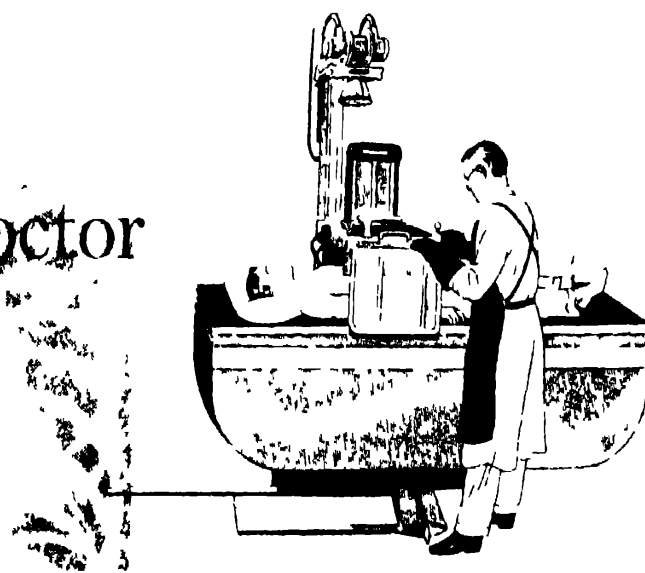
The Literacy Committee's campaign against ignorance has aroused new hope among impoverished peoples and started them towards a better life.

“Yesterday,” said a newly literate African, “we were nobodies. Today we are somebodies.”



The unfolding miracle of diagnostic X-ray

What the Doctor Sees in You



By J. D. Ratchff

OF ALL THE diagnostic aids that scientific medicine depends upon today, the X-ray is one of the most vital. In hospitals, clinics, consulting rooms of doctors and dentists, X-ray films are taken at the rate of hundreds of millions a year.

According to one eminent doctor: "If tonight some global catastrophe wiped out all diagnostic X-ray machines, tomorrow morning the medical profession would find itself back in the nineteenth century."

Laymen and doctors alike tend to take X-rays for granted. The radiologist is often dismissed as a kind of scientific picture-maker. But this highly skilled doctor gets the same training as is given other physicians, plus at least three years of special study. He is a key man in every modern hospital. His percep-

tive eyes interpret films that are shadowy and meaningless blurs to others. Hung on illuminated screens in operating rooms, his films, marked with arrows to show trouble spots, are the roadmaps which guide surgeons in their work.

For a number of years after Roentgen discovered X-rays in 1895, the new machines were little more than scientific playthings. Fraudulent clothing manufacturers offered "X-ray proof" underwear for modest women. The suggestion of X-ray opera glasses raised a storm of moral indignation. Doctors found a few uses for the tricky and dangerous machines: in looking at broken bones, locating safety pins swallowed by children, observing faint outlines of the heart to detect enlargement. But most body

tissues were too soft to impede X-rays and cast shadows on plates.

The great American physiologist, the late Walter Cannon, changed this. Mightn't it be possible, he asked, to introduce substances into the body which would outline various organs on X-ray plates? This thinking led to the first of the X-ray 'contrast agents'—barium sulphate. Taken into a fasting stomach, the harmless, tasteless chemical made the digestive tract stand out with remarkable clarity on film—revealing craters which were ulcers, bumps which were often cancers, and other danger points.

Cannon's achievement started a world-wide search for dyes and other substances to outline various tissues and organs. Today radiologists can study in diagnostic X-ray almost everything in the human body.

Suppose you have been having abdominal distension and nausea soon after meals. Your physician will suspect gallstones and send you to a radiologist. You will be given pills to swallow at bedtime and asked to return in the morning for X-rays. The pills contain an iodine compound which passes into the digestive tract and, via the bloodstream to the liver, which discards it into the bile. By morning the gall bladder, that pear-shaped little organ which acts as a bile reservoir, will be clearly visible on X-ray films. If stones are present the X-ray will detect them with 99 per cent accuracy.

If further study suggests surgical removal of the gall bladder the radiologist has more work to do. After the organ is out, the surgeon will want to be sure that no hidden stones are left in the duct system. A portable X-ray machine is wheeled into the operating room, iodine material is injected into the ducts and a film is taken.

Similar methods are used elsewhere in the body. Another iodine compound is trickled down the windpipe to outline the bronchial tube system. When infertility is a problem to women, doctors often suspect a stoppage of the Fallopian tubes, through which the egg travels from ovary to womb. In this case a dye may be injected to outline womb and tubes.

X-ray is often valuable before birth. If the doctor suspects trouble he can use X-ray to show the position of the baby—or babies. This information will warn him of possible difficulty ahead.

The spinal canal will stand out with detailed clarity when an iodine substance is injected. For example, a middle-aged woman suffered excruciating neck pains for three years after a motor accident. Conventional X-rays revealed no cause. A dye was injected and a myelogram, "spot film," was taken. In a twinkling the trouble was obvious. When the patient moved her head in a certain position an unstable neck vertebra pressed on the spinal cord.

Examination of the heart is

perhaps the most dramatic example of progress in radiology. Many operations—notably the famous “blue baby” operation—rely heavily on what is shown in X-ray studies.

The heart can be catheterized, by gently working a hollow rubber tube the size of a soda straw through an arm or neck artery or vein. Doctors watch fluoroscopic screens while the catheter is being introduced into the heart chamber under study. Then pressure is measured through the hollow tube and samples of blood are withdrawn to determine oxygen content which sheds light on the functioning of heart valves.

While most “contrast” substances for X-ray studies are either iodine or barium, air is surprisingly an excellent medium. The brain, for example, is exceedingly difficult to study under X-rays, since it is less dense than the skull which encloses it. Radiology has a means of overcoming this. Air is injected through small drilled openings in the skull into the brain, displacing part of the fluid. Since air is less dense than brain tissue a clear outline of the brain may then be obtained. A similar procedure outlines the tiny adrenal glands which sit astride the kidneys; and even the elusive pituitary which snuggles in a bony cavity under the brain. Air is also a good medium for outlining the large intestine. Used in conjunction with barium sulphate it makes the intestinal wall stand out clearly in “double” contrast.

Many of the great advances in radiology are traceable to the progress made in equipment in the past few years. Westinghouse’s new fluoroscope is an example. In the conventional fluoroscope, X-rays pass through the body and strike a screen covered with fluorescent material, causing the screen to glow. In the past, the shadows cast on the screen by the parts of the body being examined have been so faint that the radiologist had to adapt his eyes to darkness for 20 minutes before starting work. Even then images were often too faint to be really revealing.

Doctor John Coltman of Westinghouse found a solution. Now X-rays passing through the body strike an amplifying tube where they are intensified and concentrated. The greatly increased stream from the tube *then* strikes the fluorescent screen. Result: an image 200 times as bright as the one from conventional fluoroscopes—bright enough to be seen in a fully lighted room and to be photographed by cinematograph cameras. “We are seeing things never seen before, and seeing old things with a new clarity,” says one doctor.

Another piece of wonderful X-ray apparatus has been installed recently at Massachusetts General Hospital. Employing aerial photography techniques, it takes 12 pictures a second. Built co-operatively by Westinghouse and the Swedish electrical company, Elema, this machine will be invaluable in photographing

beating hearts, giving minute detail never before available

Stereoscopic—three-dimensional—X-rays have been of enormous help in chest surgery. Two pictures taken from slightly different positions and later observed through a viewing device provide a dimension of depth to guide the surgeon. Stereoscopic X-rays are also valuable in obstetrics. If physical examination indicates that a woman's pelvis is too narrow to allow passage of a baby, the obstetrician can check with three-dimension X-ray for exact measurements of the infant's head and the bony passage through which it must travel. If the space is too small the doctor can plan in advance for a Caesarean delivery.

Engineers have built other remarkable apparatus to aid the radiologist. One machine, as compact as a portable gramophone, can be plugged into a household electricity

supply, to examine people bedridden at home. The U S Army has a 48 pound portable which can be parachuted from planes. This one requires no water, darkroom or power. It depends on rays generated by radio active thulium.

One of the most familiar and important applications of X-ray for mass public health is the mobile unit. In city streets, at schools, outside business offices, about 21 million chest X-rays are taken each year in the United States on mini-film. The most important diseases detected in this way are tuberculosis, cancer of the lung and certain forms of heart disease. Often these silent diseases are discovered at a stage where treatment can lead to cure.

As a spotter of early trouble, a saviour from unnecessary surgery, a guiding hand in serious operations, the radiologist has become a commanding figure in modern medicine.



The Answer Men

ASKED what was needed to make a successful piano virtuoso, concert pianist Oscar Levant replied: "Five things are essential: talent, imagination, energy, determination—and a very rich wife!"

Bernard Grun *Private Lives of the Great Composers, Conductors and Musical Artists of the World* (Rider)

WHEN world heavyweight champion Rocky Marciano was asked who had hit him the hardest during his career, he shrugged, "That's easy—the tax collector!"

By Gardner in New York *Herald Tribune*

AN AMERICAN university professor's explanation of why students were compelled to take so many English courses: "In order to teach them a language other than their own."

—Indiana Teacher



A shivering puppy Lee Duncan found on a battlefield in France started a remarkable show-business dynasty

RIN TIN TIN STARS AGAIN

By Joel Sayre

MILLIONS of people know Rin Tin Tin, a beautiful Alsatian dog who works marvels of valour and intellect on behalf of his friends. The present Rin Tin Tin, a television star, is the fourth in a dynasty of show-business dogs who have probably thrilled as many drama lovers as any family in stage or screen history.

Lee Duncan, the owner and trainer of the dynasty, is a white-haired, red-faced man of 62 years. The first Rin brought him fortune and renown 30 years ago; barring unforeseeable events, Rin IV should do it again. And a son of Rin IV, his heir apparent, is already serving his apprenticeship by doubling

for his father during snarling and fighting scenes.

Duncan found the original Rin in France during the First World War. On September 15, 1918, Corporal Lee Duncan of the 135th U.S. Aero Squadron was a member of a party which set out from an airfield outside Toul to look for a new field site. They came upon an abandoned German war-dog station that had been heavily shelled. Several dead dogs lay near a dugout, from which Duncan heard whimpering noises. Inside, he and Captain George Bryant found a female Alsatian, gaunt from hunger, with five shivering puppies at her breast.

The mother sprang to her feet and

snarled terrifyingly when the two Americans approached her litter. But Duncan managed to get behind her, seize her ears and grip her body with his knees. After he had talked to her soothingly at some length, she calmed down.

Bryant kept the mother dog and three of the puppies. Duncan took the other pups, a male and a female. He christened them Rin Tin Tin and Nanette, after the yarn or wool good-luck figurines made for French soldiers by their girls.

Rin Tin Tin and Nanette involved Lee Duncan in a series of headaches. He was sending two thirds of his pay to his mother and nearly all his remaining money now went to the mess sergeant for condensed milk. There was also the problem of social insecurity. Many of Duncan's squadron mates liked the puppies, but some did not. If a puppy let out a yip after lights out the puppyphobes would let out a roar, so Duncan took to sleeping with his pets in old barns about the countryside.

Then, a week before the Armistice, Duncan was wounded in the left arm and grazed in the right temple during an air battle above Toul. His arm became infected and he had to spend several months in the hospital. Dogs were strictly against hospital regulations, but the puppies' antics so amused the patients that the doctors let them remain and sleep in the tool shed.

When at last the great day for

embarkation came, Duncan, again by great good luck, was able to wangle the pups aboard. Rin weathered the 15-day crossing fairly well but Nanette was not so lucky. She contracted pneumonia and died.

After his discharge, Duncan returned to the sporting goods company in Los Angeles for which he had worked before the war, but he was restless there. The only real pleasure he found was working with Rin Tin Tin. He spent all his spare time grooming the dog, looking after his condition, playing with him. Rin was a joy to teach, for he was eager to please. He began to compete successfully in dog shows.

Duncan's neighbour, Charles Jones, was a pioneer in development of the slow-motion camera. When the Alsatian dog club held field trials, Jones took slow-motion pictures. Rin Tin Tin won the high jump by clearing the bar at 11 feet, 9 inches.

A few months later Duncan received a cheque for \$350, his share of the profits on a short film showing Rin first whizzing, then floating, through his trials. The film had done nice business all over the United States, and Duncan hadn't even heard about it.

Jones soon made another short film starring Rin, who rode a surfboard pulled by a speedboat, steeplechased on horseback, dived off a 30-foot pier and repeated his high jump—this time with a three pound dumb-bell in his mouth.

Duncan received another cheque.

He was flabbergasted. How long had this sort of thing been going on? Duncan and Rin began tramping from studio to studio, both stricken with film fever. After playing a few "bits" and supporting rôles Rin finally reached stardom at Warner Brothers. Beginning in 1923, the great dog made 20 pictures.

Rin was a mainstay for the Warners during their storm-tossed early years of picture-making. His pictures (Darryl Zanuck was his script writer) cost only about \$50,000 to make and usually earned at least eight times as much.

He was very popular with the Warners' technical staff. Every Rin Tin Tin epic reached its climax with his arrival to the rescue in the nick of time, so he was frequently called upon to leap full speed through closed windows. To safeguard Duncan's priceless property from having his jugular vein severed by glass, windowpanes of translucent candy were contrived, and Rin sailed through them with breath-stopping effect. As a reward Duncan would sometimes let him eat fragments of the pane.

Actors did not enjoy playing in pictures with Rin Tin Tin. The dog, one of the most brilliant pantomimists of his time, repeatedly stole their scenes. He also bit them. To achieve the best training results, Duncan had raised Rin to be a one-man dog. The consequence was that Rin adored Duncan but seemed to bear

a grudge against much of mankind, particularly actors. The poor actors were pretty bewildered by it all.

But Rin's acting was top grade. Ross Lederman, who directed some of the best Rin pictures, says: "He was marvellous, and with Lee handling him there was nothing a human actor could do that we couldn't get out of that dog. We'd tell Lee what we needed for the next scene, Lee would tell the dog and we'd get it, often the first time. Rin was a great trouser. I've seen him hold a pose for the electricians for 30 minutes without moving a whisker.

"If there was a scene with four or five separate moves or actions in it, Lee would draw chalk marks on the floor—as we have to do for the human actors—and the dog would follow them perfectly.

"Lee's whole life was wrapped up in that dog."

Rin died on August 10, 1932. They had been romping on the front lawn, and Rin just jumped into Duncan's arms and died almost instantly. Jean Harlow, who had been practising putting on the lawn of her home across the street, came over when Duncan called. Both wept.

Rin was almost 14 years old. Obituaries appeared in every newspaper in the United States, and *The Times* published an editorial. Duncan received thousands of letters and telegrams of sympathy from all over the world.

The canine idol was succeeded on

the screen by Rin, Junior, not a year old. Junior won fame at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios in *Tough Guy*, a waterfront drama which called for a good deal of villain-biting. He played this rôle with relish, and between scenes in his father's one-man-dog tradition, he took a bite out of the hero, Jackie Cooper. At one point an actor tried to appease Junior by offering him a meat sandwich and addressing him as "nice doggie." The phrase infuriated him for the rest of his days, and years later at the Duncan ranch, when Junior heard it used on a radio show, he sprang up and bit the loud speaker.

Junior died in peaceful retirement during the Second World War while Duncan was training dogs for the U.S. Army's K-9 Corps. Rin III, chosen from many litters of pups and known as "Rinty," had enlisted with Duncan before the dog was a year old. Duncan trained over 5,000 war dogs for the U.S. Army; three Duncan Alsations were lost on military service.

Lee Duncan had married Eva Linden in 1936 and they have one child, Carolyn, now 15. It is Carolyn who is expected to supervise the Rin dynasty after Duncan. "She's got the same vibrations towards animals that I have," her proud father tells visitors.

Due largely to young Carolyn and the companionship she and her friends offered him, Rinty was the first of the Rin dynasty who was not a one-man dog. Duncan worried about the easy familiarity of the children with Rinty, but now he thinks it was a mistake to have kept Rin I and Junior as one-man dogs. This first occurred to him when Rinty made *The Return of Rin Tin Tin* in 1947 and was able to maintain amiable relations with all members of the cast.

Rin IV had already been selected by Duncan when, two years ago, a young man named Herbert Leonard suggested putting Rin Tin Tin on television. The programme proved to be a TV "natural," starting from nowhere last autumn and shooting up to join the top 20 programmes in the United States almost overnight. Its star is a lovable animal, as fond of humans off the set as on.

Having registered the name Rin Tin Tin more than 30 years ago, Lee Duncan now derives revenue not only from his current TV contract but from a Rin radio show, a monthly comic book and manufactured products bearing Rin's magic name. It isn't only the money that is making Lee Duncan as happy as he was 30 years ago; it's seeing a Rin Tin Tin once more making millions of other people happy too.

The most difficult thing in the world is to know how to do a thing and to watch somebody else doing it wrong, without comment.

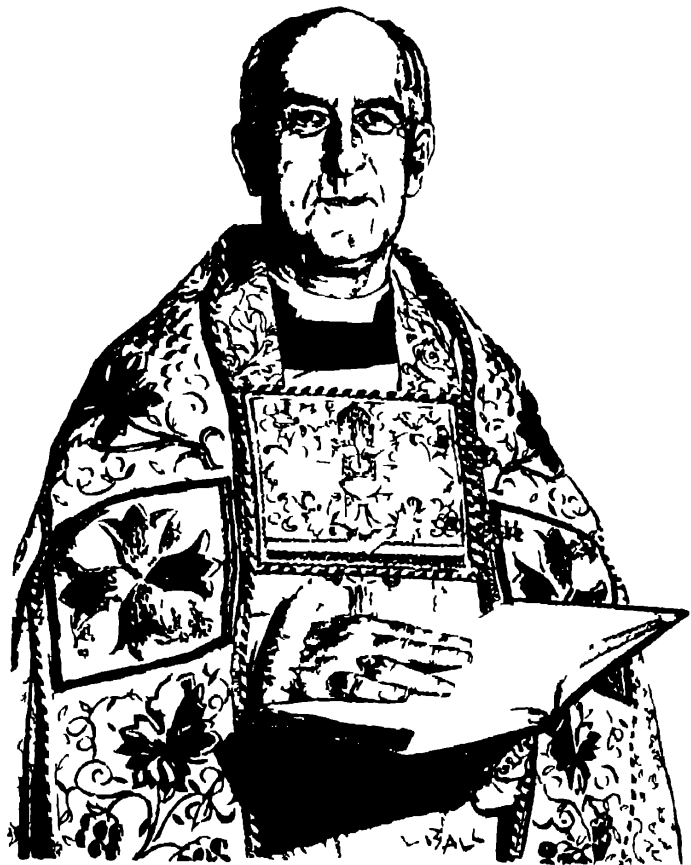
—T. H. White in *The Atlantic Monthly*

Meet *The Archbishop of Canterbury*

By George Kent

THE ARCHBISHOP of Canterbury! The title is a heavy one, and so is the office it describes. As chief dignitary of the Church of England and of the Anglican Communion with its 40 million members in most countries of the world, the Archbishop of Canterbury is one of the half dozen leading Christian churchmen of the world. The Archbishop sits in the House of Lords; in England he ranks sixth in the realm, preceded only by the Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh and the three other royal dukes. (The Prime Minister is ninth in precedence.)

Fortunately for the Church and for his own peace of mind, the man who bears this title is by no means weighed down by it. The Most Reverend, the Right Honourable Doctor Geoffrey Francis Fisher is first of all a human being. A gnome of a man whose eyes crinkle with laughter,



he adores wisecracks, does cross-word puzzles, sings in the bathtub and goes to the theatre or cinema when he can find the time.

Doctor Fisher talks to everybody. His friends include policemen and waiters, garage mechanics and camera men. Occasionally he does some

unconventional thing which ruffles his more strait-laced colleagues—but he does it with a grace which detracts not the slightest from his dignity. He has been known to pick up a forlorn tourist in Canterbury Cathedral and personally show him the sights. When Danny Kaye, sitting at the wheel of his car, came within a millimetre of running him down, he said, "Young man, you almost achieved a measure of real fame." Describing his visit to the United States, he said the Americans were astonished to find that the Archbishop of Canterbury really existed—greeting him with enthusiasm as a kind of 'human coelacanth.'

He wears knee breeches and long black gaiters and takes impish delight in jokes at his own expense. "As I was standing in a street in New York clad in episcopal uniform," he recounts, "a man stopped, looked down at my gaiters, and said, 'Say, what's the cute idea!'"

Being Primate of All England is an exacting, ten-hours-a-day, seven-days-a-week job. He is spiritual adviser to the Queen and is Chairman of the Church Commissioners, whose investments produce a gross annual revenue of about £8½ million. He heads a world-wide missionary service and presides over the Church Assembly. In addition he watches over his own diocese of Canterbury, officiating regularly at baptisms, weddings and funerals, as well as other church services.

Most of the people of the British

Commonwealth and in the United States learned to know him through television when he presided over the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth II. Conducting the ceremony with a nice blend of respect and fatherly solicitude, he quite won the hearts of all. Some of the clergy had been worried about how he would perform. He had never been over-concerned with ceremonial. Indeed, he was known to hold up a formal church procession to chat with a friend in the crowd. But the Coronation went off without a hitch. He spent months preparing the words he uttered and perfecting the ritual.

The Archbishop of Canterbury is the son of a minister. He went to Oxford, where he rowed, played rugby and got a first class degree. "I wasn't over-endowed with brains," he said modestly. "I simply had a good memory."

He was ordained a priest in 1913. For a few years he was a schoolmaster when he had what he calls "my worst moment." Taking a class in geometry, his weak subject, he had to explain a problem he did not understand. He called on the bright boy of the class to solve it. The boy shook his head helplessly.

"Now," said Doctor Fisher with a twinkle, "here is the way to get out of such a dilemma. I turned to the problem, joined lines furiously, smashed my chalk on the blackboard, said 'Q.E.D.' in a loud voice—and rubbed the whole thing out."

At 27, he was headmaster of

Repton. He stayed there 18 years, much loved by his students. From Repton he went on to become Bishop of Chester, then Bishop of London. In 1945 he became Archbishop of Canterbury.

Some parish priests grumbled that a man with no parochial experience should be elevated to this high position. His Grace refutes this with some heat. "I grew up in a country rectory," he said. "I truly think I learnt more about parish life in those 20 years than many priests ever learn." Said the *Sunday Times*, "Probably Dr. Geoffrey Fisher sometimes reflects with wonder that he occupies the throne of St. Augustine, for he is humble-minded; but admits to himself that he could not readily think of anyone better qualified, for he is a realist."

At Lambeth Palace, on the south bank of the Thames, Doctor Fisher could spread through 18 rooms but he is content to live in six. The others serve as a hostel for visiting clergy. Although the Church of England has many points of similarity with the Church of Rome, there are fundamental differences. Its clergy, for example, are permitted to marry.

Doctor Fisher has a wife, six sons and five grandchildren. He believes in large families. "A family really begins with the third child," he said. "Moreover, if there are three, the children can then out-vote the parents."

It is natural for such a man to

have strong views on marriage and divorce. No one has condemned adultery more vigorously than Doctor Fisher. But he believes that divorce is an even more grievous sin.

"To keep a marriage intact is a duty to God," he said. "It is also a duty to society. Children are often terribly affected and suffer psychological wounds from it all their lives. The right way, the Christian way, is the hard way of forgiveness."

On the other hand, he believes there are "degrees of unhappiness" which may justify a separation. There are instances, he admits, where second marriages have worked out well. "But this does not mean that the Church should marry them. The Church must have its rule." On this subject, the usually smiling, seemingly soft man is adamant.

The question of the Red Dean—Dr. Hewlett Johnson, Dean of Canterbury—showed Doctor Fisher at his diplomatic best. Here was a man whom other countries mistook for the Archbishop or at least thought of as his representative, going about the world playing the Communist game. At first the Archbishop tried to dismiss him with a joke. "When he is at home I wish he were overseas, and more profoundly, when he is overseas, I wish he were at home."

But when the Dean supported the Chinese charges of germ warfare, the country was aroused. Members of Parliament tabled a motion

demanding his removal from office. The Archbishop, speaking quietly, described Dr. Hewlett Johnson as a deluded, irrational "public nuisance" exploited by the Communists, but he opposed the motion for his removal.

"Every freedom can be abused," he said. "It is a tragedy that abuses of freedom jeopardize other men's freedom . . . But it is wisdom to bear with folly and unreason and delusions, short of real danger to the body politic, as a price well worth paying to preserve this precious freedom of speech." He added that a Red Dean removed from office—becoming thereby a martyr—would be "more mischievous" than one who remained, and he made a point which carried the day.

Of all the 99 archbishops of Canterbury (of whom St. Augustine in the year 597 was the first) none has travelled as much as Doctor Fisher. He has visited the United States, Canada, almost all of Africa, Australia and New Zealand. "I enjoy it very much," he said. "It's far more fun racing round Australia than sitting at my desk trying to solve insoluble problems." In New Zealand, he met the Maoris and he adored them. He even rubbed noses—a custom of theirs—with two of them.

He said afterwards, "I was apparently expected to give only a unilateral rub and I gave a bilateral one because I am particularly well equipped for this."

He is a friend and admirer of

America and he deplores any friction between the two nations. He explained why he was reluctant to discuss Anglo-American relationships with reporters, a truly touching statement: "I do not like talking to strangers of friendships."

"We need America," he once declared, "to keep us moving, eager and young for our years and still adventurous. America needs us to keep her patient, sensitive and aware that if its size often shows on a great scale the splendours of God, His deepest secrets are to be found in the small, the simple and the domestic. And the world for its preservation desperately needs what whole-hearted trust and co-operation between us can bring to it."

Above all, Doctor Fisher has wisdom. Some samples: "Until you know that life is interesting—and find it so—you haven't found your soul . . . What matters is that we do our best for the Kingdom of God. If we say we're not doing too badly, we're sunk. But if we say, things are frightful and we'll do our best, we're all right."

As a good Christian, Doctor Fisher has a true sense of humility. A story is told of a fireman on the *Queen Mary*. The man said that the Archbishop's tour of the ship had done more good than the sermon he had preached. When asked why, he explained, "You see, he is not over-educated."

"I want that written on my tombstone," said the Archbishop.

It Pays to Increase Your Word Power

By Wilfred Funk

SURPRISINGLY few words ending in *ite* are non-technical, useful to know and not too simple for test purposes. Before you begin this test, write down definitions of those words you think you know. Then mark the word or phrase you believe is *nearest in meaning* to the key word. Answers are on the next page.

- (1) **erudite** (er' yoo dite)—A: proud B: secret. C: learned. D: courteous.
- (2) **contrite** (kon' trite)—A: narrow-minded. B: repentant. C: restricted or hemmed in. D: uncertain.
- (3) **requite** (re kwite')—A: to repay B: complete C: demand D: need
- (4) **mite** (mite)—A: precious stone. B: strength. C: a small object D: probability.
- (5) **indite** (in dite') A: to introduce. B: charge with a crime C: put into words or writing. D: insult.
- (6) **anchorite** (ang' kuh rite) A: a hermit. B: a hard type of stone C: a cruel burden D: a durable metal.
- (7) **cite** (site) A: to memorize B: point out with a finger. C: see clearly D: quote
- (8) **sprite** (sprite)—A: a small pole B: an elf or spirit. C: good cheer. D: mischief.
- (9) **satellite** (sat' ē lite)—A: a sparkling. B: a ruler. C: a gem. D: a servile attendant.
- (10) **tripartite** (try pahr' tite)—A: shared by three parties. B: sharply disputed. C: widely separated D: seriously attempted.
- (11) **respite** (res' pit) — A: breath. B: ill will C: fatigue. D: an interval of rest.
- (12) **trite** (trite) —A: impudent. B: clever. C: commonplace D: brief.
- (13) **incite** (in site') — A: to cut off. B: arouse or stir up C: perceive the inner nature of a thing D: commence.
- (14) **parasite** (par' ā site) A: a disease. B: a hanger-on C: a loss of motion and feeling. D: an insect exterminator
- (15) **élite** (ay leet') —A: state of being worn out with age B: speed. C: the best people D: unwholesomeness.
- (16) **recondite** (rek' un dite or re kon' dite) —A: carefully surveyed. B: exhaustive. C: difficult to comprehend D: of high character
- (17) **rite** (rite) A: a solemn ceremony. B: justice C: straightness. D: a cleansing.
- (18) **apposite** (ap' uh zit)—A: appropriate or fitting. B: highly unpleasant. C: on a higher level D: self-assertion.
- (19) **ignite** (ig nite') A: to shun. B: set on fire. C: strengthen. D: anger.
- (20) **expedite** (ex' pē dite)—A: to experiment. B: agree to. C: speed up. D: start out or begin.

Answers to

"IT PAYS TO INCREASE YOUR WORD POWER"

- (1) **erudite**—C: From the Latin *eruditus*, "learned"; scholarly, as, "He was *erudite* in the arts, but totally impractical in business affairs."
- (2) **contrite**—B: Repentant, conscience-smitten, as, "He was pathetically *contrite* for having given offence." From the Latin *contritus*, "bruised."
- (3) **requite**—A: To make return; to pay back as for a benefit or injury; to recompense; as, "The wicked *requite* evil with evil."
- (4) **mite**—C: A small object, small amount, as, "He gave a mere *mite* of his fortune to charity."
- (5) **indite**—C: To put into words or writing; to compose, as "to *indite* a letter or poem." The Latin *in*, "in," and *dictare*, "to declare."
- (6) **anchorite**—A: A religious recluse, a hermit. Originally from the Greek *anachorein*, meaning "to retire."
- (7) **cite**—D: To quote, to refer to specifically, to mention as an illustration; as, "Please *cite* one authority who will support your argument." The Latin *citare*, "to summon."
- (8) **sprite**—B: An elf or spirit; as, "She seemed more like a fairy *sprite* than a human being." Originally from the Latin *spiritus*, "breath."
- (9) **satellite**—D: A servile attendant, as, "The king was surrounded by fawning *satellites*." From the Latin *satelles*, "an attendant."
- (10) **tripartite**—A: From the Latin *tripartitus*, "divided into three parts." Hence, shared by three parties; as, "These nations negotiated a *tripartite* treaty."
- (11) **respite**—D: An interval of rest or of relief from suffering; as, "Sometimes there seems to be no *respite* from worry." The Latin *respectus*, "a delay."
- (12) **trite**—C: From the Latin *tritus*, "rubbed." Hence, worn out by continuous use, hackneyed; as, "He made a *trite* comment about the weather."
- (13) **incite**—B: From the Latin *incitare*, "to arouse or stir up"; to stimulate to action; as, "He tried to *incite* the people to rebel."
- (14) **parasite**—B: An organism living in or on another organism, and so, by extension, a person who lives lazily at another's expense; a hanger-on, as, "He was a *parasite* who lived on his brother's earnings." The Greek *parasitos*, "eating at the table of another."
- (15) **élite**—C: A French loan word meaning the best people, the choicest party of a society or group, the pick; as, "He fought in an *élite* regiment."
- (16) **recondite**—C: We speak of *recondite* studies or writing when they are profound and not easy to understand. The Latin *reconditus*, "profound."
- (17) **rite**—A: A solemn or religious ceremony performed in a prescribed manner; as, "The priest performed the last *rites*." The Latin *ritus*, "religious custom."
- (18) **apposite**—A: From the Latin *appositus*, "appropriate and fitting"; relevant; suitable; as, "His remarks were most *apposite* and to the point."
- (19) **ignite**—B: To set on fire; to kindle; as, "A spark would *ignite* the dry forest." From the Latin *ignis* "fire."
- (20) **expedite**—C: To speed up a process; to hasten the progress of anything; as, "The quartermaster must *expedite* supplies." From the Latin *expeditus*, "unimpeded."

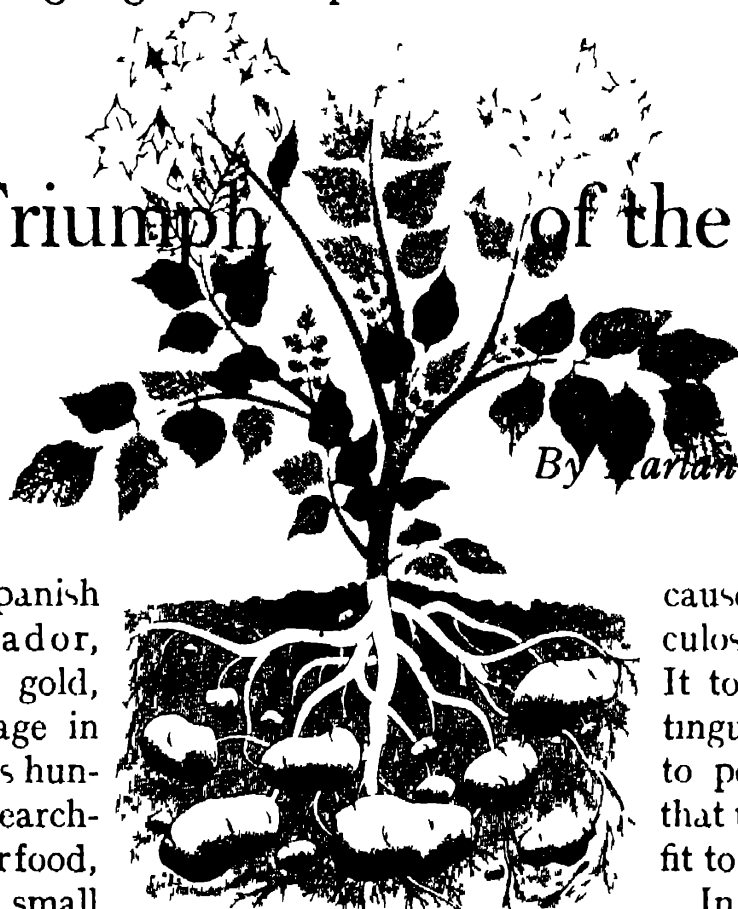
Vocabulary Ratings

20-18 correct.....excellent
 17-15 correct.....good
 14-11 correct fair

Few foods have had to conquer more calumny than the world's leading vegetable crop

The Triumph of the Potato

By Garland Manchester



IN 1537 a Spanish conquistador, looking for gold, raided a village in the Andes. His hungry soldiers, searching the huts for food, found some small round roots with purplish skins. They cooked and ate them, and pronounced them "a dainty dish even for Spaniards." The Indians, who lived largely on this root, called it the *papa*. Spaniards called it the *patata*; and as the potato it has since spread throughout the world, becoming the world's leading vegetable crop and creating many times more wealth than all the treasure pilfered from the Incas.

However, few foods in the history of mankind have had to conquer more calumny before they won public acceptance. For a century after its discovery the potato was said to

cause leprosy, tuberculosis and rickets. It took several distinguished pioneers to persuade people that the novelty was fit to eat.

In 1588 two potatoes were sent by the Papal Legate to Jules Charles de l'Ecluse, herbalist who had been in charge of the imperial gardens in Vienna. He raised a small crop and boiled some with mutton. Finding them "tasty and agreeable," he sent samples to fellow gardeners throughout Europe with instructions for planting. Despite his efforts, for many years potatoes were eaten by only two groups of people—the rich, who esteemed them as an exotic treat, and later the starving, who were glad to fill their bellies with anything.

The popularity of the tuber in

Germany, cradle of the potato pancake, comes from measures taken by Frederick the Great in 1744. After a famine he sent a wagonload of seed potatoes to Kolberg, accompanied by soldiers to force the farmers to plant them. Because of his vigorous campaign, and because of an exhausting war during which food ran low, the root eventually took its honoured place on the German table.

One of the military prisoners who ate potatoes in Frederick's stockades was Antoine Auguste Parmentier, a French pharmacist. He returned to France to promote the potato as a substitute for grain in case of famine. When he told Louis XVI of his scheme, the King gave him a hundred acres near Paris, which he planted. When the blossoms appeared, Queen Marie Antoinette wore them in her hair at a reception. Parmentier gave a dinner for celebrities—among them Benjamin Franklin—in which the whole menu consisted of potatoes cooked in various ways.

Parmentier's potato field had been patrolled by soldiers in full uniform to guard the famous tubers against theft. One night he had the guard withdrawn and, as he expected, people appropriated seed potatoes for their gardens. When Parmentier died, potatoes were planted on his grave. But the luscious sauté potato is his best memorial.

In England, also, peers first ate potatoes and the common people

followed. Soon hot baked potatoes were being hawked by vendors in London streets. In cold weather women put them in their muffs to keep their hands warm.

Although the potato originated in the Western Hemisphere it took nearly two centuries to cross the ocean again and establish itself as a food crop in North America. In 1719 the Reverend James MacGregor, a Scots-Irish Presbyterian, led a flock of 16 emigrant families from Northern Ireland to Londonderry, New Hampshire, bringing with him a precious supply of seed potatoes. The settlers planted a two-and-a-half-acre clearing, and the following winter potatoes kept them alive. Today the potato is grown throughout the United States.

One of the greatest mass tragedies of modern times was the potato famine in Ireland. Introduced there early as a supplement to cereals, the potato grew luxuriously, was easy to plant, harvest and cook—and easy to hide by burying during raids by English invaders. By 1845 it was Ireland's all-important food crop. The summer was cold and wet that year, and spots appeared on the potato leaves. Soon a black blight spread rapidly all over Ireland, ruining half the crop.

The next year's crop, planted with infected seed, was a complete failure, and the entire winter food supply of millions was wiped out in a few weeks. The catastrophe that followed was the worst since the Black

Death. Typhus and other epidemics raged, and it is estimated that one million people, out of a population of eight million, died of starvation and disease. Millions more left the country, at least half of them for the United States.

Another vicious foe of the potato, a tough-jawed yellow-and-black striped insect called the Colorado potato beetle, invaded the Rocky Mountain region in 1824 and quickly defoliated the plants. The pest chewed its way eastward across the United States, wiping out potato crops. It crossed the Mississippi River about the time of the American Civil War and reached East Coast farms in 1874. Crops were soon protected with a Paris-green spray. Today DDT is used, which kills the Colorado beetle as well as leaf hoppers, aphids, flea beetles and other insects. Three minor "invasions" of the Colorado beetle have occurred in Britain—one in 1933 and two in 1942—but prompt steps by the Ministry of Agriculture wiped them out.

From the small, yellow-fleshed potato the Spaniards found in Peru four centuries ago, breeders have worked to produce the big, mealy, snow-white potato of today.

Authorities have exploded the popular notion that potatoes are exceptionally fattening. One medium-sized potato supplies 100 calories, no more than a seven-ounce glass of orange juice, or a large apple.

Potatoes are a good source of low-

A CENTURY AGO, the potato was virtually unknown as a domestic vegetable in India. Today it is probably the most extensively cultivated of all vegetables and one of the most popular foods. About half a million acres of arable land are given over to growing potatoes, chiefly in the northern regions, including Uttar Pradesh, Bihar, West Bengal and Assam.

A sharp distinction is made by farmers between two species of potato in India: the *Vilati* varieties, which were introduced from Europe quite recently, and the *Desi* varieties, which are thought to be descended from those introduced to India shortly after they were brought to Europe in the sixteenth century. This belief was corroborated when samples of the *Desi* varieties were sent to Britain for identification. They were found to be very old varieties which had gone out of cultivation in that country. They have the advantage of long acclimatization in the hot, dry plains and are better able to resist drought than are the later imported varieties. *Desi* varieties are widely used at the Potato Breeding Station of the Indian Agricultural Research Institute at Simla.

cost vitamins and minerals, especially when cooked in their skins. An average helping of potatoes contains as much vitamin B₁ as two slices of enriched wholemeal bread. It also supplies iron, in addition to small traces of copper and other minerals.

Experiments are now being made by atomic scientists in Britain and

America to irradiate potatoes with hot isotopes to prevent them from sprouting in storage. Potatoes thus treated keep two years in good condition. On the big farms mechanized equipment has almost abolished hand labour in the lifting of seed

potatoes and in planting, fertilizing, spraying, harvesting, grading and packing.

Every year more and better potatoes are being grown. Research proceeds, and new triumphs await the world's most popular vegetable.



Tricks of the Trade

A FAMOUS endocrinologist, during the slump when most people had many idle hours, had a constant stream of patients. I asked him the secret of his success. "Just psychology, glands and humbug," he answered.

"Most of my subjects are society women, and it was impossible to keep them free from gormandizing, until I concocted a Chamber of Horrors. My examining chamber is about eight feet square, brilliantly lighted, the sides are mirrors, and there is no window. My patients are told to disrobe to the skin in this room, and to sit on a stool fastened to the centre of the floor to await my investigations of their endocrines. Their determination to adhere to my dietary instructions is in direct proportion to the time I allow them to cogitate in that chamber, where at all angles they are surrounded by reflections of their numerous bulgings, most of which they then see for the first time."

- Joseph Jerger, M.D., *Doctor--Here's Your Hat* (Prentice Hall)

A FRENCH artist had painted the portrait of a wealthy woman from Boston, who refused to accept it because she said her beloved poodle didn't recognize her likeness. Not wishing to risk the publicity of a lawsuit, the painter pondered a few days, then wrote that he had made certain subtle changes he felt sure would please her. Shortly before she was due at the studio, he carefully rubbed a piece of fresh bacon over the face of the portrait.

The woman inspected the painting critically, holding her poodle on the leash. "See," she exclaimed, "he still doesn't recognize me."

"But, madam," said the artist, "dogs are near-sighted. Hold the little darling closer to the picture."

She held the dog up, he sniffed the aroma of bacon and made frantic efforts to kiss the painted image of his mistress. "See, he adores your likeness," commented the painter, whose troubles were over.

*Most of us have had
a turning point in our careers.
Eddie Cantor recounts his*

By Eddie Cantor

I 'VE BEEN in show business most of my life, which, at the moment, totals 63 years. Most people find it difficult to visualize me as anything but the pop-eyed performer who's been around "for ever." I realized this when my grandson Michael, aged 15, was discussing his future. "I don't seem to know what I want to do," he sighed. "It was different with you, Gramps—you always knew you wanted show business."

The truth is that when I left school, the only thing I knew about show business was that it cost the price of two salami sandwiches to go to Tony Pastor's theatre on 14th Street, and while I loved vaudeville, I loved salami sandwiches more. Show business never entered my head.

Things were a little rugged at home, and I had to go to work when I was in my early teens. I landed a

steady job at a fine salary (\$5 a week) as an office boy for Weir Brothers, brokers. Between odd jobs I often thought about Surprise Lake Camp at Cold Spring, where three years before, I had been sent for a two weeks' holiday. My first day in camp was a revelation. Such trees! Such grass! Never had I seen so much green outside a billiards hall. And when I read a sign on the board, "If you can sing or entertain in any way sign your name below," I was the first one to sign.

Around a camp fire, this kid from the lower East Side gave out with a high soprano on the big hit of the day, "Harrigan." I was completely at ease and quite unaware of the humour lent the lyrics by a little Jewish boy bellowing, "H-a-double-r-i-g-a-n -spells Harrigan -proud of all the Irish blood that's in me!" For the next few nights I was the chief entertainer. It paid. All the other kids left after two weeks. I was held over for an extra week.

But this was only a happy memory. It had no real connection with the established "Wall Street" man that I now was. True, I was only running errands and doing other menial tasks. But the day would come when I'd be somebody in the brokerage business, when I'd stride into the office with brisk authority, like Mr. J. C. Weir: in the winter, wearing a fur-collared coat; in the summer, with a boutonnière in my lapel and sporting a stick.

Destiny destroyed these dreams 50 years ago on a Friday afternoon. When the door closed behind J. C. Weir as he left the office for the week-end, something snapped in me. Grabbing a little fur jacket that belonged to one of the girls, I leaped on a long conference table, strutted, sang, danced and rolled my eyes in an exaggerated imitation of the Broadway rave of the time, Anna Held, doing her famous number, "I Just Can't Make My Eyes Behave."

Laughter broke out, then applause. All work ceased. Spurred on by this enthusiastic reception, I sang louder, danced faster and nearly swivelled my eyes out of their sockets. At the height of my frenzied efforts, I became aware of a sudden silence and a scurrying of feet. Before I could turn round a familiar voice bellowed in my ear: "You're fired!"

J. C. Weir had returned for his briefcase. I stumbled off the table and tried to explain but, with justifiable indignation, he refused to listen. He just kept yelling: "Out! Out! Get out!"

I started to get my hat, but Mr Weir's look stopped me. I changed

course abruptly and ran through the door. I was furious! Not because of the loss of my job, or my hat, but the ignominy of my dismissal. Some day I'd show that J. C. Weir!

But the day seemed far away indeed. The only job I could get was in Coney Island, as a singing waiter. Without quite realizing how it happened, my business became show business. I forgot Wall Street and Weir Brothers.

Some years later, in June of 1917, on the opening night of my first Ziegfeld Follies, the doorman delivered a card to my dressing room. It read: "J. C. Weir." I was elated. Imagine! To see me, he had to buy a ticket—a ticket that cost more than my whole week's salary when I'd worked for him.

My ex-boss was ushered into the dressing room and, before a word was said, he handed me a fine leather hatbox in which I found a high silk hat. We both laughed. "This," he said, "is to replace the hat you didn't get when you left our firm."

Although half a century has passed, I've always been grateful to J. C. Weir, who booted me from Wall Street to Broadway.

*A*N EX-SERVICE man undergoing an examination for appointment to the police force, was asked, "If your beat was a lonely path through the park, and a beautiful young girl rushed up to you and declared that a strange man had suddenly grabbed her and hugged and kissed her, what would you do?"

The man replied instantly, "I'd endeavour to reconstruct the crime."

Waging war on dangerous driving

A Road Safety Drive

John Kent Herald

By Roderick Olzendum

TWO YEARS AGO Governor Arthur Langlie, of Washington State, declared total war on reckless motorists. The results since have proved conclusively that death on the roads can be dramatically reduced by strict enforcement of intelligent traffic laws, provided drivers understand the laws and see the need for obeying them.

In October, 1953, Governor Langlie declared: "In the last 29 days, 50 citizens have been killed. And the worst months, November and December, are still ahead of us. During the holiday season last year, 131 people were killed. Add to this the appalling number of 3,366 fractured skulls, disfigurements and torn bodies. Then add broken hearts and broken homes and children whose fathers are silent statistics. The total result condemns everyone who

knowingly breaks any traffic law.

"If this staggering number of people were killed and maimed by a foreign enemy, we should be up in arms. But, apathetic and indifferent, we go right ahead killing on our roads.

"When I examine the underlying causes of these deaths, I find repeatedly such flagrant violations as drunken driving, exceeding speed limits, failure to yield the right of way, inattention. If these violations cannot be stopped by persuasion, they must be stopped by force.

"I proclaim that war shall be waged by all the forces of law against traffic violators, using every lawful means to arrest offenders. This will include the use of unmarked patrol cars, plain-clothes personnel, radar and spotter aeroplanes. Far too many people obey

the law only when an officer is in sight. A campaign of this type may bring bitterness, misunderstanding and public recrimination. This I shall accept as a cheap price for prolonging human life."

A simplified version of the state traffic code was now distributed to all newspapers. Radio and television broadcasts publicized the programme.

After a ten-day warning period the offensive began in earnest. Radar devices were set up on main roads. Frequently, one radar set and two patrol cars stationed further up the road can stop ten or 15 cars at a time when a whole string of drivers exceeds the speed limit. By the use of radar during the first 16 months of the Governor's war, 10,480 motorists were apprehended even though the roads were clearly marked "Checked by Radar."

Flying at 500 to 1,000 feet, helicopters and spotter planes advised radio cars of traffic violations.

One driver was cutting in and out, passing cars on the right and left, when a patrolman caught him and gave him a ticket. After the patrolman drove off, the man started his fancy weaving again. A helicopter spotted him and radioed to another officer patrolling the next section of the road. In quick time the driver was stopped again.

"How in the world did you know what I was doing?" he asked.

Looking towards the now blank sky, the patrolman quietly an-

swered, "The man up there told me."

Synchronized cameras were used. They photograph a violation as it actually happens, and simultaneously register the speedometer of the patrol car following the violator as well as the time of day.

Whenever accidents mounted in a given area, state and local police co-operated on what is called an "emphasis patrol." Every car travelling over this stretch of road is stopped and checked for mechanical defects and unlicensed drivers. Patrolmen found one out of every 25 drivers operating without a licence.

Police used unmarked cars and changed car colours frequently. Drivers rarely knew when the car behind was a patrol car. One officer once drove home in a borrowed van. The next morning he heard people say that all patrolmen were now driving vans.

The State Patrol offered a one-week course in the legal application and laboratory use of drunkometers (which measure the alcoholic content of a driver's breath) to any local police department that would purchase one. The offer was widely accepted. Now the number of arrests in contested cases of drunken driving has risen from 50 per cent to 90 per cent.

On one occasion a drunkometer convicted a local political figure. Picked up many times before, he had always been able to evade punishment. This time, although he was

represented by a noted criminal lawyer, and political pressure was applied, the jury recorded a verdict of guilty.

Drunkometers are widely used on Saturday nights on roads leading away from taverns. Cars are stopped, and drivers who look as if they had been drinking are given drunkometer tests. Many convictions result.

One of the best aids has been the support of the courts. Before the traffic war clever lawyers often got defendants off with light sentences or reprimands. Policemen who had risked their lives in 90 mph chases lost heart. Things have changed now. Oral warnings are practically abolished; if a driver is doing something serious enough to be stopped at all, he gets a "ticket"—and the courts follow through with a stiff penalty if the driver should be found guilty.

Washington is one of several states in America which has adopted the "Point System" of recording "demerits" against a driver for speeding, drunken driving, failure to observe traffic signals. When an adult driver has accumulated eight points, or a juvenile driver five, he receives a warning. After a certain number of additional demerits his licence is suspended for anything from 30 days to a year. Drivers on probation increased from 1,200 in 1953 to 4,300 in 1954, suspensions of licences increased from 367 to 1,822.

The people of Washington are

A THREE-MONTHS intensive road courtesy campaign was begun in London in the middle of August in an attempt to reduce the number of road accidents. (There were 23,785 road casualties in the Metropolitan Police District in the first six months of this year.)

Sir John Nott-Bower, Metropolitan Police Commissioner, who initiated the campaign, says "Many accidents can be avoided by the exercise of courtesy, care and concentration by *all* road users. Impatience and lack of consideration for others are the direct or indirect cause of numerous crashes. That is why I have called for special attention by traffic patrols at certain accident-prone junctions, and I am glad to be able to say that some measure of success is already apparent. But the public can do more than the police, and with their co-operation far more can be achieved."

behind Governor Langlie's traffic war today because they know that their lives are safer. From 1942 to 1952 an average of 7.9 people were killed on the roads of Washington for every 100 million miles driven. The national average was 8.8. In 1954 the number of Washington deaths per 100 million miles sank to 4.4, and in the first six months of 1955 it dropped to 3.8.

The cost of the programme in extra equipment and manpower to date has been just under \$10,000. The spotter-planes and helicopters were provided by U.S. Civil Air Patrol and National Guard units and

THE READER'S DIGEST

the U.S. Game Department. The saving in human lives, and in dollars, has been eye-opening. In the first year there were 113 fewer fatalities than in the previous year, while savings in hospital and doctors' bills, wages lost from work, and reductions in insurance premiums amounted to 15 million dollars. The saving in suffering, tears and tragedy is incalculable.

The Washington experiment

proves that there is only one way to reduce the slaughter on the roads: to use force. The job calls for thorough education of the public, plus the strictest possible enforcement of laws and the use of all modern devices to apprehend unreasoning drivers. There is nothing in the Washington programme which cannot be applied by the people of any country with comparable problems.



Can You Juggle Letters?

CAN you turn each pair of the radically different words below into synonyms—words with the same meaning—by taking a single letter from just one of the words and placing it somewhere within the other one, without rearranging any of the other letters? In No. 1, for example, by taking the R from SHRED and inserting it into BAN, you get the synonyms, SHED and BARN. Answers appear on page 108.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1. SHRED (Shed) ..
BAN .. (Barn) ..</p> <p>2. LAUGHTER ..
SKILL ..</p> <p>3. FREIGHT ..
SCAR ..</p> <p>4. SIT ..
CULT ..</p> <p>5. BOAST ..
HIP ..</p> <p>6. RIG ..
PENAL ..</p> <p>7. EGO ..
LAVE ..</p> <p>8. HOP ..
CHEW ..</p> <p>9. REGIMENT ..
DIE ..</p> <p>10. PANT ..
SLOW ..</p> | <p>11. ARCHES ..
HUTS ..</p> <p>12. SPARS ..
THINE ..</p> <p>13. RALLY ..
FIEND ..</p> <p>14. STAY ..
SATE ..</p> <p>15. EAR ..
TREND ..</p> <p>16. ASSETS ..
RAVERS ..</p> <p>17. BOOST ..
HOE ..</p> <p>18. ASK ..
LIE ..</p> <p>19. RATS ..
RANGES ..</p> <p>20. BLARE ..
BAD ..</p> |
|---|---|

Ben L. O'Dell in *The American Magazine*

The ups and downs of Conrad Hilton's international ventures
in hotel-keeping

Host to Half the World

Istanbul Hill



By J. P. McEvoy

KEEPERs of hotels, taverns, and inns, putting up travellers and putting up with them--through the ages have a favourite lamentation: "There must be some other way to make a living."

Why, these harassed souls ask, should a man like Conrad Hilton deliberately pile up 25 of the largest hotels in the United States, including the Waldorf-Astoria and the Statler chain, totalling more than 27,000 sleeping rooms and ten times as many daily headaches, and then aggravate this agony with the fantastic frustrations of building and running new hotels in other countries all over the world?

A few examples of what has hap-

pened to him: When the Havana Hilton was proposed several years ago, the Sugar Industry's Employees Retirement Fund agreed to finance it. *Mañana* followed *mañana*—and the money followed somebody who had, as a Damon Runyon character might say, "dipped his dukes in the tambourine."

Result: Hilton had to start all over again looking for local money. And where do you think his Havana lawyer, Mario Lazo, found it? In the Retirement Fund of the Gastronomic Union of cooks, waiters and hotel employees--the most difficult union to deal with in Cuba. Nobody in Havana believed that this union would put up 14 million

dollars for a 28-storey, 650-room hotel covering an entire block, or that any management would agree to operate such a hotel with this union as landlord.

As part of the unprecedented negotiations, the waiters' pension fund officials had to hammer out the details of hours and wages with their own union members. They often took sides with Hilton, since the pension fund as landlord would get two thirds of the gross profit and obviously the higher the labour costs, the less the profit.

After weeks of wrangling, contracts were signed and excavating started. Hilton assumed that his troubles were over. But sandwiched between news that two thirds of the bathtubs for his hotel in Istanbul had arrived from Germany cracked (and a total loss) and that lifts for his hotel in Madrid—to replace the original failures—couldn't be installed, came word from Havana that marine termites had made Swiss cheese of the coral substructure, necessitating the pouring of \$200,000 worth of additional concrete into these cavities before the foundations could be laid.

Now take Puerto Rico. The Hilton lads, planning their new hotel in San Juan, came up with a brilliant idea: wouldn't it be wonderful to have hurricane-proof glass? So they spent a lot of money and time experimenting and finally, lo, they produced glass that would withstand any wind up to 250 miles an

hour. With great pride and satisfaction they installed it. Then the guests moved in, and a flood of complaints unique in the hotel business swamped the office. This wonder glass might be hurricane proof, but whenever a guest scratched it ever so lightly—with a diamond ring, say—the entire sheet of glass disintegrated into powder. The official report was typical of the comfort and cheer hotel men have learned to expect: "There is no explanation for this."

Take the Castellana in Madrid, which opened in 1953 with a distinguished list of guests flown at Hilton's expense from the U.S.A. and European capitals. Only the kind of luck that haunts hotel men could have inspired some of the unforgettable features of this Grand Fiesta Opening. Lifts staggered fitfully and finally died between floors. Electric power failed in the middle of the banquet. Crowning disaster: modernistic plastic toilet seats, which were to be the wonder of Europe, were heard cracking under pressure all over the hotel like volleys of rifle shots.

"The inexperienced duck dives tail-first" (old Turkish proverb). In 1951 everyone told everyone, "There will be no diving tail-first in Istanbul. After all, the government is sponsoring this hotel so we'll have none of those official snags about permits, customs, duties, etc."

Four years and a thousand ulcers later (June, 1955), the Istanbul

Hilton was scheduled to open—like a splitting headache. One hundred invited guests were flying from the United States in two chartered Stratocruisers—and the beds and bedding were still in the hold of a freighter which had been sitting out in full view of the Bosphorus for weeks. Also, the supply of liquor was sealed in Istanbul warehouses. No official would make out the necessary papers because “that was another department.”

However, at the last minute somebody high up in the government realized there would be no hotel opening without beds and liquor, so everything was magically released and dumped by truckloads in the lobbies and corridors the day before the grand opening.

This posed an additional problem summed up in another Turkish proverb: “You’re a gentleman; I’m a gentleman. Who will groom the horse?”

I arrived that morning in time to see the manager of the Castellana in Madrid, Walter Schnyder, in striped trousers and frock coat, nailing down carpets. Joe Binns, impeccable general manager of the Waldorf and vice-president of all Hilton hotels, was carrying beds up the service stairs. Scurrying all over the place in blue jeans were the wives of senior Hilton executives, hanging curtains, tacking up pictures, making beds.

Vainly searching the kitchen for roasting pans in an international

bedlam of Swiss, French and Turkish chefs and waiters was Philippe, the Waldorf’s fabulous *maitre d’hôtel*, flown over from New York. Finally in desperation he rounded up native coppersmiths who sat up all night in the ballroom making 20 roasting pans by hand for \$50 each.

Watching this circus being pulled together, I could not believe that the hotel could open in 24 hours and be running smoothly. But it did and it was. When the guests arrived the next evening, headed by Conrad Hilton himself—who up to this moment hadn’t even seen the hotel—they were welcomed in the lobby by a delegation of shining employees drawn up in colourful uniforms adapted from classic Turkish costumes. Behind them stood executives and their wives from all over the Hilton hotel empire—wan, weary but triumphant.

Even so, the hotel might still be trying to open if it hadn’t been for one bright 15-year-old American girl named Ann Cocke. “There’s an American college for Turkish boys here in Istanbul,” she said, “and they all speak English. Why shouldn’t I ask a few of those Robert College students to act as interpreters?” In no time Ann was back with a gang of alert young Turkish men, eager to practise their English. Gallantly they helped her move little things at first. Then gradually, by a technique known only to American women, Ann had these innocent Turkish lads working like suburban

husbands on a day off about the house.

"But why American-run hotels abroad anyway?" I asked Max Blouet, manager for 25 years of the George V in Paris. "Especially in Europe, where you wrote the book for luxury, cuisine and consummate service?"

Said Max "Hotel men are only beginning to feel the paralyzing impact of the new American tourists, hopping oceans overnight on the instalment plan, cabling for reservations, crowding through the front door before we can read the cables, shouting 'Where's my room? Any messages? Can you get me a hotel reservation in London tomorrow?' Practically no hotels have been built in Europe for a generation."

The Grand Hotels, Splendides and Palaces were not built or staffed for these hit-and-run travellers who whoosh from country to country by plane and speed from city to city by car. European tourists are dashing all over the place, too, just like Americans. They travel light, eating their meals out except for breakfast, which they eat in their rooms or grab in a snack bar. In Istanbul the Hilton's snack bar, serving American coffee, hamburgers and grilled cheeseburgers, was an instantaneous sensation.

How do the Turks feel about this ultramodern building dominating a hilltop in their ancient city of crumbling walls and historic mosques?

"Proud and happy," they will tell you. "It is *our* building, owned by us, co-designed by a Turkish architect, financed by the Turkish Republic Pension Fund, and staffed more than 95 per cent by Turks. It is the most dynamic showcase in this part of the world of the modernization we are de-perately trying to achieve. This is not a Communist propaganda promise of better things to come—this is a Free World achievement here and now. We can see it, walk through it, eat in it, drink in it, sleep in it. Here we can entertain distinguished visitors from all over the world and be proud of it."

A European hotel man commented, "Hotel profits today start on the drawing board. Modern hotels and furnishings are easier to keep clean and maintain—a vital factor, for hotel labour costs three times more than it used to, and works eight hours instead of 12 or 16. American hotel builders were the first to face the facts of modern hotel life by installing labour-saving machinery in the kitchens and laundries, machine billing and book-keeping in the offices, and centralized room service with express dumbwaiters instead of our expensive staffs and individual pantries on each floor. We can be as nostalgic as we like about 'the good old days,' but we too will have to adopt the American hotel man's idea of turning every possible cubic inch of space into revenue-producing bedrooms, shops and offices."

The Istanbul Hilton, ten storeys of concrete, plate glass and stainless steel, is the latest and most spectacular in the Hilton International Hotel chain. Hotels are now being built in Mexico City, Montreal, Acapulco, Cairo and Havana, and sites have been secured for a Rome Hilton, a Trinidad Hilton and a West Berlin Hilton.

What is the magic formula that has made it possible, after a generation of stagnation, for great new hotels to be built in these countries? Hilton first worked out the formula in Puerto Rico. The hotel and furnishings are financed in each country by local capital—private in Madrid, Mexico City and Cairo; union funds in Havana; government-sponsored groups in Puerto Rico, Montreal, Berlin, Rome and Istanbul. The hotel is staffed by Hilton-trained personnel and leased by his operating company for varying terms up to 20 years, with renewal options. Two thirds of the gross operating profits go to the owners of the hotel, one third to Hilton.

Realizing how much handsome new hotels help to attract tourists and dollars, some foreign governments extend many special benefits, such as no duties on equipment, tax

exemption up to ten years and other blessings like free ground (the Egyptian Government gave the site of the old British barracks on the Nile).

The Puerto Rico Chamber of Commerce gives the Caribe Hilton in San Juan much of the credit for boosting tourism from 40,000 visitors who spent four million dollars in 1947 to 145,000 visitors who spent 22 million in 1954. In Madrid, the Castellana Hilton brought more than one million U.S. dollars in exchange to Spain in the first year, not to mention the pounds, francs, lire, etc.

Perhaps the most fascinating and significant by-product of the whole operation is the international apprenticeship in the techniques of modern hotel management. For example, 20 young Turks were taken to the United States for a year in the kitchens, the accounting offices, and the food, beverage and banquet departments of Hilton hotels in Chicago and New York. Cubans who will be junior executives in the Havana Hilton are training in America. Mexicans, Egyptians and nationals from all the other Hilton hotels in other countries will follow.

*T*HE FRIENDS who are most stimulating to us are those who disagree with us. It is they whose ideas we should ponder over; not that we may be converted by them, but that, in the light of their certainties, we may search out the basis of our own. We dignify by the name of beliefs a jumble of traditions and superstitions, and we need to go over them periodically, spurred by some sceptic, to sort out grain from chaff.

Behind prison walls, volunteers offer their health—sometimes their lives—to medical research, for little or no reward

“A Treasure in the Heart of Every Man”

By Don Wharton

ON A RAW day one February 62 grey-clad inmates lined up in the prison hospital of New York's Sing Sing, stripped to the waist and held out their arms to a doctor holding a syringe. The doctor slipped the needle into each arm, pushed the plunger, and injected every man with syphilis germs.

Scientists were trying to find out whether the body can develop immunity from syphilis. If so, then a vaccine might one day be perfected. The prisoners had volunteered to contract the dread disease as a contribution to medical science.

Fifty-four of them had had syphilis at one time or another. The other eight had never had it. They were the key to the study. Their names, today kept secret, may one day appear on some roll of honour. For every one of the eight got syphilis from the injections, *whereas only half of those who had previously*

had syphilis got it again. Thus science acquired a clue as to the possibility of immunity developing among those who have once had the disease.

Besides syphilis, what did the volunteers get out of it? A packet of cigarettes from the doctors at Christmas time, a brief note on their records, and the good feeling which comes from having done something to help others.

This was not the first medical study made possible by Sing Sing volunteers. Nor is Sing Sing the only prison whose inmates are volunteering to serve mankind. Altogether, inmates in 21 U.S. prisons have helped medical studies by giving their blood, their health—and, in four known cases, their lives.

At the Illinois State Penitentiary last year I talked to three volunteers whose temperatures that week had reached 107°. One was serving a term for robbery, another for car thefts, and the third

was doing 30 years for murder. They had voluntarily contracted malaria in order to "feed" mosquitoes used in laboratory tests. Each prisoner endured the chills, sweats, pains and aches of malaria without help from suppressive drugs, then day after day let 200 hungry mosquitoes feed on his arm for half an hour. You could see the mosquitoes at work, raising hundreds of welts, infecting themselves so that they could be used to transmit malaria to more volunteers.

At Clinton Farms, a New Jersey correctional institution, two women in faded dungarees are serving life sentences for murder. In 1950 both volunteered for the study of hepatitis (inflammation of the liver). They drank tomato juice containing the hepatitis virus, contracted the disease, recovered, then for three years assisted the doctors in further hepatitis investigations.

At the penitentiary at Lewisburg, Pennsylvania, are three bank robbers who have also volunteered for hepatitis studies. One of them became so ill that specialists were brought in to save his life. He was in a coma for days. He received blood transfusions and oxygen, was fed through the veins, developed pneumonia, got gangrene in his feet, and his weight dropped from 15 stone to 10 stone five pounds.

The first known example of prison volunteers for such studies in the United States occurred in 1915. Joseph Goldberger, a noted figure

in medical research, was trying to find out what caused pellagra. He had cured it by substituting a good diet for a poor one. This suggested that an unsuitable diet caused the disease. To prove it he would have to put human beings on an unsuitable diet and observe them for months. But who would volunteer to risk getting this serious illness? Goldberger thought of the men on Mississippi's huge prison farm, which was pellagra-free. He consulted with the governor, who weighed the risk, then cut all red tape and offered pardons to prison volunteers.

In 1915 a dozen prisoners—murderers, robbers and forgers—moved into a camp in the centre of the 3,200-acre farm. For two months they ate a normal diet and showed no signs of pellagra. Then in April they were put on a diet familiar to many poor farm labourers of the American South—plain, un-sweetened cakes, bread, rice, sweet potatoes, fried maize-meal, maize-meal porridge and black coffee. The volunteers ate as much as they wanted, but in a few weeks headaches, backaches, stomach pains and dizziness began to appear. By late summer the men were haggard, weak, unable to work. Five developed a telltale rash. Goldberger brought in expert diagnosticians who agreed that it was pellagra. (The volunteers were freed.)

One of the most hazardous investigations for which prisoners ever

volunteered carried no promise of reward. In the summer of 1942 the inmates of the State Prison Colony at Norfolk, Massachusetts, were assembled in the main auditorium. The war had created a shortage of blood plasma and the U.S. Navy wanted to test a substitute derived from the blood of beef cattle.

The inmates were told that a volunteer would receive an injection of nearly an ounce of the material into his blood stream, that his health might be impaired, that death was possible — in which event the Government would defray funeral expenses. Out of 750 inmates, 222 volunteered; of these, seven out of ten would have been eligible for freedom in two years or less.

In September the investigators injected 64 volunteers with a purified fraction of beef blood. Before the month was out 20 men were reacting badly, eight were seriously ill with high fever, rashes and joint pains, and one was dead. The experiment was stopped, but some volunteers who hadn't received their injections urged that it be continued. "Let's not leave this half done," they said. One doctor, present throughout it all, later stated, "In prisons you find the same kind of idealism as you do anywhere else."

In the past two years three volunteers have died in helping medical men to learn more about serum hepatitis. The studies were launched because so many civilians and

Servicemen were getting the disease after receiving a blood or plasma transfusion. The doctors wanted to find out how effective were various methods of safeguarding and sterilizing blood and blood products. No known animals were susceptible to serum hepatitis and no laboratory tests would suffice. Through prison volunteers the doctors proved that blood plasma exposed to ultra-violet rays or heat for sterilization was not safe, but that gamma globulin and serum albumin, processed from blood plasma, were, even when such blood fractions were processed from contaminated plasma.

Among the volunteers were 533 inmates of three prisons. The doctors warned them that they might get the disease, that there was no specific treatment for it, and that it could be fatal. The wardens told them the only reward would be \$9 a month and a 30-day reduction of sentence. Still they volunteered, and 130 contracted hepatitis. Fred Wilkinson, then the warden at McNeil Prison, where three volunteers went into a coma and two died, said, "I don't know any group in the world more responsive to a worthy cause than prisoners. Perhaps it's because when something big comes along, like a war, and they can't join up, they try to compensate for it."

The entire modern arsenal of anti-malarial weapons was developed speedily because of such volunteers. The first great accomplishment came in the Second World War when the

Allies' main supply of quinine was cut off by the Japanese and numerous new anti-malarial agents were being investigated. A public health service team headed by Doctor G. Robert Coatney went to the Atlanta penitentiary and called for help: the first day he got 300 volunteers.

Each man was bitten by ten infected mosquitoes. When he became ill he was put to bed, permitted no drugs until his attack was full blown, and was then given the drug called for by the number he'd drawn. Sometimes there were more than 30 volunteers in the Atlanta malaria ward, on double-decker bunks, some with fever raging as high as 106°. From these tests and others came proof that test-drug SN-7618, later called chloroquine, was a suppressive and therapeutic far superior to quinine. By 1945 it was being rushed to soldiers all over the world.

Each volunteer at Atlanta received a certificate, \$100 and the right to wear on his shirt an emblem saying "Malaria Project." One volunteer, on being offered his certificate, put his hands behind his back and said, "I don't want to touch it—this was the only decent thing I ever did."

Inmates of Illinois State Penitentiary have helped scientists in studies of industrial radio-activity. They have eaten food treated with an organism that causes diarrhoea, taken injections bringing on dysentery,

and enlisted in three-month tests involving wearing clothing impregnated with an insect repellent suspected of causing skin disorders.

Recently at the federal reformatory at Chillicothe, Ohio, 90 per cent of the inmates over 21 volunteered for common-cold investigations that involved having their noses and throats sprayed with infected nasal secretions. At the Federal Correctional Institution at Seagoville, Texas, men volunteered to take capsules containing human intestinal parasites closely related to the parasite of amoebic dysentery; others for weeks drank only from a contaminated water fountain.

Why do prisoners volunteer? There's no single answer. One long-temper, ill with malaria, told me, "I just need that \$25." Another, three beds away, said, "Frankly, I'm trying for a remission of sentence." One hepatitis volunteer, a woman serving a life sentence for murder, said she had relatives fighting in Korea. An experienced prison psychologist pronounced against too much weight being attached to the reasons given for volunteering. "The inmate who says he did it for money may actually be doing it to help others."

Dr. Austin MacCormick, a leading prison authority, says, "Prisoners volunteer chiefly because of a social conscience which many of them do not realize they have. Selfish motives play a secondary rôle. They welcome a chance to do some

good to balance part of the harm they have done. Such projects boost the individual's morale enormously, and give the entire institution a lift."

Doctors who have worked closely with volunteers report that many inmates get so interested in the experiments that they volunteer for laboratory work, or seek to become nurses' assistants, prison nurses or hospital technicians. At Clinton Farms one young woman serving seven years for embezzlement worked so well on hepatitis experiments that she was freed to become a technician at the university hospital.

At Illinois State Penitentiary one malaria volunteer in 1944 was Charles Ickes, serving a life sentence for armed robbery. After he recovered he asked for work as a nurse and began training as a technician. Three years ago he took examinations and became a medical technologist. Working also in the prison laboratory today is Kenneth Rucker,

a former chauffeur serving 99 years for murder. He has become an expert parasitologist.

After weeks of visiting prisons and health authorities, talking to wardens, doctors, scientists and volunteers, in bed and out, there keeps coming back to me one unforgettable scene in the hospital at the Illinois penitentiary. Rucker, the 99-year-man, is sitting next to me at a desk explaining his work with malaria slides. Into the room comes a volunteer who is serving a life sentence for murder; he lies down on a couch, rolls up a sleeve and receives a test inoculation administered by Ickes, the medical technologist, also in for life. As Warden Joseph Ragen of that penitentiary says: "Men are not entirely lost if they are willing to help other people."

Sir Winston Churchill, speaking to the House of Commons about convicted criminals, put it another way: "There is a treasure, if you can only find it, in the heart of every man."



The Light Side of the Road

A MOTORIST trapped in a four-hour traffic jam swears this happened: Motorist A signalled Motorist B, who wound down his car window and asked, "What can I do for you?"

"Nothing," said A, "but we're not going anywhere. Let's talk." —UP

HENRY BEAN, who is 40 years old and sound of wind and limb, was feeling pretty cheerful until recently, when he got into a right-of-way argument with a couple of teen-agers in another car. The teen-agers, about 18 and brawny, got out and advanced upon him menacingly. Bean doesn't know what might have happened had not a girl in the other car shouted: "Don't you boys dare hit that poor old man!"

—Walter Davenport in *Collier's*



Life's Like That

I WAS a nurse assisting a very competent surgeon during an operation when suddenly the patient started a hæmorrhage. Anxiety mounted as we seemed to be unable to locate the source of the bleeding and, to make matters worse, the first assistant panicked and blurted out that perhaps we should call in the head of the surgical staff for help.

The surgeon, without looking up from his work, made a retort that broke the tension—and probably led to a speedier repair of the trouble. "What good would that do?" he asked quietly. "He never gets into trouble—he wouldn't know how to get us out of it!"

—F S

I WAS standing at the counter in the advertisement department of a newspaper, when an angry-looking man rushed in and told the clerk he wanted to insert a classified advertisement. "A waitress in my restaurant has just left to get married," he growled, and then proceeded with the rest of the information.

"I want a girl who is dependable

and neat. She must have no bad habits like drinking or smoking. I don't want her to be too sociable or too attractive and she must be able to remember orders. Oh yes, I want someone who hasn't got any boy friends."

Without hesitation the clerk replied: "You needn't worry, sir—the woman who answers this advertisement won't have."

PHYLLIS DILL

WE HAD no sooner settled in our new home in New Mexico, at the edge of Gila National Forest, when my husband and son started planning a pack trip. They had borrowed a large map of the region from the Forest Ranger, and were poring over it one evening, charting their route, when a neighbouring rancher dropped in. He knew the country thoroughly, having spent years rounding up stray cattle on the rugged terrain.

Full of enthusiasm, my husband explained, "We plan to leave here early in the morning, and by night we should be here." He indicated a point on the map.

The rancher, twisting his Stetson in his hands, leaned over my husband's shoulder. "Well now, Les," he drawled, "I wouldn't count on it too much—this here map is flat, you know."

MRS. LIZ WHITE

MY WIFE, a good driver, is a little slow to get away from a traffic light and her pet aversion is the fellow behind who blows his horn. At first, when a horn blew, she "evened the score" by switching off the engine, then starting up again just in time to be the only car to get through on that light. But now she has a better system. When a man hoots at her, she turns, smiles broadly (she's a nice-looking blonde with all the trimmings), waves gaily and blows him a kiss.

She did this recently to a horn blower whose wife happened to be with him. That evening the couple came round to see us. The wife somehow found out where we lived and the husband was having a little trouble explaining to her why a good-looking blonde was throwing kisses at him.

—J. McINDRICK

TO HELP earn my way through university, I worked as a guide on the sight-seeing buses that take in Boston's many historic sites. On one trip, as we drove round the base of Bunker Hill Monument, I described the battle and pointed out a stone marker where one of the heroes of the Revolution fell mortally wounded. I noticed the brisk, little old lady passenger straining her neck, looking from the marker to the top of the monument and back again. "Well,"

she snapped, "That fall would kill anybody!"

RALPH RUBINOFF

THAT WE fathers spend too little time with our families was brought home to me the other night in an unexpected and forceful fashion.

I had dashed home from the bank for dinner, announcing that I had to go back immediately afterwards for an evening session of work. As my wife placed a delectable looking dish on the table, one of our three sons started to help himself first. But the youngest stopped him—and us—with the remark, "Serve Daddy first—he's best."

GALT NORMAN

I INTRODUCED Douglas, a handsome university student to Elinor, the pretty daughter of a friend of mine and a senior grammar school prefect. Some weeks later, when my friend dropped in for a chat, I asked her how things had gone.

"Well," she said, "Elinor was quite overcome at being asked out by a university man. He invited her to go dinner-dancing and for the two days before the date she was in a daze. I was still awake when she got home. She came into the bedroom looking bored and sleepy. Yes, it had been interesting. Yes, the dinner was fine. No, they hadn't danced much. And then she looked at me with a shocked expression. 'Mother, do you know what is the only thing these older men want to do?' she asked. I held my breath. 'They just want to talk!'"

MARJORIE KERWIN

Typewritten contributions may be addressed to "Life's Like That" Editor, The Reader's Digest, 27 Albemarle Street, London, W1. Payment will be at the usual rates. Rejected contributions cannot be returned.

On the Perilous Beaches of Cape Hatteras

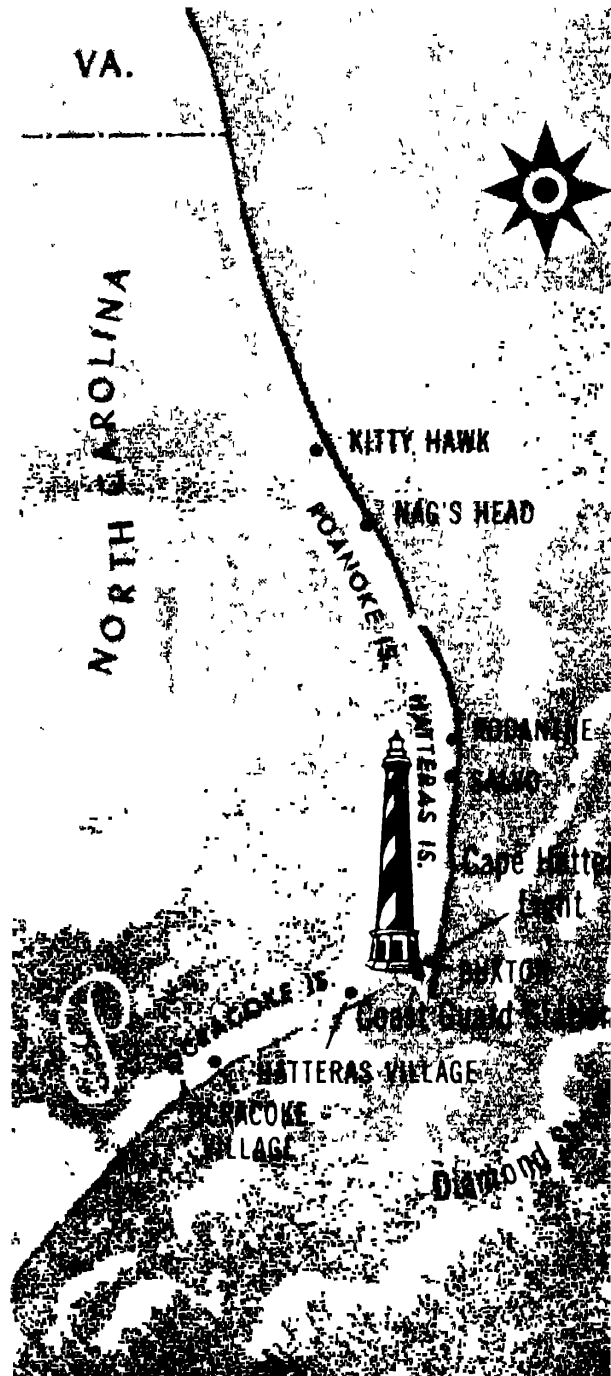
By Ben Lucien Burman

TWO OLD MEN sat on a driftwood log, a short distance from the breaking surf.

"In the old times," said the elder, a wrinkled figure with frayed moustache and worn overalls, "used to have a wreck every couple of months. Now, with all this radar and everything, you don't get one a year maybe."

"Even when you get a wreck them fellows in the Coast Guard won't let you near her," said the other. "All you get today is them tourists. A tourist ain't near as good as a wreck."

I stood looking out at the sea. Before me was an endless waste of seething water and giant waves like the terrible Maelstrom of legend that overwhelmed proud ships and swept them to their doom. Now and then two immense swells would meet and send a great geyser high into the sky, to tumble down again in glittering cascades. For this was the sea battle older than history—Hurricane Junction, where the warm Gulf Stream meets the cold



North Atlantic Current. This was Wreckers Coast, where the remains of 2,300 ships lie beneath the foaming water. This was Cape Hatteras, North Carolina, the Graveyard of the Atlantic.

My guide, a lanky Carolinian known as Long Jake, looked off to the horizon. "Going to have a shift," he remarked, which I knew meant we would have a change of weather.

The old man in overalls nodded. "That's right. She's got a funny eyebrow."

LONG JAKE and I walked back to our car. We had driven down that morning along the highway that runs the length of Hatteras Island, a strip of sand 48 miles long but so narrow that the sea is almost always visible. Hatteras is part of the Outer Banks, that long chain of islands extending from Virginia to South Carolina, an immense natural barrier that protects the American mainland from the sea's battering fury. The area is now a national park, created to preserve the beauty of sand and water.

All along the shore lie high white dunes, with the sand blowing off them in the constant wind, giving the effect of a light mist. We passed a tiny fishing settlement nestled snugly in the dunes. "Ain't a thing over there didn't come from a wreck," Long Jake said. "Same way with every place on the island. The houses was built of wrecked ships' timbers and the furniture

come out of the captain's quarters or the cabins. And the people's just the same as the furniture, come ashore on boards and pieces of mast. They're worse mixed up than a stew. Most of 'em's English, but there's Swedes and Irish and Portuguese and Germans; even a couple of Arabs."

To the north, beyond the inlet which we had crossed to Hatteras Island, lay Nag's Head, whose early inhabitants were masters of the ancient art of wrecking. When night came they would tie a lantern to a horse's head and ride down the beach. The pilot on a distant ship, seeing the bobbing light, would think it another ship sailing a safe channel; he would swing the wheel to follow, and run on the shoals to destruction.

We reached the village of Rodanthe. From the beach I could see the ruins of an LST, wrecked in a hurricane after the Second World War. Many wrecks are scattered along the shore, though the number visible changes with the wind and tides as they are alternately exposed and buried by the ever-shifting sands. Sometimes in the miles of empty beach only a dozen wrecks can be seen; after a storm there may be as many as 50. Many of the wooden ships have rotted away. But there are still many iron hulks lying about.

Jake and I stopped at a restaurant for a sandwich and I talked with some of the islanders. The Hatteras

speech is a strange mixture of Cockney and North-of-England and American Southern drawl. I heard of the odd customs brought to Hatteras Island long ago by shipwrecked English sailors. How, on the eve of January 6, Rodantheans celebrate Old Christmas, their forebears having believed that to change the calendar was an affront to the Saviour. Two villagers clothed in a cow's hide and head charge up and down Rodanthe streets pretending to be Old Buck, who many believe is the descendant of St. George's dragon. I heard of the islanders' extraordinary honesty; until the recent coming of the road no door on Hatteras was ever locked.

"These people's so honest if they tell a lie you can see it going down their throat, like a egg a snake's swallowing," a jovial islander said.

We drove on down the road, past the village of Waves to Salvo—a few cottages lost in the sand and a tiny church built of a wreck, from the foundation to the bell in the steeple. I realized more and more the truth of Long Jake's words: almost everything on the island, man, animal or building, ironically owed its existence to some boat lost off Cape Hatteras.

For this was the region of the *vendues*, the gigantic bargain sales of wrecks. Natives would row out to a derelict ship; under the watchful eyes of the Coast Guard or insurance men, they ferried back everything of value. On an appointed day

buyers came from miles around, even from the mainland, and a wreck commissioner auctioned the salvage to the highest bidder.

Every wreck left its mark on the Cape. A ship might be loaded with green paint; for years afterwards every house on Hatteras would seem to be celebrating some Irish holiday. Or the cargo might be bananas and for weeks humans and animals alike would live on the golden fruit until even the cows' milk bore a strong banana flavour.

I asked Long Jake if there was any pillaging nowadays that the Coast Guard didn't know about. He cut a chunk of plug tobacco and chewed it at leisure.

"I'll tell you something happened ain't more'n a couple of years back," he said. "A boat was wrecked chock full of English cigarettes and Scotch whisky. It was storming something terrible, but the crew got off and the Coast Guard people figured they'd wait till the storm stopped a little before they went aboard. Well, next morning the wind was still blowing a hurricane and the Coast Guard was still waiting to inspect her. But you could buy that whisky and those cigarettes all the way along the coast from Wilmington to Norfolk. These 'Bankers' had been working on that ship all night."

Another little settlement appeared, with some anchor buoys painted and set in the gardens for decoration. These had been used to

mark the locations of torpedoed ships, and were a grim reminder of the early days of the war when so many ships were sunk in the area that it was known as Torpedo Junction.

At Buxton, the village nearest the Cape, we could see the great Hatteras Light, rearing above the dunes like a stick of black striped pepper mint rock set on a cake with white icing. I glanced out towards the sea where the sand hills continued unseen for 12 miles under the water, creating the dread Diamond Shoal that had caused so many Hatteras tragedies.

In the village streets I was astonished now and then to see a small grapefruit or orange tree. The reason, I learnt, is that the Gulf Stream swings closer here to the coast than anywhere else except south Florida. Natives going out in their boats find fish in bewildering variety: a drab fish from the cold waters of the North swimming alongside the gay rainbow fish of the Caribbean.

The Gulf Stream which brings the warmth was also the cause of many wrecks. Mariners sailing down the coast were anxious to avoid the strong northbound current. They would steer as close as possible to the land, and end up on the boiling shoals. The Gulf Stream itself in this area is unpredictable. Sometimes it meanders lazily; at other times it races like a swift river. One day a fisherman meets it only a few miles from shore; the next he may travel

30 miles and find no trace of it.

I drove out past the lighthouse to the Coast Guard station. Here was the centre of the Cape's nautical activities, the radio and radar, the loran and other devices that show the navigator his whereabouts and help him to keep off the shoals. Most of the time the devices succeed. But only last year the freighter *Omar Babun* sprang a leak in a storm and grounded on the barrier. The Coast Guard, coming quickly to the rescue, took off her crew of 14 with no casualties. The *Omar Babun* was lucky: she was refloated and went on her way.

There have been other wrecks in the last few years: the *Southern Isles* in 1951 and the *Miget* in 1952. One of the last sailing ships sunk off Hatteras was the *G. A. Kohler*, a beautiful four-masted schooner, lost in a hurricane in 1933. For a day and a night she floundered in the breakers, until the Coast Guardsmen could shoot a line to her for the breeches buoy and one by one take off the crew. When the captain's wife climbed into the buoy the rescuers noticed that she carried some object in her arms, when she came ashore they saw it was the ship's dog.

The station can always call in planes and helicopters, but there often comes a time in the terrible storms that sweep the coast when modern methods are useless and sailors must rely for their lives on the old breeches buoy and the heroism of their fellows. There are also

countless wartime tales of Coast Guardsmen bringing a torpedoed crew through waves of blazing oil in rescues that seemed little short of miracles.

We drove on towards the village of Hatteras at the southern tip of the island. A plaque beside the highway showed where General Billy Mitchell set out to prove that an aeroplane could sink a battleship. Somewhere out in the grey water beyond lay the broken hulks of the ships which proved his theory right.

Suddenly an odd cloud appeared, shaped like a handle with long streamers below. Long Jake studied it a moment. "It's the shift," he said.

As he spoke the mild air grew freezing. In 60 seconds the temperature seemed to drop 25 degrees. When we reached Hatteras village, a rambling collection of fishing docks and weather-beaten houses, the wind was blowing violently. On the Coast Guard station I saw the red-and-black flag that warned vessels of a coming gale. I was to see the flag often. This was the land of storm and wind, where a quiet moment created suspicion, like the sudden stopping of the engines in a ship at sea.

I stayed at the Cape for almost a week, learning more and more of the Outer Banks' place in the nation's history. Here on nearby Roanoke Island Sir Walter Raleigh made his settlement that vanished without a trace—the Lost Colony. Here the

Monitor was wrecked after her duel with the *Merrimac*. Here on the great dunes of Kitty Hawk the Wright brothers tested their first flying machines.

From Hatteras village I set out by ferry with Long Jake for Ocracoke, another island of the Outer Banks that lies some miles south westward. There we hopped into the postman's van, which had a special four-wheel drive for travelling through the sand, and set off along the water's edge. For 15 miles we drove with no sign of a road. Then, as the village of Ocracoke came into view, we were on concrete paving. But it was only nine feet wide.

"Just two miles of her on the island," said Long Jake. "Didn't have money enough for a whole road." A car coming towards us moved half way over into the sand, and so did we. "Ought to have more roads like this. People can't drive so fast."

We stopped in the village and went for a walk along the waterfront. I commented on the number of cats—they were everywhere.

"This here's cat island," Long Jake said. "Three thousand cats and 26 dogs. The cats keeps the dogs scared to death. They came off wrecks and stayed, just like the people."

On the dunelands near the village I saw the famous wild horses of Ocracoke. How the animals came to the Outer Banks is one of the Cape's mysteries. The commonest

legend is that long ago a boatload of Arabian horses destined as mounts for Spanish or English soldiers was wrecked. A few of the horses and their caretaker, an Arab boy named Wahab, swam ashore. The horses spread through the islands; the boy became the ancestor of the present-day Wahabs, one of the Banks' prominent families.

I saw Blackbeard's Den, where the pirate's ships set out for their plundering voyages. Some old timbers on the sand are said to be the remains of one of the pirate flotilla.

As on Hatteras the population until not long ago depended on wrecks for much of their living. The bedroom of the inn where I slept was built of a wreck, the *Anna R. Heidritter*, a four-masted schooner lost off Ocracoke in 1942. Many a fisherman's family today has gone through a difficult winter with bits of wreckage as their only fuel.

To Ocracokers the wrecks sometimes have an almost supernatural significance. During the war, goes the story, an islander was walking along the beach, watching the wreckage of a torpedoed freighter drifting in to shore. Part of a cabin bulkhead caught on a nearby sand spit. He pulled it on to the sand and saw attached to the boards a glass frame bearing the name of the ship, the *Caribsea*, and the licence of one of its officers. He looked closer and saw that the licence was that of James Baugham Gaskill, a resident of Ocracoke. Thus the sea, so

beloved and feared on the island, had chosen to tell his family, long before official notification arrived, that their son had died at his post. In memory of the event a cross made of wood from the lost vessel stands near the altar of the Ocracoke Methodist Church.

Long Jake suggested that we go out to see a famous wreck that lay seven miles down the roadless Ocracoke beach. Hiring one of the few cars on the island, we drove past the settlement to the sandy point where the pavement ended. Long Jake studied the eddying currents of the grey water, and the hazy dunes in the distance. The next moment he sent the car plunging into the surf. Swiftly we ploughed through the tide, spouting water like an ocean monster. The murky patch of sea came to an end and a plain of white sand like a desert appeared.

"This here's what they call Highway 101," Long Jake remarked. "There's a hundred and one ways to go nowhere."

He followed a bumpy rut for a short distance, then changed direction again and began speeding down a narrow beach. Great swells rolled towards us, sweeping under the car and splashing the sides with foam. With each wave Long Jake swung the car to escape the bulk of the water, at the same time avoiding the soft ridges where the car would sink. Ugly clouds were forming in the east; it was plain that a new shift was brewing.

A huge wave swept over the bonnet, deluging us in an emerald cascade. Long Jake looked at the rising sea gloomily. "We ought to have took the postman's van," he said.

The wreck came into view at last, a rusted capstan showing above what had once been a graceful bow. It was the wreck of the *Caroll A. Deering*, the fabled Ghost Ship of Hatteras.

"It was in January, 1921, and a big storm was blowing," Long Jake said. "People was talking how there ought to be good pickings. Sure enough, when the sun came up, the Coast Guard seen a ship on the shoals, a big five-masted schooner flying every sail like she was bound for tar and Texas. They sent a boat right away to get the crew off, but they couldn't see anybody on deck, or up in the wheelhouse neither. In the galley there was plenty of eats out on the table. They searched that ship from her crow's nest to the bilges, and there wasn't a living soul on her. Only a cat, skulking around.

"Even now she ain't like an ordinary wreck. You come out here today and there's half a ship showing. You come out tomorrow and she's gone. They sure call her right: she's the Ghost of the Banks."

Long Jake studied the sky, darkening ominously with smoky clouds. "That wind's blowing them waves up fast," he said. "If we don't start back they'll catch us quicker than a Ocracoke preacher can catch a dime."

Our path was even narrower than before, a thin lifeline of sand through the gathering gloom. Long Jake switched on the headlights. The waves were now enormous white-tipped mountains, the great storm swells of Hatteras. With their monstrous shapes and their booming voices they seemed alive, sinister, as though they resented the presence of man in their domain and were determined to destroy us. A violent rain began to beat down, sweeping across the windscreen.

Suddenly a long shaft of light shot through the darkness. It was the beam of Ocracoke Light. In a moment our wheels touched the paved track of the village. It was only a nine-foot slab of concrete but to me just then it was the finest highway in America.

Soon we were back at the settlement, with our feet on solid land again. Long Jake thoughtfully sliced off a new chew of tobacco. "It was a pretty strong shift," he said.

—IN GERMANY one day last year I was waiting in the Stuttgart station when a tall, lanky GI, obviously just over from the States, approached me and inquired agitatedly, "Whar's the men's room round heah?"

I pointed out a nearby doorway plainly labelled *Herren*.

"Dammit!" he exploded, "I seen that an hour ago! What I wanna know, mistuh, is whar is *his'n*?" —Leland Howard in *True, the Man's Magazine*.



Detail drawn from Rosa Bonheur's *The Horse Fair*, by courtesy of The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York

Rosa Bonheur:

By Malcolm Vaughan

First Among Women Artists

A CENTURY AGO women artists were seldom taken seriously. The painting of fans, miniatures and bric-à-brac was deemed to be the only art within the scope of their delicate talent. But one woman broke this tradition: a petite, pretty Parisian girl named Rosa Bonheur.

When Rosa was 11 years old her mother died. She was the eldest of four children, their father, an art master, could scarcely make enough to feed them. So Rosa was appren-

ticed to a dressmaker. But she had set her heart on earning her living with a paintbrush, not a needle, and she persuaded her father to teach her, at night, everything he could about art.

At the age of 31 Rosa Bonheur astonished the world with an enormous and brilliant canvas, "The Horse Fair." Everyone who saw this sensational achievement at the Paris Salon of 1853 admitted that the picture was just as vigorous,

powerful and artistic as if a man had painted it. When Napoleon III and his empress, Eugénie, stood before it dumbfounded, Eugénie asked the emperor to do an unprecedented thing: to bestow upon Rosa Bonheur France's highest award for merit, the Legion of Honour. The emperor was persuaded, but his counsellors resisted.

Twelve years later, while the emperor was away on a journey, Eugénie, acting as regent and accompanied by her court, came to Rosa Bonheur's studio to confer the award. Rosa scarcely had time to remove her paint-smeared smock and slip on a jacket. The empress made a charming speech, then fastened the badge to Rosa's jacket, saying, "You have brought a new distinction to your sex."

Rosa Bonheur's highest achievement was yet to be attained, however. In 1895, she was made an officer of the Legion of Honour—the first woman ever to attain this rank.

FROM Rosa Bonheur's first lessons it had been evident that her talent tended towards animal painting. She pursued the speciality in books, in museums, from engravings and plaster casts. But what she most needed was to study live animals. So one by one she brought to the family's humble dwelling under the eaves a goat and a sheep, a squirrel that nested in the hollow head of a statue, rabbits, ducks, chickens and quail. There were cages a-chatter

with small birds. For a time she kept an otter, but he had to be given up because he liked to leap out of his water tank and climb on to the beds.

But how was she to paint large animals unless she also studied cattle? Steeling herself, she began to visit the slaughterhouses of Paris. To repel the advances of the rough drovers, butchers and their bold young assistants, she cut her hair short and donned male attire.

The days spent at the slaughterhouses were a terrible ordeal but she stuck it out. In time some of the men took an interest in her work, and gave her parts of animals—a leg, a shoulder, a head—which she could take home and dissect in order to learn anatomy. Her animal pictures improved to such an extent that she could sell them and help to support the family. Soon she was able to take trips out of Paris and visit real farms.

It was while she was in the country, studying and sketching all day long—oxen ploughing, horses hauling, sheep grazing, cows being milked—that Rosa began to dream of adding wild animals to her art. Back in Paris, she started sketching at the Paris circus, and at the American Wild West Show that Buffalo Bill once took to Europe.

She brought her dream to fulfilment when she settled on the edge of the forest of Fontainebleau. On her own grounds she collected a variety of farm and stable animals. Among the horses were Arabs,

French Percherons, American mustangs and Skye, Shetland and Iceland ponies. She had all sorts of smaller creatures—ferrets, squirrels, turtles and lizards. Her especial pride, however, was her wild beasts—deer, gazelles, boars, wild goats, wild sheep, an elk from America, a yak from Asia, monkeys, and even a pair of lions.

"To be loved by wild animals you must love them," Rosa said. And the affection these creatures gave her amazed those who saw it. The lioness would put her paws on Rosa's shoulders and kiss her. One of her horses would rear, place her hoofs gently on Rosa's shoulders and steal a lump of sugar from between her lips without touching her face.

In this blissful animal kingdom Rosa Bonheur lived for nearly 40 years. Some called her "The Diana of Fontainebleau." She never married. There were several admirers, one of whom said he felt like "the earthworm in love with a star."

Rosa devoted her life to her art.

She could not keep up with the orders that poured in from all over the world, particularly from England and America. On "The Horse Fair" she spent 18 months of preparation. Day after day, disguised as a man, she visited the Paris horse market, hobnobbing with the grooms and dealers there, and sketched to her heart's content. When the picture was exhibited, it brought her phenomenal fame. Victor Hugo, upon viewing it, said: "I place her as a creative artist first among women."

Today the 8 by 16½ foot "Horse Fair" adorns the centre of an enormous gallery in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. Rosa Bonheur sold the picture for 40,000 fr., but when Cornelius Vanderbilt bought it some years later to give to the Metropolitan, he paid nearly seven times as much (250,000 fr.). Every day men and women from all parts of the world stand before this picture, paying the tribute of spontaneous admiration to the talent of an indomitable woman.

Sign Language

SIGN over the entrance of the Memphis, Tennessee, traffic court: "Why Complain? I think of the Many Summonses You Really Deserve—but Didn't Get."

(Contributed by Fule Tetler)

IN THE window of a dress shop: "Our clothes not only make girls look slim, they make men look round."

—Bennett Cerf

AN ALABAMA filling station sign read: "Mississippi Dead Ahead. Last Chance for 28 Cent Gas." So an Iowa tourist told the man to fill her up. As he paid, the driver asked: "How much is gas in Mississippi?" And the fellow answered: "Twenty-four cents."

—Walter Davenport in *Collier's*

The story of a pioneer of the Wild West who was a legendary figure even while he lived



Kit Carson

By Donald Culross Peattie

WHEN Apaches swooped down on the Forty-Niners along the Santa Fé trail, their first victims were the party of a wealthy merchant going west across the United States to trade. One boy alone escaped, and what he told in Taos sent Major Grier off at a gallop with his dragoons. For the Apaches had carried off the merchant's wife.

Among the rescuers was an undersized ranger with eyes mild as a kitten's. Speaking seldom, swearing less, he never raised his voice. Men who did not live long enough to acknowledge their mistake had

sometimes taken this for effeminacy.

This wiry little man unravelled the scattered trails of the Apaches as a hound goes after a fox upwind. He was quick, yet so wary that he showed Major Grier the whole Red Indian camp before its sentinels spied them. Now was the moment to attack! But the Major delayed, and the dragoons were discovered. So quickly and secretly did the redskins break camp that the soldiers never got a shot. All that was left them was the body of the merchant's wife.

In her baggage the remorseful Major found a paper-backed thriller about a fellow named Kit Carson. They handed the mild little man his biography, but Carson shook his head. "They laid it on a leetle thick," he said.

For even while he lived, Kit was a legend. Yet many of the most fabulous of his escapes were true: an Apache bullet *did* pass through his hair; a bad man's rifle *was* fired so close that the powder burned Kit's cheek. Ambushed by 50 Comanches, he dashed through a hail of missiles unscathed. Wounded by Blackfeet, he had to dodge from tree to tree, and that night sleep without fire in the snow, which stopped the bleeding and so saved his life.

Men said Kit's life was charmed, but his magic was simply a knowledge of Red Indian ways. As a guide on a pursuit of murderous

Jicarillas, he told his commanding officer he'd calculated from signs that they'd come up with the foe at two that afternoon. Major Carleton bet a hat his guide was wrong. Yet when scouts signalled "enemy in sight" the Major consulted his time-piece. Two, to the tick! That's how a *genuine* beaver hat came all the way from the States, inscribed "At Two O'Clock. Kit Carson, from Major Carleton."

Christopher Carson, natural gentleman, fine diplomat, and the greatest of all American guides, came of simple stock, the sort that produced Abraham Lincoln and Daniel Boone. He was born in the same year and state as Lincoln—Kentucky, 1809. When he was one year old, Kit was taken to Missouri near where Boone was eating out his heart because he was too old to explore the Rockies. Boone had led white settlement to the Mississippi; where he left off, Carson took up, and held open for the first wagon trains the door to the mighty West. No one man did more to colour American history with the excitement of stagecoaches and army posts, gold rushes and Conestogas, the golden spike and the trampling herds. But these came after Kit; his hunger, thirst and hardship made them possible.

Kit was not yet ten when a falling tree killed Pappy Carson; when he was 15, his mother apprenticed him to a saddle-maker, but he ran away to join a company of fur trappers;

the hard-bitten mountain men grinned down at the sawed-off, skinny youngster, all freckles and sandy mop, toting a rusty flintlock longer than himself. The master saddler advertised for his runaway apprentice—reward one cent. Kit was off for the West. He rode the Santa Fé trail a year and more, then tried the California haul, and killed his first redskin, with a bull's eye to the heart. That was when he nailed his first brass tack in his gunstock. For each man killed he drove in another tack. After 18 he gave up counting.

When young Kit blew into Taos again, he was rich, a full-fledged mountain man, with fur collar, brass buttons, and locks of the girls of Los Angeles pueblo tied to the fringes of his leggings. His wealth lasted a week. When mule and silver-mounted saddle and spurs were gone, he joined the Rocky Mountain trappers.

For those were the glory days of the fur trade, when fashion decreed that every gentleman wear a beaver hat. So for the hide of the little flat-tailed wilderness engineer, men worked country a thousand miles from any army post, daring Montana Blackfeet, Utah Apaches, all the fiercest tribes of the West.

After ten years of this, Carson knew the Rockies from Montana to New Mexico. As plains and desert had made him an expert horseman, teamster, gun-mender and buffalo hunter, so the mountains and forests

taught him to make snowshoes, build canoes and bullboats. He learnt French as Canadian half-breeds speak it, Mexican Spanish, Arapaho, Comanche, Ute, and the universal sign language. He could identify hoofmarks not only of his own horses but of those of many another well-known Westerner, of red men, bad men, mountain men. From a moccasin print he could tell the tribe of the Red Indian who passed. It was said that he could judge the sex, age, height or weight, and usually the state of mind of the maker of any footstep.

Kit soon had his own fur business. From the best trappers of his time he picked a group that became known as the "Carson Men." In a disorganized society, they formed a nucleus of rough and ready law and were noted for their honesty and courage. As a fighting unit far ahead of the army, they were formidable. Two hundred Blackfeet backed down when Kit entrenched his men before them. That was when the Indians began to call him "Little Chief."

Spring was on the sage when Little Chief rode down out of the Wyoming mountains and saw the Red Indian girl Waa-nibe, "Singing Grass," dancing the spoon dance among the mountain men. She was in her teens; there were modesty and goodness in her dark Arapaho eyes. But one of the white men tried to force her. Kit shot him down in front of the whole camp. That night

Kit walked into Waa-nibe's tepee and sat beside her. She was peeling with her teeth willow rods to weave a bridal bed. Her father rose and laid his blanket ceremonially over the shoulders of his daughter and Little Chief.

Kit called her Alice, and treated her as no squaw had ever been treated before. She was loaded with presents, taken everywhere he went, mounted on a fine horse—presently with a papoose on her back. Kit named their child Adaline, the sweet. In 1839 he came back from a great buffalo hunt and found Singing Grass dying. Medicine men were beating the drum, trying by its rhythm to slow her rising pulse, but the drums of her heart flew faster and faster; she died in Kit's arms. He saw her marriage bed burned, and her dresses; her brother shot her dog and horse to accompany her on her lonely way.

But Alice Singing Grass lived not in vain. From her Kit Carson learned to respect the red brother, and understand what was honour to an Indian; he could read the stone face. His wife taught him pity for the fate of the wilderness princes who defended their lands against the inevitable march of white civilization.

Kit Carson never provoked a Red Indian attack, never let his men fire on squaws, never cheated a red-skin. The cruelties of other whites disgusted him. He was the greatest diplomatist to speak for the Red

Indians in American history, and by his understanding of them saved more lives and won more territory than in all his battles with them.

Called on to guide an expedition to punish the Apaches, he found that the soldiers had captured a friendly Ute, taken his gun away and tied him up. In the night the Ute escaped. When Kit heard of it, he saw what that would mean—a Ute-Apache axis. He took the gun, rode hard for Taos, and sent messages to the Ute chiefs to come and see him. They rode in, a hundred or two hundred miles. After he had feasted them and given them presents, he returned the gun. The soldiers had made a mistake, he said, and Uncle Sam apologizes.

After Waa-nibe's death Kit took his daughter to the nuns in Missouri. On the way back he met a dashing lieutenant, one John Charles Frémont, then the newest of tenderfeet, who was starting out to explore the passes of the Rockies for his government. Carson he hired as guide, and there sprang up a friendship that never died. Poles apart, these two complemented each other perfectly. Frémont's reports made Carson famous in the eastern United States, from farm to city street. But Carson carried Frémont to fame, too, by showing him the way through the Rockies; Frémont's report on the passes made the Mormon trek possible, and opened the Overland Trail for the Forty Niners' covered wagons.

Kit guided Frémont on his first three and greatest expeditions, over thousands of unmapped miles, from water hole to water hole, through the stratagems of Indian fighting and the tricks of Spanish diplomacy, and led Frémont's guns to Sutter's Fort before ever General Kearny, officially appointed to take California, had left Texas. Kit galloped east with news of the victory, for the White House. But in New Mexico he met Kearny, poking along with his infantry. Kearny gave the letters to another messenger to deliver, and commandeered Carson to guide him.

Nearing San Diego, Kearny advanced right into a Mexican trap, was beaten, surrounded, and cut off from water. Messenger after messenger was sent for help from the American garrison at San Diego. Not one got through. Then Kit offered to go.

All night, down with the rattle snakes and cactus, he crawled on his belly through the Mexican lines. When he stood up at dawn he found that his shoes, tied to his back, had been wrenched off in the brush. He walked barefooted day-long over the cruellest of deserts, crept all night again through another enemy ring, until he heard the challenge of the Yankee sentries. This time Kit was allowed the honour due him, and carried the news to Washington. There President Polk handed him a commission in the army. But General Kearny's jealous intrigues

caused Congress to refuse to confirm it. For his two years' service with Frémont, Kit Carson was not allowed one cent of pay.

Now Kit was ready to settle down. The old fur trade was going; silk hats had sprung the beaver traps. Moreover, the buffaloes were vanishing, and the days of easy meat. So Carson went into ranching, and became one of the earliest cowboys in the West. Settlers were pouring in now, and he bred horses and raised mules for them. Decades before the herders came, Kit saw the value in mutton and wool, and drove 6,500 head of sheep from New Mexico through a country infested with coyotes and Red Indians, to California where he made a fine profit on them. The old fighter was showing the way to western prosperity through the industries of peace. And a wise government now made him Indian agent at Taos.

Aged early by hardship, he found himself in failing health. Yet he stood by his Red Indian friends and went all the way to Washington with a delegation of Ute chiefs who wished to appeal to the President.

At Fort Lyon, on the return, a doctor was called in. He shook his head; Mr. Carson might live some time - on a diet of milkslop.

Kit gave him a look, from those mild blue eyes. Then he called in his servant. "Cook me some fust rate dom s," he said. "Buffalo steak, strong coffee, and a pipe of tobacco is what I need to fix me."

Inevitably, haemorrhage followed this mountain man's meal.

"I'm gone!" Kit exulted. "Doctor, *ompadre, adíos!*"

They buried Christopher Carson in the bleak plains cemetery of old Fort Lyon, with full military honours. Spring hadn't really got to Colorado by May 23 of 1868; at least, there weren't enough flowers to lay on his grave, so the women of the army post gave the paper posies out of their hats. Later his remains were carried to Taos, and laid in holy ground. But Kit had blessed with new security more ground than any churchyard could hold - eight hundred thousand square miles of it, where the American wind goes whispering about him, through the piñon and the mesquite.

I WAS really embarrassed the other night. Visiting a night club I miscalculated the amount of money I'd spent and finished up with just enough to pay the large bill, but not enough left over for a tip. There seemed to be no way out of the predicament, so I decided I'd just have to talk to the waiter. I called him over and apprehensively explained the difficulty I was in. The waiter, the typical suave but hard-bitten night-club type, listened to my story without a change of expression.

"Don't let a thing like that bother you," he murmured, "I'll just add this thing up again."

—Clarence Rouser, in *True, the Man's Magazine*

*The story of a once-obscure
laboratory device, now
available to everybody*

Dr. Geiger's

Little

Magic Box



By David Woodbury

TENS OF thousands of amateur prospectors are roaming public lands in America today, carrying little metal boxes and listening for riches that may pop up anywhere. The rewards are so great—there are already more than a dozen “uraniumaires”—that young and old, salesmen, doctors, truck drivers, even company directors, are streaming into the wilderness in search of the Ore That Can Talk. With the aid of the Geiger counter, invented by an obscure scientist some 50 years ago, the United States is rapidly becoming the world's richest nation in the fuel of the future.

Geiger's little counter is an electronic device not unlike a portable radio. It picks up radioactivity sent out by certain ores and thus points

to where they are hidden. Five years ago the gadget was practically unknown to the layman; after the uranium craze hit America, manufacturers were swamped with orders. People could buy counters in hardware stores, sporting-goods shops, drugstores, even toy shops. A good one costs about \$125; workable ones may cost as little as \$35.

The Geiger counter, originally a bulky, delicate laboratory instrument, is now a metal box the size of a lunch box, with a small dial and a headphone or loudspeaker to give out the clicks. It weighs three or four pounds and works for months on a small set of batteries.

The latest Geigers and their relatives, the scintillation counters, are so sensitive to radiation that it is possible to drive along in a car with one on the seat and “prospect” miles of roadside territory. Large uranium companies put them in aeroplanes and make surveys covering scores of square miles in a day.

To learn what makes the Geiger counter click, you must go back to 1908, when science was in a turmoil over radium. Ernest (later Lord) Rutherford, at the University of Manchester, almost alone sensed that if radium's rays could be measured and understood, a vast new world of atomic particles would be revealed. To discover what lay inside the atom might mean realizing the dream of transmutation, and this in turn could lead to atomic

power. But Rutherford had no instruments delicate enough for this exploration.

A young German, Hans Geiger, came to work in Rutherford's laboratory. Soon he proposed a device that would not only detect radium rays but count them. He worked out a simple, cigar-shaped glass tube with a wire running through it, connected to a battery. The tube would not conduct a current until a piece of radium was brought near it. Then it would give little kicks on a delicate indicator.

Many improvements have been made in this crude instrument since the early days, some by Geiger himself, with the help of a colleague, Müller; others by medical workers and physicists. But it was the atomic bomb that finally wrenched Doctor Geiger's invention from the obscurity of the laboratory and gave it the task of protecting half a million war workers who were turning out history's most lethal weapon. Behind a wall of secrecy, monitor men hurried about with "sneezies" and "Plutos," whimsically nicknamed counters. If radiation danger was present these atomic hounds sniffed it instantly.

The device normally registers 25 to 50 counts per minute—the "background count" from cosmic rays and from natural radioactivity in the ground. The "fall-out" from atomic tests in Nevada was recorded in nearby states at 10 to 20 times that figure, which is comparatively high

but not dangerous. After 50 years, Dr. Geiger's little glass tube is the chief sentinel of the atomic age.

Still, the real romance of the Geiger counter remains with the fortune-hunter. Most rich deposits of uranium are deep in the ground, to be reached only by expensive drilling and testing with special counters. But chance outcroppings of rich uranium ore do occur on the surface as the result of erosion of the earth's crust.

Geological knowledge is a help but few of the great uranium strikes have been made by geologists. A professor at the Colorado School of Mines wryly admitted: "For 15 years I knew there could be no uranium near here. A local caretaker didn't know this. Last year he went out and found a uranium mine a few miles from the college."

As an amateur geologist I had collected interesting specimens of rock for a long time. Finally I bought a Geiger and began combing the landscape for wealth. Three years after I bought it (and still hadn't found anything) I happened to point it at a shelf of old rock samples that had long gathered dust in my study. Suddenly the counter went wild. A little piece of shiny black rock was causing the hubbub. Assayed, it proved to be pitchblende, the most valuable uranium ore of all.

Am I a millionaire today? Well, no. *I haven't the slightest idea where that piece of rock came from!*



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POINTS

TO

PONDER

"NEVER dwell on what you consider your bad feature," suggests a famous Hollywood make-up artist. "Never mention it to others, or think about it yourself. Every woman is born with attributes she can play up. Any woman can achieve a glamour of her own if she will have the assurance she is lovely."

—David Guy Powers, *Live a New Life* (Doubleday)

I KNOW no silence. The noise inside the head of perhaps half of all deafened people is enough to drive a saint insane. In my left ear are loud whistles and winds on two notes, and in the other, steady pounding, rhythmic, endless pounding. Sometimes there are two piano chords, one following the other, never stopping, playing on and on and on. . . .

Many of us deafened never know freedom from wild and terrible, continuing noise.

—Grace Barstow Murphy in the book *Your Deafness is Not You* (Harper)

SOME people are sure that modern machinery will increase unemployment. Thirty-eight years ago my company employed 200 workers. The bankers said that costs had to be cut to avoid bankruptcy. This meant more labour-saving machinery. For 38 years we have been buying all the labour-saving machinery we could get our hands on, yet today our employment is 25,000. Make jobs by doing work by hand, and employment falls. Add machinery, and employment climbs.

From an address by Frederick Crawford

THE LATE Doctor Charles Steinmetz, one of the world's great scientists, was once asked what line of research would see the greatest ultimate development. He replied: "The greatest discoveries will be made along spiritual lines. Some day people will learn that material things do not bring happiness and are of little use in making men and women creative and powerful. Then the scientists will turn their laboratories to the study of God and prayer. When that day comes, the world will see more advancement in one generation than it has in the last four."

—Whaley Eaton Service

THE POINT at which your child becomes an adult is a marvellous and miraculous thing. One day you are battling over everything, you feel the scornful lift of the eyelid, the dreadful arrogance of adolescence. Suddenly it changes. You find yourself at ease, talking together as two who have a basic love for each other. There is comradeship, new and strange and fine. It is an experience as lovely as the first white tulip in the spring.

—Gladys Taber and Barbara Webster, *Stillmeadow and Sugarbridge*

He who can weep can better understand
himself and his fellow man

The Wisdom of Tears



By Morton Hunt

TEARS are much more than the outpouring of sorrow, for they may also start forth in the presence of beauty, in moments of great joy, at times of sudden relief from worry. In such situations, they seem unreasonable and inappropriate. Yet a significant lesson of contemporary psychology is that such unexpected actions are derived from the most powerful but best-hidden needs and secrets of our own hearts. Unaccountable tears can therefore be a means of self-revelation, personal wisdom and deeper happiness.

Not long ago, my wife was paging through our photograph album—a vivid reminder of our life when we were a poor young couple clinging to each other in the big city, full of fears and hopes. When I came into the living room I found her brokenheartedly crying for the lean and frightening days that are no more. We are happier and better off today in every way; yet she cried for those days all the same.

Illogical? No, for behind her tears there lurked an important truth. She wept not only because a part of life and youth were gone, but also because deep down she realized that no one lives as intensely and as warmly as he would if he were only aware of the pathetic shortness of our years, of the dreadful finality of the past.

My wife was crying for the days—no matter that they were hard and anxious—in which we were in such a hurry to get on with life that we neglected to suck the full sweetness out of each blessed hour. And to realize this, it seems to me, is a very high form of wisdom. The unreasonable tears of nostalgia can teach each of us that truth, if we but use them as a stimulus to reflection.

So, too, with other kinds of tears. One afternoon when the people in an old folks' home were treated to ice cream cones, a palsied old man in a wheelchair dropped his ice cream on the floor. His smile of

anticipation faded, and big soundless tears rolled down his cheeks. A volunteer helper stared at him for a moment, and then fled to an ante-room where she bawled like a baby. When I asked her why, she told me: "Because he was so old, so pathetic—oh, you know!"

But I think there was more to her tears, if she could only have found words for it. Man is a fragile thing, she might have said, and death hovers over him; let us have compassion for one another. But alas, most of the time we fear our own impulse towards sympathy, and clear our throats gruffly and laugh at what we call "sentimentality." Only when tears burst forth in spite of ourselves do we realize the universal need of all human beings to pity and sympathize with each other.

A colonel I once knew was riding through southern Germany in a staff car shortly after V-E Day. Along the sides of the dusty road he saw long lines of ragged German soldiers who had just been released by the Allied forces, plodding homeward across the land with their packs on their backs.

"I hated their guts," he told me. "A few weeks earlier they had been shooting at us, and I presumed that many of them were confirmed Nazis. Yet suddenly I saw them there in the sunshine and the dust as human beings, hopefully hurrying back after long years of absence to the job of mating, rearing children, tilling

the soil, living out their own joys and sorrows. And I found myself crying before I could help it."

In one astonishing moment, tears had let him glimpse the universality of human desires and feelings, and had begun to wipe out in his own heart the bitterness of war.

Insights like this lie waiting for us behind the tears that mysteriously catch us by surprise at the unlikely times. A visit to a great medieval cathedral has left many a sensitive traveller moist-eyed and choked with unnamed emotion. Why tears? Why not simply smiles of pleasure and appreciation for the cathedral's majesty and rich detail?

The answer, I would venture to guess, lies in a dazzling vision of the kinship of all men, a momentary revelation of the labours, hopes and achievements of unknown men who lived long ago. The traveller looks at the incredible detail of the mighty carved façade, or gazes up at the soaring buttresses with their exquisite carving; and he thinks of the millions of careful blows of hammer upon chisel, the calloused and aching hands that held the tools, the weary muscles and tired backs, the satisfied proud faces of the craftsmen and the designers. And so he weeps, because if man is often little and mean, he is also occasionally lofty and noble.

Like these tears of sympathy or identification, tears of joy can teach us much about our hidden selves. Can such weeping come from pure

happiness? Psychiatrists think not. In a recent study, Doctor Sandor Feldmar concluded that no one ever weeps for unalloyed joy; such tears always tell of a hidden element of sadness. At a wedding, the purely happy bride does not cry. But her mother, who is also happy, weeps for the sorrow that may come to one who until that moment was her child - and also, perhaps, because she, the mother, feels she has lost part of her function in life.

Some of us are moved to tears by the purely beautiful. Once when Charles Laughton visited the University of North Carolina to give a reading, he went walking through the Chapel Hill flower gardens. Coming suddenly upon a bank of massed daffodils and narcissi, he promptly burst into tears. Other people have wept at the first sight of a majestic mountain range, or a blue lake nestled in the hills, or the perfection of a Mozart sonata.

If you study the physiology of weeping, you discover that it seldom occurs during a state of complete tension, nor one of complete relaxation—but during the *transition* from the tense towards the pleasant. I suspect the principal reason that beauty can bring forth tears lies within the nature of the one who so weeps. He may be one who is more easily hurt than most, or more bottled up, or more tense. In the course of everyday living he is bound to gather many a minor wound and unexpressed sadness.

Then the sudden sight of beauty brings pleasure, release and the flooding forth of gentle emotions--and with the barriers down, there spill forth the accumulated tears of mingled joy and sadness.

Anger, fear or the shock of sudden sorrow brings physical changes in our bodies. The digestion is shut down, the blood pressure is raised, the heart speeds up and the skin becomes cold. Maintained over a prolonged period, this emergency condition makes the body—and the personality—tight, dry and rigid. In people who are afraid to let themselves pour forth their painful emotions, doctors find that suppressed tears can stimulate such ailments as asthma, migraine headache and many others.

Weeping, on the other hand, comes as part of the reversal of conditions of alarm, shock and anger. Tears do not mark a breakdown or low point, but a transition to warmth and hope and health.

This shows up clearly in bereavement. Dr. Erich Lindemann, a pioneering investigator of human grief reactions, cites this remarkable case: a young nurse tended her father, to whom she was deeply devoted, through the long months of his last illness, always fighting back her tears. When he died, a well-meaning person sternly forbade her to show any grief, so as to spare her mother's feelings and weak heart. Within a few hours she began suffering from intestinal distress, and

after a few days had a raging case of ulcerative colitis. Her body, denied its native access to relief, was slowly corroded away from within by the disordered impulses of her nervous system. She eventually died, killed by an emotion she would not permit herself to express.

In contrast, many a patient with complaints as dissimilar as a painful shoulder, or recurrent nightmares has been dramatically relieved of them by the beginning of real weeping. Lucy Freeman in her book, *Fight Against Fears*, tells how she suffered for years from chronic colds and sinus trouble; when she learned to vent her feelings by crying, the colds and sinusitis disappeared.

Philosophers once thought that our emotions interfered with the ability to think, and that one had to eliminate his emotions before he

could attain understanding. Modern medical science holds that the *repression* of our feelings may be more damaging to our ability to think clearly than anything else.

So there is a genuine wisdom in tears: in the tears of grief, of remembrance, of sympathy, of aesthetic pleasure, of the appreciation of grandeur, of poignant joy. They all express deep-seated needs — the need to love and be loved, the need to cast out anger and hate, the need to wash away trouble and tension. In permitting ourselves to weep instead of manfully repressing the impulse, we help ourselves to health. And wisdom: for in the state of physical release which tears bring, our thoughts can flow freely, and bring us insight and understanding we never knew were within our grasp.



New Position Wanted

I HAVE FOUND great succour in the memory of two desks in a bare Austrian workroom, a symbol of resourcefulness in industry. This workroom, though formerly the study of the great Emperor Franz Joseph, is sparsely furnished—a few stiff-backed chairs, and the two desks, one low the other high. When the Emperor was so tired that he could no longer work at the one, he would rise and, standing, work at the other. The change of position gave him just the necessary respite; instead of succumbing to exhaustion, he was able to continue his labours almost indefinitely.

Most of us have to contend against the monotonous strain of doing the same thing day after day. We know that if we could only have a change we should feel better, but we do not realize how slight a change would bring relief. Most of us can find two desks—or their equivalent.

—Frances Parkinson Keyes

One of the deadliest threats known to the
airman is a delusion of his own mind



VERTIGO

—Night Flier's Enemy

*By Lieutenant-Commander
Gerald O'Rourke, U.S.N.*

LATE one night in May, 1953, two U.S. Navy planes were droning through a murky haze over the Atlantic. The pilot in the first plane suddenly heard a worried call from his wingman, "Bill, are you turning to starboard?" The voice was that of Lieutenant Ian "Scotty" Frazier, the pilot of the second plane, a scant 100 feet away.

The question sounded a mental alarm well known to all experienced night fliers. Scotty was having vertigo trouble, the demon delusion of the mind that has killed hundreds of excellent pilots. Bill checked his artificial horizon, then answered in soft, urgent tones:

"Straight and level, Scotty. Are

my lights too bright? Over."

"No, they're okay, I guess," came the hesitant answer. "I'm having a little trouble here. It feels as if we're turning to starboard."

Even as the panic-edged words came through Bill saw Scotty's plane fall back and down. Bill broadcast a rapid "Scotty, level off, level off! Do you read me?" As Bill released his mike button the frantic rush of Scotty's breath was heard for an instant, then—silence. Suddenly on the water 2,000 feet below and several miles to Bill's port side there was a blinding flash. Vertigo had taken another good flier and his crew of two young men to a watery grave.

What is this killer? Why should a pilot with years of training suddenly become helpless and inept?

The inner ear, with its sensitive hairs and fluid, is the culprit. The mechanism is only as sensitive as is required to keep a human being thinking properly when walking or running on solid ground. With the advent of the aeroplane, other factors—gravity, acceleration, high speed—put the inner ear in a turmoil, with resultant false impressions being sent to the brain. For the non-aviator a similar experience can be had for the price of a good drink. Ever hear of an inebriate falling out of bed? That's vertigo.

To experience it aloft let's go up in a night fighter. You are aboard an aircraft carrier in the Mediterranean, off Malta, and the night is black and rainy. Turbulent seas rock the carrier like a toy boat. Up forward, lashed to the catapult with heavy cables, is our plane, fuelled, checked, and ready for a "routine night training flight." You climb aboard, anchoring yourself in with seat belt and safety harness, leaving only arms, legs and head free for movement. A plastic helmet covers your head; an oxygen mask is snug across the bridge of your nose and round your chin. Only your eyes are uncovered.

In a semicircle around you is a maze of buttons, dials, panels, switches and knobs, all of which you must know as well as you do the headlight switch on your car.

Directly in front are an altimeter, an air-speed indicator, a turn-and-bank needle and a gyro horizon—the instrument that tells you, like a spirit level, how straight the plane's wings are in relation to the horizon. It is your most important single aid and your life insurance against vertigo.

By now you've gone through your pre-flight checks, started both engines, given the ready signal to the dark shadow on the deck. Suddenly a green light appears, waving wildly. You push your throttles forward, brace your legs and arms, check your gauges again, then reach back and flick on your running lights. All around you a blue, green and white haze springs up, reflections of your outside lights and the rain.

Now you brace your head and fasten your gaze on the gyro horizon, and bang! the catapult shot. Without thinking, you reach forward, flip up the landing-gear handle, close the canopy, and start retracting the flaps—a bit at a time, to prevent you from settling into the water 80 feet below.

Your eyes are scanning the dials now—air speed 170, building fast; altitude 100 feet; wings are level, nose quite high, needle centred, ball slightly left—eyes back to the gyro horizon, a little left stick in order to centre those artificial wings. Lots of speed now, 250 knots, altitude 500 feet, and everything is becoming normal as you turn on to an assigned heading and start your



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climb. The radar shows the other ships in the force.

Suddenly a thought strikes you: you haven't let your eyes stray from the instruments; you haven't looked outside at all. Now you try it. Nothing—absolutely nothing but darkness and the glow of your outside lights through the haze. You resume your instrument scanning.

Even in that momentary glance outside, your plane has strayed into a 20-degree bank to port. Impossible, you think, but you ease in the necessary aileron and watch the little artificial aeroplane resume its level position. As you do, though, you don't feel right. You feel that you are in a small bank to starboard. You check the gauge again—level, as before. There's a moment of panic. Is the gauge bad? A lightning glance at the needle-ball indicator says "No." But you still feel more and more that you are falling to the right. What is it? *Vertigo*. Your first taste of honest-to-goodness night fighter vertigo. You blink your eyes and shake your head, and the feeling of falling is suddenly gone.

On you climb, up to 20,000 feet. The plane bounces and rocks. A rapid tattoo of bumps tells you that you are passing through some heavy cumulus clouds. Thirty thousand feet now. Overhead a few stars begin to show. At 32,000 feet you break out into a blue-black sky glorious with bright starlight. The moon is clear and a horizon is visi-

ble all round. You breathe a sigh of relief and let your eyes feast on the wonder and the beauty of the night.

An hour or so later your hop is almost completed. All that remains is to descend through 32,000 feet of clouds and land your seven or eight tons of aeroplane in an area the size of a football field, at a speed of nearly 150 miles per hour.

Suddenly, as you reach 10,000 feet, the radio crackles with a message for you: "Your signal is DOG." Immediately you level off. The message means you are to circle the ship close by and await further instructions. It means difficulties below, perhaps a mere problem of lights or further turns to bring the carrier into a capricious wind. It might mean that rare occurrence, a crash on deck—an ever-present fear. At any rate the ship is directly below you somewhere, on the other side of two solid miles of weather.

You cruise around, your eyes ceaselessly scan one instrument after another. Suddenly trouble strikes: the lights go out. You instinctively press a switch and the cockpit is drenched in the sickly red glow of the emergency floodlights. Much harder to see the instruments now, but at least they are visible.

The gyro horizon shows a 45-degree bank! It couldn't be; the plane feels straight and level. You check the needle-ball. Right! It shows a steep left turn. You force the stick right, much against your inner impulse to leave it centred.

You feel yourself and the plane falling to the right. You centre the stick. The gyro horizon still shows a 30-degree bank to port.

Could that thing be wrong? Did the short which blew your lights also ruin your gyro horizon? It's hard to see in this light. Impossible that both circuits could be affected, you tell yourself, but the subconscious fear grows that you are "chasing a bad gauge."

It's easy to understand that your inner ear can play tricks on you when a flight surgeon tells you about it in a classroom, but alone on a dark night, in rain and turbulence, with eight tons of aeroplane strapped to your back and moving at 400 knots, it's a bit more difficult to believe the gyro horizon when it tries to tell you the same thing.

You again throw the stick over to the right, and it seems to take super-human strength. "That's wrong. It should roll easily," you remind yourself. You glance at the compass, spinning rapidly. "What now?"

Vertigo, that's what it is. A glance at the altimeter affirms your worst fear—9,000 feet, descending rapidly.

You realize once more what a fool you've been as you fight to level the plane from its left "graveyard spiral." You've doubted your instruments. You've almost let a hallucination fly you right into Davy Jones's Locker.

Close your eyes, shake your

head, get on those gauges and stay on them. Rock the plane left and right, get the proper feel. There you are now, straight and level, and there's a radio message for you: "Charlie." That means "Land—and now."

You descend and turn towards the ship. At 500 feet you break out under the dark scud. Ahead about a mile through the rain is the ship, with lights blazing. You turn to match the ship's heading, drop your landing gear, flaps and tail hook. The landing is "uneventful." That means a shuddering, slamming, tooth-rattling engagement of your hook with a wire, and deceleration as the plane comes to a halt. It's all over now—until the next "routine night training flight" tomorrow night.

A man clambers up and helps to release you from the webbing and belts. "How did it go, sir?" he asks. You nonchalantly answer, "Routine. Nice weather up on top." But an hour or two later, while unwinding over cigarettes and coffee in the wardroom, you tell all to the grey, bright-eyed man at your side. "Had quite a tussle in Vertigo Alley to-night."

The grey head bobs slowly while the eyes crinkle slightly. You give him all the details since he is your skipper, a veteran of several hundred hops like the one you have just made. "Nothing to be ashamed of," he says. "Happens to the best of them."

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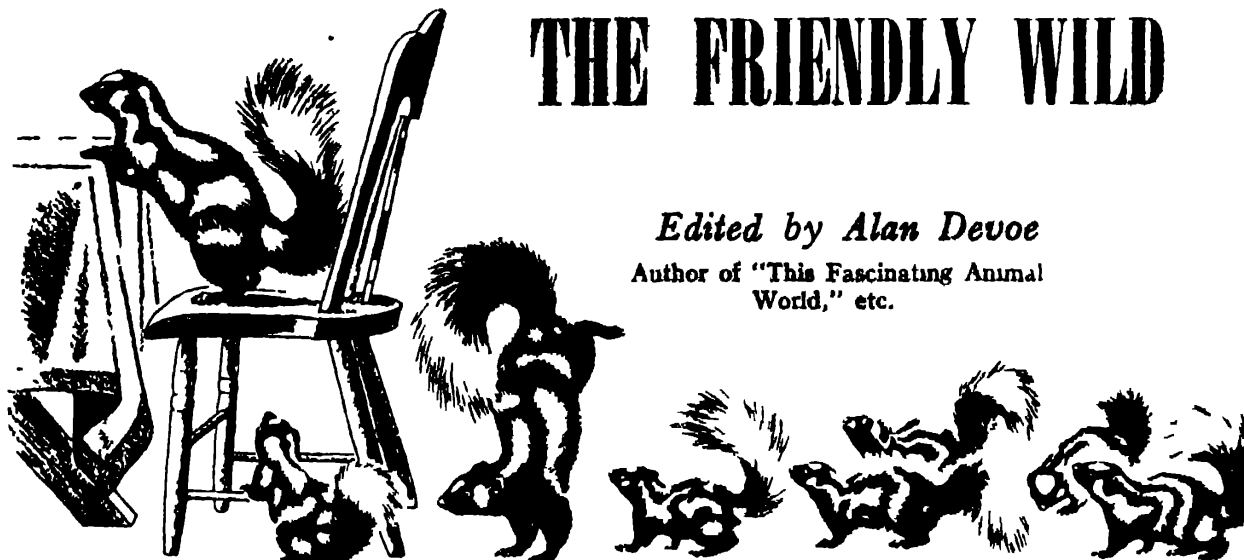
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THE FRIENDLY WILD

Edited by Alan Devoe

Author of "This Fascinating Animal World," etc.

ONE WARM spring evening as we sat down to our supper, a wild caller suddenly appeared in the cabin doorway. For a moment he stood, nose twinkling at the aromas of food, black eyes glowing expectantly. Then, in his elegant robe of black and white, he sidled into the room. A skunk had come to dinner.

Concealing our nervous misgivings, we bade him welcome, poured him a bowl of milk and rather absurdly invited him up on a chair. He accepted!

Thereafter, Little Corporal, as we called him, often came to dinner. If the door was closed, he'd thump his feet and utter cricket-like noises for admittance.

A day came when Little Corporal disappeared. We missed his presence

When God made animals He made them all wild. Perhaps these stories suggest that there is no such thing as a "wild" animal

and wondered what had become of him. Then one evening he called on us again. And he had brought along some nice people for us to meet—Mrs. Corporal and six small Corporals.

Uttering low tones of reassurance, he escorted his family into our midst. Wary at first, Mrs. Corporal made her *grande entrée* stamping the floor and doing handstands, a not-too-friendly gesture of the spotted skunk. The little ones followed, flags waving airily.

Serenely confident that he "belonged," impeccable Little Corporal climbed up into his chair and pounded for service. Mrs. Corporal started to follow his example. But one skunk at the table is sufficient, so Mother and the kittens were given their tinned milk on the floor.

Through the years, as a naturalist, I've befriended many of the wild folk, but none gave us more pleasure than this family of proverbially bad people. Not once did we rue the day we took them into our confidence.

By autumn the kittens were large enough to care for themselves. Finally the old ones, as well as the young, disappeared as mysteriously as they had come. We have never forgotten the lesson their friendship taught us: never believe the worst of others from hearsay or idle gossip.

—DR VINCE HOYT

THE most treacherous animals in my experience as a commercial naturalist (I used to supply zoos and parks) were the big cats—the tigers, jaguars, ocelots.

One day in 1933, while I was calling on the director of Chicago's Lincoln Park Zoo, our talk was interrupted by an exclamation from the typist at the other side of the office. "Stop licking!" she cried. "You'll ladder my stocking!"

A moment later a full-grown tiger cat, close relative of the South American ocelot, emerged from beneath the girl's desk and padded straight

towards me, eyes glowing, tail gently moving. It seemed as big as a young tiger. The director's calm smile reassured me, so when the beast started purring and rubbing its head against my knee I ventured to stroke its back. It promptly rolled over like a kitten and invited me to scratch its stomach. It gripped my hand between gentle claws, playfully nibbled my knuckles.

The ocelot had been bought as a kitten, the director told me, by a Chicagoan travelling in the Amazon basin. The man raised the cat in his home, then when it got too big to be manageable gave it to the zoo.

"Ocelots have a sinister reputation," said the director. "But here's one that proves almost *any* animal can learn to love man. He was so eagerly affectionate that we hated to put him in a cage. So we risked giving him the run of the office. He's had it ever since." —JACK BEATER

ONE DAY when I was a boy, our neighbour John Burroughs, the great naturalist, and I were roaming the thick woods. We came upon a landslide that had evidently blocked a fox's den, and saw a woe-begone fox cub who had somehow escaped. Picking the little fellow up, we took him home and, with the aid of a nipples bottle, fed him warm milk. His miniature features reminded us of an old Irishman named Feeney, so that became his name and he became my property.

I raised Feeney like a dog. He

. It's a
BIG job



looking
for oil

Have you ever considered what a long, elaborate and costly business it is looking for oil? Although oil lies thousands of feet underground, the oil prospector may have to take to the air—to photograph the lie of the land and make aeromagnetic surveys. Or he may create artificial earthquakes, in what is called a seismic survey. Then the findings have to be interpreted, in geophysical laboratories, before a test well is bored perhaps to a depth of as much as three miles.

The Assam Oil Company, for many years the pioneer of oil search in India, discovered a fresh source of oil recently at Nahorkatiya in Upper Assam. Crores of rupees have been spent in the search and many more will have to be spent on the development of this discovery.

And all the time, remember, the search for more oil is going on—for further sources of this most elusive mineral are vital for India's industrial development. All the very latest scientific methods and technical equipment, including aeromagnetometers and even helicopters, are being employed. No effort in fact is being spared to reduce India's dependence on oil purchases from abroad.

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learnt to stand on his hind legs, roll over on command, fetch sticks and balls. He would even *bat* balls to me with a stick held between his teeth.

The entire township got used to seeing the red fox with its black-tipped tail trotting along beside me on my way to school. Feeney also met me on the way home. Now and then he visited his woods brethren but soon returned—I'd find him waiting for me near the school or at our house.

Perhaps most remarkable, Feeney became intimately friendly with Croakey, our pet crow. To encourage the friendship, Burroughs made a little leather saddle for Feeney and we trained Croakey to ride about on it. This he did with great glee, cawing loudly. It was only Feeney's peaceful death under the kitchen table one night that separated the two devoted companions.

—GLENN QUILTY

I USED to live on the coast not far from a sea-lion rookery. One morning a school of shark came in, and during the confusion two young sea lions were washed ashore. They flippered right over to me. Responding impulsively, I picked them up, put them in my car and took them the short distance to my house.

They loved the big shallow tank of water I set up for them. They loved the milk provided by way of a hot-water bottle and a hose. Almost overpoweringly, they loved *me*. Flippering and yelping, they

were as demandingly affectionate as puppies.

Before each feeding I tapped the hooter of my car. My ungainly friends caught on promptly. One beep and they'd come climbing all over me. They loved going for a drive as much as eating, and often I'd drive them the 12 miles to town and return. Soon there was continual pestering for a rare sea-lion dish they'd discovered: ice cream. Their idea of an ice-cream titbit was a quart

A grown sea lion may reach 500 pounds. There had to be a halt. Sadly, one low tide, I took my friends to the beach, headed them for the rookery and said good-bye.

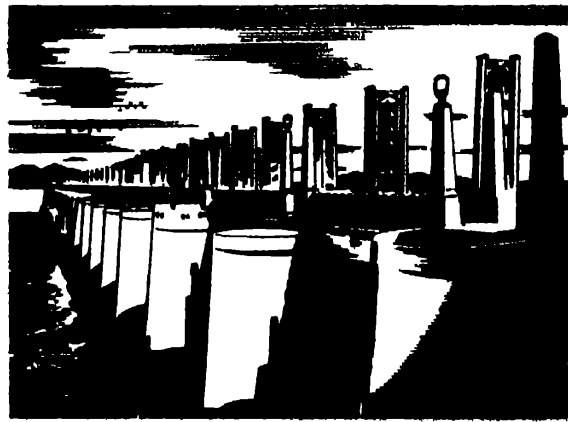
In following months, I used to drive out to the beach every now and then and beep my horn. Two great lubberly sea lions would detach themselves from their comrades and come yelping and flippering to the car. Ice cream, please . . .

I haven't been back there for quite a time now, so I don't know—but if any visitor in the vicinity of the rookery there should happen, to sound his horn, and if a couple of quarter-ton sea monsters should come galumping . . . well, it's all right. All they want is their ears rubbed and some ice cream.

—W. C. CHENEY

RECENTLY I was in charge of a team removing timber and floating debris from a reservoir. One morning when we went to work we found

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a doe struggling in the water amid the jammed logs. Her forelegs were badly bruised and she was near exhaustion.

We took a boat out, managed to get her aboard, and brought her to shore to dry out and recover her strength. Bedded near the fire we'd built, she stayed still until she was thoroughly warm and restored. Even then, after she had got to her feet as good as new, she did not run from us. She just placidly cropped grass, moving slowly further and further away until at last she slipped into the woods.

It was moving to see this quiet trustfulness. More moving still had been the first, sudden instant when it had flooded her exhausted heart. I had the experience of that, and it gave me a lump in my throat. As the boat touched shore, I put my arms under her struggling body to lift her. In a magic moment, her tenseness was gone. Turning her head, she covered my astonished face with a warm, tumultuous licking.

—C HOWARD SAWYER

IT WAS my older brother and a friend who took Butch from an eyrie in the cliffs along the river. Butch was a half-grown golden eagle. They brought him home trussed in potato sacking, his fierce eyes glittering defiance.

"Butch" was the only possible name for him. He hated the cage they'd built for him; he hated his captors; he hated everything. In

proud stubbornness he refused to eat. If anyone even came near the bars of his cage, he struck furiously with beak and talons.

After several days, my brother realized that Butch would die of starvation. He couldn't be released in town because of his dangerous rapacity. It didn't seem possible to truss him again and transport him back to the river. Sorrowfully, my brother decided there was only one humane way out now. He went for his gun.

It was then that my little brother Jim, aged 12, went protectively to Butch's cage. He'd been warned to keep away again and again, but now there was no stopping him. He stood close to the cage, talking affectionately to the big bird. Butch made no move to strike. Jim gently reached out his hand, stroked Butch on his proud, fierce head. From that instant, there was a new Butch.

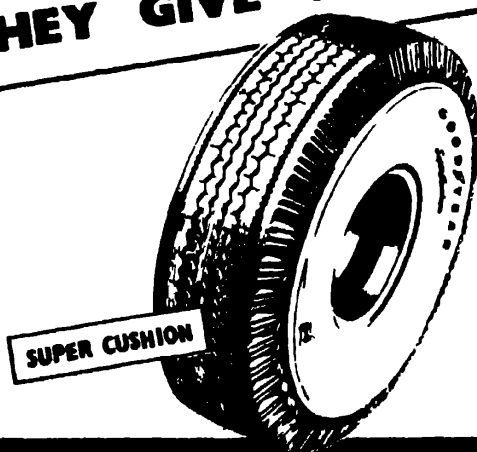
He began feeding and drinking. There were no more buffetings of the cage bars, no slashing talons. Butch had become a member of our family. A few days after Jim had won his heart, he was freed from his cage. He was never confined again.

Butch wasn't completely a one-man eagle—he romped with our dog and slept with him, played friendly games with all of us, was unfailingly gentle with all the family—but especially and primarily he was Jim's. He followed Jim round our yard like a puppy. They played a crazy game together: Jim would lie

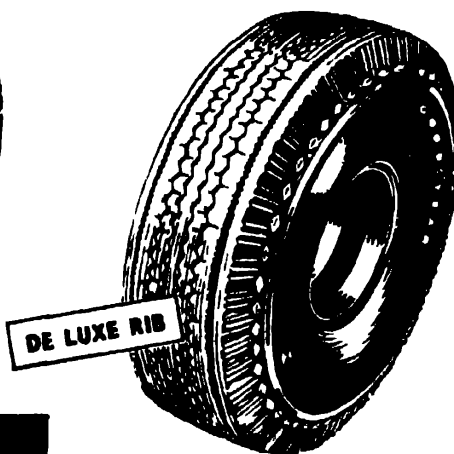
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on the grass. Butch would fly up to a tremendous height, soaring, peering down, eagle-fashion. Suddenly he'd plunge earthwards to Jim in a tremendous "strike." But it never failed to be a gentle strike. Jim never received a scratch.

There was a lot of publicity when the newspapers heard about the strange member of our household . . . and there began to be indignant people who thought Butch a dangerous menace in a town. We had to understand their point of view. Offers from zoos and aviarists poured in on us, offering this unique golden eagle a happy home. Finally we picked the best of them and unhappily let Butch go.

--RALPH PASBORG

ONE DAY my partner and I were jolting along a rough road about 450 miles north of Vancouver, B.C., when we heard screams coming from the heavy growth a few hundred yards away. Neither of us had a gun, but those unearthly yells had to be investigated. We plunged down a dim, overgrown trail.

By a spruce tree sat a half-grown black bear, bawling. Lord knows how long he had been there, one great paw imprisoned in the steel jaws of a trap. As far as he could reach all round him the undergrowth was gnawed off clean, and he had scratched the earth desperately for roots to eat. We couldn't put him out of his misery—no gun.

"Fred," I said, "does that bawling sound to you like rage? I think it's more like pleading."

I stepped foolhardily forward. I had to get in close, and I had to apply all my strength to depress those springs. The bear—silent now, not a bawl out of him—kept perfectly motionless, almost leaning against me while I worked. The job done, I sprang back beside my partner and we braced ourselves for trouble.

The bear lifted his paw, waggled it, looked it over. Then for several seconds he stared at us, with a look in his eyes I wouldn't dare try to interpret. Finally he wheeled and went hobbling off into the freedom of the woods.

—J. E. NASINIUS



Answers to "Can You Juggle Letters?"

(See page 58)

1 SHED	BARN	8 CHOP	HEW	15 TEAR	REND
2 SLAUGHTER	KILL	9. REGIMEN	DIET	16 ASSERTS	AVERS
3 FRIGHT	SCARE	10 PLANT	SOW	17. BOOT	SHOE
4. SLIT	CUT	11 ACHES	HURTS	18 AS	LIKE
5 BOAT	SHIP	12 SPARSE	THIN	19 RANTS	RAGES
6. RING	PEAL	13. ALLY	FRIEND	20. BARE	BALD
7. GO	LEAVE	14. SAY	STATE		

Towards More Picturesque Speech

Modern trend: The prediction is made that jet airliners will be commonplace in 1958—by that time, also, the two hour bus ride to the airport will take three hours (B V)

Man to man: She hasn't got much upstairs—but what a stairway! (C A)
... Donald Zec, about Linda Darnell, "She sat curled up on a couch, looking very fetching in her sleek black slacks, and sweater so tight I could hardly breathe" (*Daily Mirror*)

An old timer is one who remembers—

when charity was a virtue and not an organization (*Town Journal*)

when the only people who paid income taxes were those who could afford them (D C)

Quote, unquote: A politician has to be able to see both sides of an issue, so that he can get round it (*The Wall Street Journal*) . . . Psychologists say people with hobbies are not likely to go crazy—but this doesn't apply to the people they live with (*The Wall Street Journal*) . . . You're young when it's as easy to go upstairs as down, and you're old when it's as hard to go downstairs as up (L J Julien)

Sign outside London variety theatre: HERE THE BELLES PEEL

Complaint department: C.A.: "The play was so bad I asked the woman in front of me to put her hat on again .

Every commuter has two grievances—the fast trains don't stop at his station, and the slow trains stop at the other stations (*Changing Times, The Kipling's Magazine*) Why is it people who want to leave parties early and people who don't are always married to each other? (P P)

Cupid's darts: You know you're in love when the only cloud in your life is the one you're walking on (W W)

. . . You have to live with a woman to really misunderstand her (H B) . . . "I'm looking forward," sighs Mary Mayo, "to the day when two can live as cheaply as once" (E W) . . . If women really dressed to please their husbands, they'd be wearing last year's clothes (*The Wall Street Journal*) . . . There's one thing to be said about the opposite sex—can they be opposite! (A L)

To the first contributor of each item used in this feature a payment of three guineas will be made upon publication. Contributions should be dated and the source must be given. Address Picturesque Speech Editor, The Reader's Digest, 27 Albemarle Street, London, W.1.

When success turns a person's head, he is facing failure.

—Milwaukee Newman Club Bulletin

Put more vitamins in your diet

...feel better...look better

YOU can eat your fill every day—yet your body may be starving for essential *healthful* foods. If, for instance, a taste for beans and rice makes these your *main* foods, then *almost surely* your body will suffer from lack of *other* vitally needed nutrients.

One all-important need you may lack—vitamins—is so essential to your health that its very name comes from “vita,” meaning “life.”

Vitamin deficiencies are *frequently* a cause of ill health. You may now have symptoms of a vitamin-deficiency disease—and *not recognize them*. For your family's sake—for your own health—watch for these danger signals:

Tired, nervous feeling
Pale, washed-out look
Poor appetite
Poor digestion, elimination
Inflamed gums, lips, tongue, mouth
Night blindness

Just one of these symptoms means you should see your doctor—immediately. Your doctor can recommend a diet of vitamin-rich foods you need to regain good health and vitality.

And your doctor knows how to treat the illnesses that result from vitamin deficiencies. He may prescribe *synthetic* vitamins (laboratory-made vitamins in concentrated form) to help you and your family to the health that means you feel better, you look better.

Personal tastes often lead to vitamin-poor diets

Your personal tastes—a fondness for familiar foods, for popular “national” dishes—lead you to a faulty diet.

Example: Although you may be accustomed to eating polished white rice, doctors now know that a diet of *primarily* white rice can bring on the vitamin-deficiency disease *beri beri*. Today, science tells us that natural brown rice (or *enriched* white rice) is rich in B vitamins—the vitamins your children need for growth, your whole family needs for good nerves and digestion.

Similarly: If you throw away the leafy greens of vegetables, *you may be throwing away the very food essentials your family needs*. For leafy greens are a rich source of vitamins—often richer than the commonly eaten vegetable roots.

Ask your doctor about foods that

To protect your health, you need foods from these
VITAMIN GROUPS every day.

VITAMIN A



To protect eyes and skin,
and to help guard against
infection. Found in:



Butter
Milk



Leafy green
and yellow
vegetables



Fish Liver
Oil

VITAMIN B



For growth, good nerves
and digestion. To prevent
and cure anaemia, beri
beri, pellagra. Found in:



Milk



Whole grain
cereals



Meat

VITAMIN C



For strong bones. Prevents
and cures scurvy. Found in:



Citrus
fruits



Green leafy
vegetables



Tomatoes
Peppers



VITAMIN D



For strong, healthy teeth.
Prevents rickets and soft-
ening of bones. Found in:



Fish Liver
Oils



Eggs



Fat fish such as
Salmon, Sardines

thrive locally, that are inexpensive—to help you serve *more healthful meals*, at *no additional expense*. If local foods lack certain vitamins, he can prescribe *synthetic* vitamins to supplement your family's daily diet.

This visit to your doctor will repay you—follow his advice to *make sure* your diet provides the foods essential to good health, happy living.



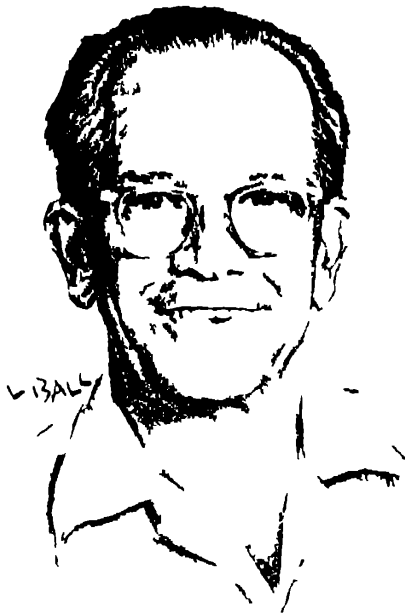
SQUIBB

MEDICINALS SINCE 1858

SARABHAI CHEMICALS

Wadi Wadi, Baroda

William Guild never graduated at a university, and he has never been a schoolmaster, yet his advice is eagerly sought by teachers. His secret? "I know how to think like a boy."



PIED PIPER OF SCIENCE

By Vance Packard

HOW DO YOU fire boys and girls with a passion for enquiring into the mysteries of the world around them—especially when there is such an urgent need for future scientists as there is today? William Guild, a lively little man living in retirement in Florida, and known to thousands of boys and girls as "Uncle Bill," has an answer.

Nolan Neuner's case is typical. Uncle Bill was driving past Lake Maggiore, south of St. Petersburg, Florida, when he saw a barefoot, freckle-faced lad plunge his arms into the water and come up with a turtle. Guild, instantly curious, slammed on his brakes. "What kind have you got there?" he called.

"I dunno. Nobody knows."

Guild inspected the turtle and

suggested that they try to identify it. They carried it to his small room, where Guild took from a shelf a check list of all reptiles known to exist in Florida. He showed Nolan how to identify any reptile by tracking down its characteristics. "First," Guild began, "has it got legs or flippers?" The turtle had legs. They turned to the section on legged turtles for the next question: did it have a hard shell or soft shell? They went on narrowing the possibilities until they had the answer: their turtle *must* be a striped musk-turtle.

Nolan Neuner was fascinated and began collecting turtles in earnest. Today, at 15, he is the foremost turtle-authority in Pinellas County. In his back garden are tanks and cages with every known tortoise and

terrapin of the area. He has shown his turtles on television and lent them to schools in the county. He plans to go to the University of Miami and study marine biology.

William Guild has a dozen such schemes afoot all the time, making him one of the busiest retired men in the United States. Though he never graduated at a university and was never a schoolmaster, educators are today studying his techniques for arousing children's scientific curiosity.

A widower and former estate agent, Guild came to St. Petersburg from Massachusetts four years ago, and resolved to spend his declining days in ease. But he soon wearied of idleness. He had always been a naturalist in his spare time, so he organized nature hikes with other like-minded veterans.

One morning the group bemoaned the fact that so few young people were aware of the world around them. Guild suggested that they create science exhibitions and make them available to the county schools. School authorities received the idea enthusiastically, and Guild began setting up a Science Centre at Mirror Lake Junior High School. During the sweltering summer months, instead of going north, he stayed in Florida to stage an ant village and other exhibits which he offered to teachers for their next year's programmes. His central theme was, and still is: "Science Is Fun—See it — Touch It — Do It Yourself."

Twenty teachers asked for his exhibitions.

The following summer he staged a bigger exhibition, with 62 projects that students could pursue. This time 170 teachers made 545 requests. Assembling and delivering these displays kept Uncle Bill jumping all through the year and so drained his resources that he sold some property.

Here is how Uncle Bill and Sheila Most got going on doodlebugs. Sheila, a dimpled, blonde ten-year-old schoolgirl, watched enthralled as Uncle Bill put a doodlebug, or ant lion, in a bowl of sand, immediately it dug a pit and buried itself. Next he released a few ants in the bowl. One wandered down the pit embankment. Suddenly the doodlebug whirled into action, flipping sand up the bank to cause a landslide down which the ant slid helplessly lower and lower until it was in the doodlebug's clutches.

Sheila wanted to know more about this amazing insect. Uncle Bill explained that according to officials at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington no one had ever compiled a complete life history of the doodlebug. So Sheila set up a doodlebug research station on her back verandah. She began with ten doodlebugs. Her first problem was to find which ants the doodlebugs would eat. Very large ants, for example, were refused. She also had to think of a way to keep the ants from overrunning the house. She did this by putting the bowl of sand

in a pan of water. "That's really thinking!" Uncle Bill told me.

Each afternoon she sifted the sand for anything that might be a doodlebug cocoon. Month after month went by with no results. And then one night Uncle Bill got an excited telephone call from Sheila: "I got one! I got one!" she shouted.

Uncle Bill hurried over. What she had found looked like a little lump of sand. On close examination they agreed it must be a cocoon spun of sand and silk.

Since then, Sheila has found four more cocoons and one has developed into an adult ant lion—a sort of dragonfly. Her next problem is to keep the ant lions alive long enough to mate and lay eggs, thereby completing the cycle. Sheila is keeping a careful record of each development and plans to send a detailed report to the Smithsonian Institution.

One exciting project Uncle Bill thought up for the youngsters was the "dig." A power shovel widening Joe's Creek north of St. Petersburg uncovered some enormous bones. Uncle Bill declared, "Well, they're certainly not from a cow!" (They turned out later to be the bones of a long-extinct mammoth.) "The kids should be in on this," he told county authorities in charge of the excavation. They agreed, and the site was left clear for "scientific exploration." Soon a host of young diggers had unearthed the remains of other prehistoric animals: mastodons, extinct camels and horses.

Their finds were put into special sacks and sent to palaeontologists for identification and possible reconstruction. A label on each sack bore a description of the depth, colour and texture of the soil layer in which the bones were found. Thus the youngsters learnt a great deal about palaeontology; more important, they also learnt habits of careful observation and systematic investigation so crucial for scientists.

Whenever Uncle Bill Guild enters the grounds of a school he becomes a sort of pied piper with a trail of children eagerly telling him about their latest projects. At Clearview Elementary School I saw a group of boys on their way home come running back to show him a home-made weather station they had built along lines he had suggested.

At Belleair School a small boy with one eye swollen partly shut greeted him with "Hello, Uncle Bill. Remember me from last year?" Pinellas County has 28,000 school children but Uncle Bill barely hesitated. "Sure, Eddie," he said. "How are you getting on with your bees?"

Eddie Caton had got his swollen eye while climbing a tree to inspect a swarm of bees. Eddie explained that his interest in bees was greatly increased after Uncle Bill had lent him a book on the subject. In a few days he was going to help a professional beekeeper take some hives apart. And further, Eddie confided, he has decided to use the money he

was saving for an English bike to buy half a dozen hives of his own.

Uncle Bill's youngsters are now learning to harness Florida's superabundance of sunlight by building their own solar heat collectors. The simple design—a multiple-glass-covered black masonite box—was sent to him by an authority on solar heating, Doctor Hoyt Hottel, of Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Guild feels free to ask anyone, no matter how eminent, for assistance if it is for his boys and girls. Many of the scientists and museums he approaches are already indebted to him for helping them to get something they wanted. fertile butterfly eggs, bats, flesh-eating plants.

Last year Uncle Bill organized a Science Fair. Thousands of boys and girls entered more than 300 classroom or individual exhibits. Among them were Nolan's turtles and Sheila's doodlebugs. An electric eye set up by Uncle Bill's young assistants counted 11,017 visitors to the Fair. School officials now propose to make it an annual event.

Uncle Bill's influence has spread beyond Pinellas County. The Superintendent of Schools in Orange

County, across the state, asked him to set up an exhibition and another Science Centre. The county's elementary school teachers have been invited to choose from a list of Uncle Bill's exhibits that has now grown to 83. Uncle Bill's idea of a county-wide Science Fair has spread, too. There will be five of them in Florida this year.

In recent months many educators and scientists have consulted Uncle Bill on techniques for stimulating youthful interest in science. He has been in touch with the President of the American Council on Education, the Director of Science Clubs of America, the President of the National Association of Science Teachers and an executive of the Oak Ridge Institute of Nuclear Studies. Last autumn *Science*, the official publication of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, printed an account of Uncle Bill's work. And an official of UNESCO in Paris hopes to send an account of his operations "out over the world," particularly to underdeveloped areas.

"You know why I succeed?" he confided. "I don't know very much. But I can think like a boy."

ONE OF THE most absent-minded men was Painlevé—thrice premier of France. It is said that he would take a taxi home when his own car was waiting for him. When the taxi driver asked for his address he often gave his telephone number. Once, expecting a friend, he pinned a note on his own door: "Painlevé will return in 15 minutes." On returning he saw his own note and sat down on the step and waited for himself.

—*Scientific American*

“A dozen women like you could change the entire health picture of South America”

By Don Romero

IN SANTIAGO, Chile, outstanding religious, medical and government leaders gathered in a packed auditorium to see the ceremony awarding the government's *Orden al Mérito* to the most important woman in the country.”

The resplendent medal was pinned on the shoulder of a shy, grey-haired nurse, and thunderous applause followed Marie Schultze, a 49-year-old American Presbyterian missionary, director for 19 years of the *Madre e Hijo* (Mother and Child) Clinic, was being decorated not only for successfully “having had 8,000 babies” but also for having devoted herself to a life of Christian service. As U.S. Ambassador Claude Bowers clasped

her hand, he whispered, “Well, Marie, maybe now you'll realize what a tremendous job you've been doing all these years.”

That was in 1946, and Nurse

Schultze went on to bring another 4,000 infants into the world and this in a clinic with only 19 beds and 19 cots, no X-ray machines, respirators or fluoroscopes and housed in a creaky old art studio which Miss Schultze patched up with her own hands 28 years ago, in the squalid slaughterhouse section of Santiago's slums.

Yet such has been the clinic's efficiency that *Madre e Hijo* has been officially designated by the Chilean Board of Health as the model for all maternity hospitals in the country.



Chile's average infant death-rate has long been an appalling 21.7 per cent. At the *Madre e Hijo* the rate has never been more than two per cent—in 1953 it reached its lowest figure of one half of one per cent. For pregnant mothers the Chilean mortality rate has been more than three per cent. At the *Madre e Hijo* it is practically zero. Out of 12,000 deliveries, Nurse Schultze has lost only five mothers, and in almost every case the mother was suffering from a critical heart condition. Like most South American countries, Chile has an unusually high incidence of tubercular meningitis among children, but at the *Madre e Hijo* the dreaded disease appeared only three times.

"I have spent years compiling birth statistics for both European and Latin American countries," the internationally known pediatrician, Doctor Nathaniel Greenfield, told Miss Schultze, "and from such all-important standpoints as normal delivery, the unnecessary use of anaesthesia and the low incidence of birth complications, I find that your tiny hospital has the best record in the world."

Born in Baltimore, Maryland, of a German father and Irish mother, Marie Schultze was brought up in a devoutly religious atmosphere. Because she had to help with the family finances, she worked during the day and went to school at night. She took her degree at the Newark, New Jersey, Presbyterian Hospital and

did graduate work at New York's Columbia University. In 1927, when the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions learned of worsening infant and maternal death rates in Chile, they dispatched the young nurse to the small dispensary which the Board had established in the Santiago slums two years before.

When Marie Schultze, still in her 20's, saw for the first time what was to be her home and hospital her heart fell. Standing forlornly in a slaughterhouse-scented wind, the old studio had no gas, electricity or heat. Its entire furnishings consisted of six chairs, six tables and six beds; its only medical equipment was the small case of surgical instruments which Nurse Schultze carried under her arm. To get to and from the studio-hospital she had to wear wide wooden shoes so that she wouldn't sink in the mud.

She was given only \$50 on which to run a six-bed hospital for a month. With a Chilean woman helper she set out to clean, saw, hammer and paint the old building into some semblance of a hospital. She dug an old fish kettle out of the back yard and converted it into a sterilizer for surgical instruments. She sterilized hospital garments by putting them into a discarded iron oven heated with charcoal.

Then came a real problem. There were no patients. Having learned a little Spanish, Miss Schultze clopped through the streets, asking every woman she met if she wouldn't like



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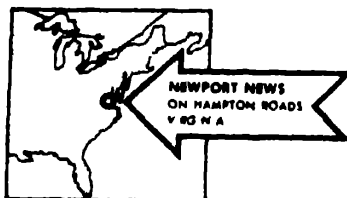
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**SHIP THROUGH
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to have her next baby at the Madre e Hijo Hospital.

To the Chilean peasant the ramshackle old building didn't look convincing. But Miss Schultze did. Slowly these semi-literate women—who couldn't comprehend at first why any woman would want to go to a hospital when she could have her baby on a straw mat in her own mud-floor shack—began to follow the ministering hand of this kindly young woman whose words they could hardly understand.

That first year Nurse Schultze pidgin-talked 68 patients into her little hospital, and personally delivered each baby. "Some of the deliveries were complicated," she says, "and there were times when I was desperately frightened. Then I'd call on God's help, and after a while I'd find that we had another healthy baby in our hospital."

As more patients came, Marie Schultze had to enlarge her staff and also charge each patient \$5. Today, with a staff consisting of an obstetrician, a pediatrician, a dentist, three midwives, six nurses' assistants, a Bible teacher and a home visitor, the little Madre e Hijo administers pre-natal care to some 800 women, delivers an average of 650 babies a year, and keeps each child under medical supervision for six years—all for a charge of only \$14 per mother.

As an inducement to mothers to bring their children to the hospital for monthly examinations,

Nurse Schultze awarded a gold-lettered diploma to every child who completed the six-year "course." So highly prized have these diplomas become that the Madre e Hijo is now supervising the growth of some 1,300 youngsters—the largest number of children being cared for by any one Chilean institution. Through the years Miss Schultze found that not only did her diploma-winning children have better health records as they grew into adolescence, but they also received a higher percentage of the scholarships awarded by schools and colleges. "My youngsters," she says proudly, "were not only healthy—they were bright as fresh paint too!"

Nurse Schultze's average day began at 4 a.m. with a round of deliveries, vaccinations, pre-natal examinations, surgical operations, ward rounds, child-care classes, diet plannings, hospital inspections and staff conferences that lasted until 8 p.m. At noon she took a 30-minute lunch. "But from 8 until 11 I rested," says Miss Schultze; (she used these hours to do all the book-keeping and correspondence).

Despite this back-breaking schedule, Nurse Schultze always found time for a new job. Shortly after she started her hospital, little Gabriela Ester arrived in the delivery room—weighing less than two pounds. Miss Schultze announced to her staff that only one person should take care of a "premmie"—and she would be

that one. From then on, still performing all her other duties, she fed little Gabriela every three hours right round the clock. She did the same for the hundreds of other premature babies born later.

Miss Schultze was the first person in Chile to teach maternal and child welfare to patients. Medical authorities promptly enlisted her services in organizing a government nursing school, then installed her as the first professor of practical nursing. Today the school, greatly expanded and duplicated in other areas, receives technical assistance from the Institute of Inter-American Affairs.

Nurse Schultze's best educational programme, however, consisted of mothers' clubs in which Chilean women were taught the biological processes of conception and birth, and how to care for and feed a child. Once several young fathers came to Miss Schultze. "We love our children just as much as our wives do," they said. "Why can't we also learn to take care of them?" So she organized a child-rearing class for fathers.

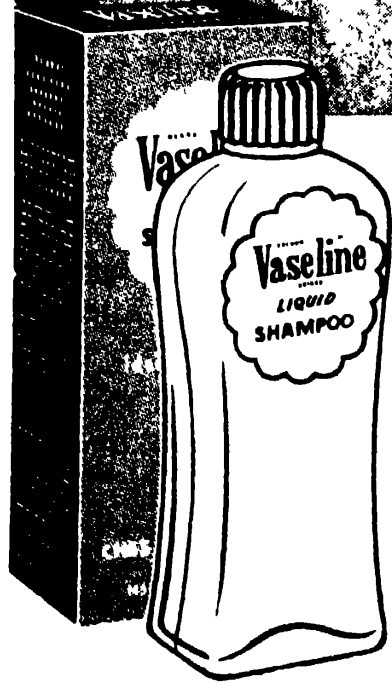
From its inception, the *Madre e Hijo* has had a touch-and-go financial struggle. There were times when every bed and emergency cot was taken and Marie Schultze had to sleep in a chair. Yet in her mind there was never any doubt that God was watching over her little hospital. "Always He answered my prayers when I needed His help."

After an earthquake in Santiago a few years ago, she received from

an unknown woman a cheque for \$250 to repair the *Madre e Hijo*. Since the hospital had been spared, she returned the cheque, explaining that no damage had been suffered. But she added that the hospital was in desperate need of equipment, and she would be glad to accept the money if the donor cared to contribute it for that purpose. When the cheque came back it was for \$500.

"Through your spirit alone," Dr. Hernán Romero, of the Faculty of Medicine, University of Chile, told Miss Schultze, "you have made your hospital what it is. The *Madre e Hijo* does more for the people of Chile than any other institution I know." These sentiments were endorsed by Dr. Thomas Gandy, former chief of the IIAA's Health and Sanitation party in Chile, when he said to Nurse Schultze: "A dozen women like you could change the entire health picture of South America."

Now Marie Schultze's job at the *Madre e Hijo* is done. The objective of every missionary is to develop his project to the point where it can be taken over and independently administered by mission-trained nationals. This Nurse Schultze has accomplished. A year ago she turned over her hospital to Rosalia Saavedra, whom she has personally trained over several years, and returned to the United States. She is now—at 58—brushing up on the latest hospital techniques pending appointment to a new post, probably again in Latin America.



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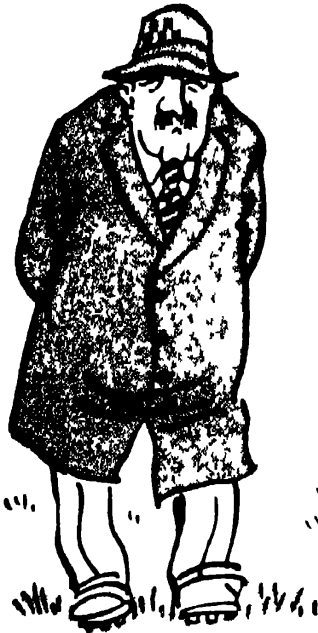
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Drama in Real Life

Forget and Forgive

By Robert Zacks

DURING the Second World War I was stationed as a medical orderly at the Army's Halloran General Hospital on Staten Island, New York. To be near me, my wife got a job as secretary in Halloran's neurosurgery department. Her work was to take notes on the operations from the surgeons for insertion in the medical record.

Sometimes the surgeons would reminisce about their experiences. This story about a wounded soldier named Steve and his young wife Laura is the strangest one my wife passed on to me. For obvious reasons all names have been changed, including the surgeon's, a medical corps captain whom I shall call Doctor Paul.

Dr. Paul said, "I saw by Steve's record that he was married. I knew he hadn't had any visitors. I thought perhaps his wife hadn't been notified that Steve had been wounded

and brought here, so I hunted down her address and asked her to come."

Halloran is in the isolated area of Staten Island and to reach it from New York City means a ferry trip and two long bus rides. When Laura finally arrived she seemed fatigued and annoyed.

"I know it's a long trip here," Dr. Paul said, "But after all . . ."

The girl's eyes flamed. "It isn't that," she said. "It's just . . . well, what's the point of bringing me down here? We're getting a divorce. Why should I be tortured this way? Why don't you mind your own business?"

"I'm very sorry," Dr. Paul said, "I had no idea that things were like that between you."

There was a moment of awkward silence and Laura said nervously, "How is he? Is he hurt badly?"

"His head wound has healed."

Suddenly the girl began to weep. She looked so forlorn that Dr. Paul said, cautiously, "Do you still care for him?"

"What's the use of talking like that?" she said. "It's finished." She controlled herself with an effort, then looked up at Dr. Paul and told him the story.

She had been unfaithful to Steve while he'd been overseas. They had been just a couple of children when they'd married and after a few months Steve had been sent away. She felt terribly alone. She had no family and after a while got the

frightening feeling that she didn't even have a husband, and that it was all a dream.

"I was stupid and shallow, too young and too flighty," she whispered, staring at the floor. "There was no excuse for me. Then word got to Steve about what I'd done."

She said Steve had then written her such a letter that she nearly died of self-loathing. He said he'd never forgive her and that he never wanted to see her again. "When I got that letter I prayed. Isn't that a joke?" She got up. "Well, I'm glad Steve is all right now."

"He isn't," said Dr. Paul. "It's true his head wound is healed, but actually Steve is quite ill. You see, he has amnesia."

"Amnesia?" said Laura, dazed.

"That's right. He has lost a large part of his memory. He doesn't even know how to read. He'll have to be taught all over again. He's forgotten his past, his identity. I'd hoped that seeing you would bring it all back."

When they brought Steve in to face Laura he stared at her with eagerness but obviously did not remember her.

"This is your wife," said Dr. Paul

quietly, and left them together.

Afterwards Laura came to Dr. Paul, her eyes full of mingled fear and hope. "Doctor," she said, "when he's discharged I'm going to live with him again. I'll support him, and help him to get on his feet. I'll teach him to read. But will he ever get his memory back?"

"Very probably he'll recover from amnesia in time. He'll remember . . . everything. What then?"

"Until then, I can help him," Laura said.

Steve was discharged from the hospital and from the Army. He went away with Laura.

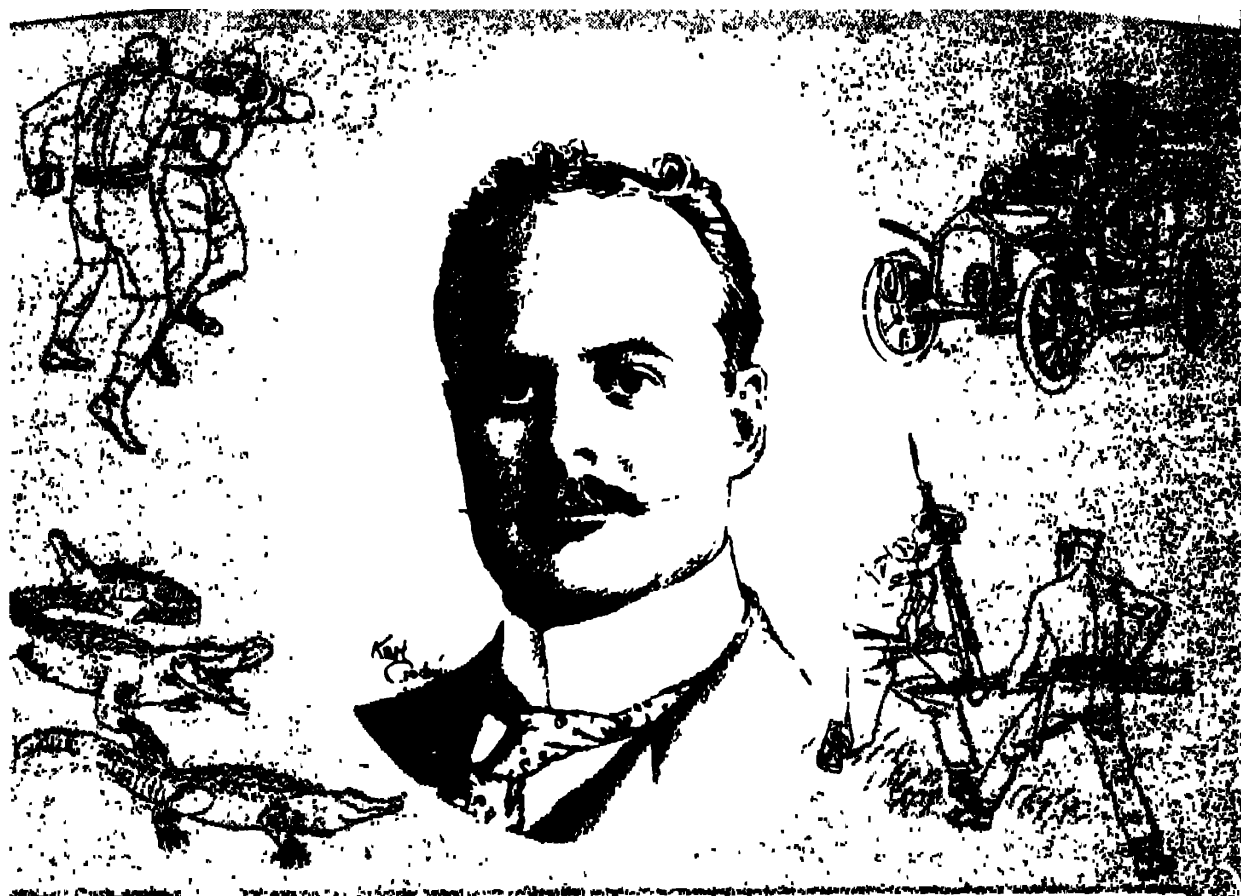
A year later Dr. Paul received a letter from Laura. Steve had finally recovered from amnesia. There had been a bad hour while he sat staring out of the window, suffering with the memory. Then he had taken her in his arms and told her how much he loved her.

"In that year," Dr. Paul said "she had made up for her mistake with such love and unselfishness that it outweighed the bad old memory that returned. It's really a pity more of us can't get an amnesia that will help us to forgive."



THERE IS NO doubt that the most radical division of humanity it is possible to make is that which splits it into two classes: those who make great demands on themselves, piling up difficulties and duties; and those who demand nothing special of themselves, but for whom to live is to be every moment what they already are, without imposing on themselves any effort towards perfection; mere buoys that float on the waves.

—Ortega y Gasset, *Revolt of the Masses*



Condensed from the book

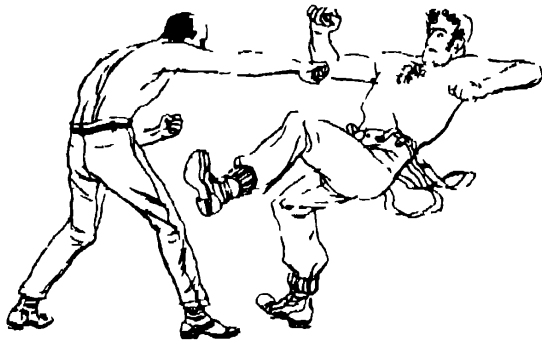
By CORDELIA DREXEL BIDDLE

As told to KYLE CRICHTON

CORDELIA DREXEL BIDDLE calls her father, Anthony Drexel Biddle, "the most glamorous Biddle of our time." Certainly he was the most strenuous. Whether he was hob-nobbing with and fighting professional pugilists, organizing world-wide Bible classes, raising pet alligators, singing a dubious tenor in grand opera, or teaching ju-jitsu to the U.S. Marines, he did everything all out.

"A rollicking chain of stories told at breakneck speed," says the New York *Herald Tribune* of this best-seller, "which make the reader believe that 'Father' was in fact 'the happiest millionaire in America'—and a great trial to more sedate Drexels and Biddles."

"My Philadelphia Father," copyright 1955 by Kyle Crichton, copyright 1955 by McCall Corporation, and published by Doubleday and Company, New York



MY PHILADELPHIA FATHER

LIFE was strenuous in our branch of the Biddle family. The centre of activity at our Philadelphia home was a boxing ring in the stable, where heads were pounded from morning to night. Being a girl provided no exemption. Along with my two brothers, I was initiated early into the mysteries of the left jab and right cross. Instead of dolls, I played with bar bells; instead of hopscotch, I learnt to patch up cuts under the eye. Until I was dragged away to school at the age of 13, it was widely feared that I would end as a light-weight boxing champion.

All this was brought about by my father, Anthony Drexel Biddle, one of the most wonderful and amazing men who ever lived.

Father could have spent his life merely as a society dandy. Descended from two of Philadelphia's most distinguished families — the Drexels and the Biddles—and endowed at 21 with the income from a million dollar trust fund, he had every opportunity to live in luxurious ease. Father did enjoy luxury. But to the end of his life he

never learnt the meaning of the word "ease."

Father had an incredible appetite for life, and whatever he did he did to the hilt. Whether it was promoting religion (his Drexel Biddle Bible Classes attained an international membership of 300,000) or learning to be an opera singer, or instructing U.S. Marines in the arts of mayhem and homicide, Father sailed into each enterprise with a relentless and passionate zest that astounded all who knew him.

His attitude towards boxing was typical. Before the First World War most Philadelphia young men went in for strenuous sports. But Father carried it to extremes. In addition to knocking the family about, he inaugurated "boxing matinées" — lively bouts in the stable followed by a lavish buffet spread in the house. At these functions town "swells" mingled with the sporting gentry, and Father acted as both host and principal pugilist.

Eventually, not content to box with amateurs, he had to try himself out with professionals. This led

to the Jack Johnson affair, which caused a raising of eyebrows in the Drexel-Biddle clans. The great Negro heavyweight was training nearby for his bout with Philadelphia Jack O'Brien. In those days there were no regular sparring partners; fighters who wanted to pick up a little money went to the training camp and sat on a bench, awaiting their turn. Father took his place on the bench.

When the time came, they went two furious rounds, for Father never did anything otherwise. The report is that Johnson, with his marvellous defensive skill, was content to keep Father off, protesting at the same time. "Now, you boy, there; don't get yo'self stirred up." But Father was always stirred up, and Johnson finally had to fetch him a smart whack on the side of the head to settle him.

ONCE thought that Father's surging enthusiasms and mania for the physical were adopted from his hero, Theodore Roosevelt. But after delving into his background I'm convinced that the dynamic Teddy and Father were equally products of a rough age. Their lives ran parallel in many respects. They both did everything at full throttle, they were almost belligerently Christian and American, and they both began as puny little boys suffering from asthma.

By the time Father was 14 his asthma was so severe that doctors

advised that he be taken to a more suitable climate. His family selected Madeira. When they arrived, Father was so ill that they carried him from the boat in a hammock. A month later he was stricken with typhoid fever, nearly died, then rallied and passed the crisis.

It was the turning point in Father's life. By a medical quirk, the typhoid attack seemed to have cured his asthma, and he became strong and vigorous. He also acquired a philosophy. While he lay ill, he came to realize that there was no profit in submission. As he wrote later: "I found that one could fight back."

He lived by that precept for the rest of his life. Not only did he act on it himself but he inculcated it into everybody around him. Years later, my son Tony came to me after a boxing bout at Princeton in which Father had acted as his second.

"He wouldn't *let* me lose," he cried in wonderment. "He just stood there behind me and I didn't dare lose."

Boxing was to serve Father well in more than one way. When he was 19 he went to work as a crime reporter on the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*. Reporters were case-hardened characters in those days, and I can't believe they made it easy for the silver-spoon boy who had obviously got his job through family influence. What helped Father was his good right-hand punch.

One night he was sitting with a

group of reporters when someone complained that Philadelphia was a dead town. "Come with me," said Father promptly.

He led a delegation of newsmen to the Gladstone Hotel, where he had arranged with the hotel porter to instal a ring in an unused room. While the reporters crowded round, the porter and Father began socking each other. Later stories pictured the match as one of the epic battles of the time. Father suffered three knockdowns and a wicked cut over the right cheekbone, but he won the fight. It was stopped in the fourth round, with the porter helpless on the ropes. This established Father once and for all with the newspaper fraternity.

As a reporter, Father was fascinated by the seamier side of Philadelphia life. He went among the poor and foreign-born without condescension and with the kindness that was one of his outstanding characteristics. Father didn't know how to be a snob. A profoundly religious man, he believed that all men are equal before God. He could be stern about bad manners or unfair dealing, but a man's character was all he ever considered in a friendship.

Later on, he almost drove the U.S. Marine Corps mad by going about with the recruits. General Smedley Butler complained to Mother about it in his usual stentorian fashion.

"He's making a damned fool of every officer in the Corps!" General Butler bellowed. "How can any-

body keep discipline when the Major's down in a dive drinking beer with the men?"

WHEN Father married Cordelia Bradley, a slender, black-haired girl from Pittsburgh, his newspaper days came to an end. The couple settled in Philadelphia and Father threw himself into a new career—that of publishing books. Thanks to his vigour, the Drexel Biddle Publishing Company began to make progress at once.

In addition to publishing the works of others, Father brought out books of his own. His *Life of James J. Corbett* was the greatest success the house ever had. Another favourite was Father's *Froggy Fairy Book*, a children's book which had a great vogue.

Nothing illustrates Father's indomitable quality better than his career as a writer. He had scarcely a trace of formal education, yet he managed to write a dozen books and hundreds of articles during his lifetime. He wrote in a rather half-nelson style, with little hint of literary flavour, but nothing could stop him. Literature to him was just another boxing opponent that had to be beaten.

Father was extremely happy as a publisher until one day he discovered that a trusted employee had been systematically robbing the company. The loss was not ruinous and the firm could easily have gone on, but the savour was out of it for



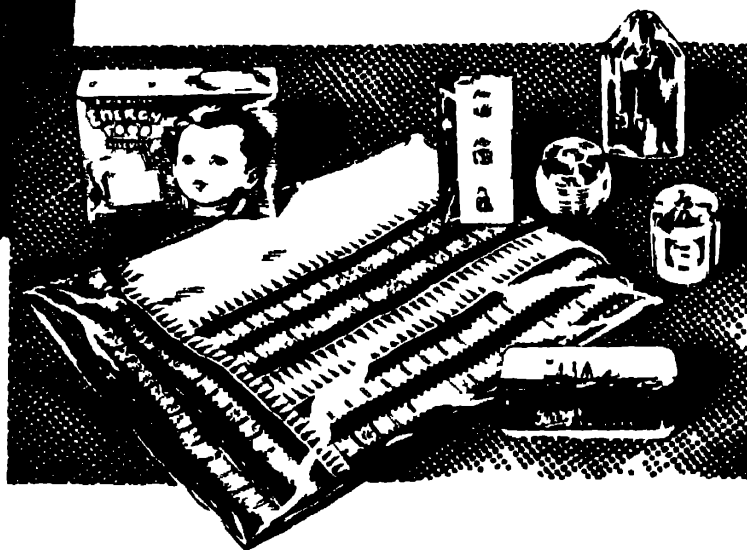
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Father. He could work only when his whole heart was in it; when it ceased to be fun, he dropped it.

There was fun enough at home, however, and Father applied himself to it enthusiastically. Sports reigned supreme at this time. Mother would have nothing to do with Father's boxing ring, but she joined him on long bicycle trips, their favourite jaunt being the 60-mile stretch to Atlantic City. Father did anything for exercise that would make him a better boxer. Every morning he took a four-mile run through the park. He played tennis in steamroller fashion, making up in strength and fury what he lacked in finesse. To him the game was only a conditioner, however. In the middle of a hot set he would pull out his watch, say, "Ah, bully, it's done me a world of good"—and leave.

As might be supposed, Father had one of the first motor cars, and he and Mother made frequent trips. Father, wearing bearskin leggings, pigskin gauntlets, enormous goggles and cap, was an impressive sight. Their most ambitious project was a nightmarish tour to Yellowstone Park, much of it over tracks intended only for donkeys and pack horses. From these trips Father became an expert on motoring. He carried on a wide correspondence with car enthusiasts, and was a great influence in the early days of motoring in America.

He drove like a madman, however, and could not bear to have

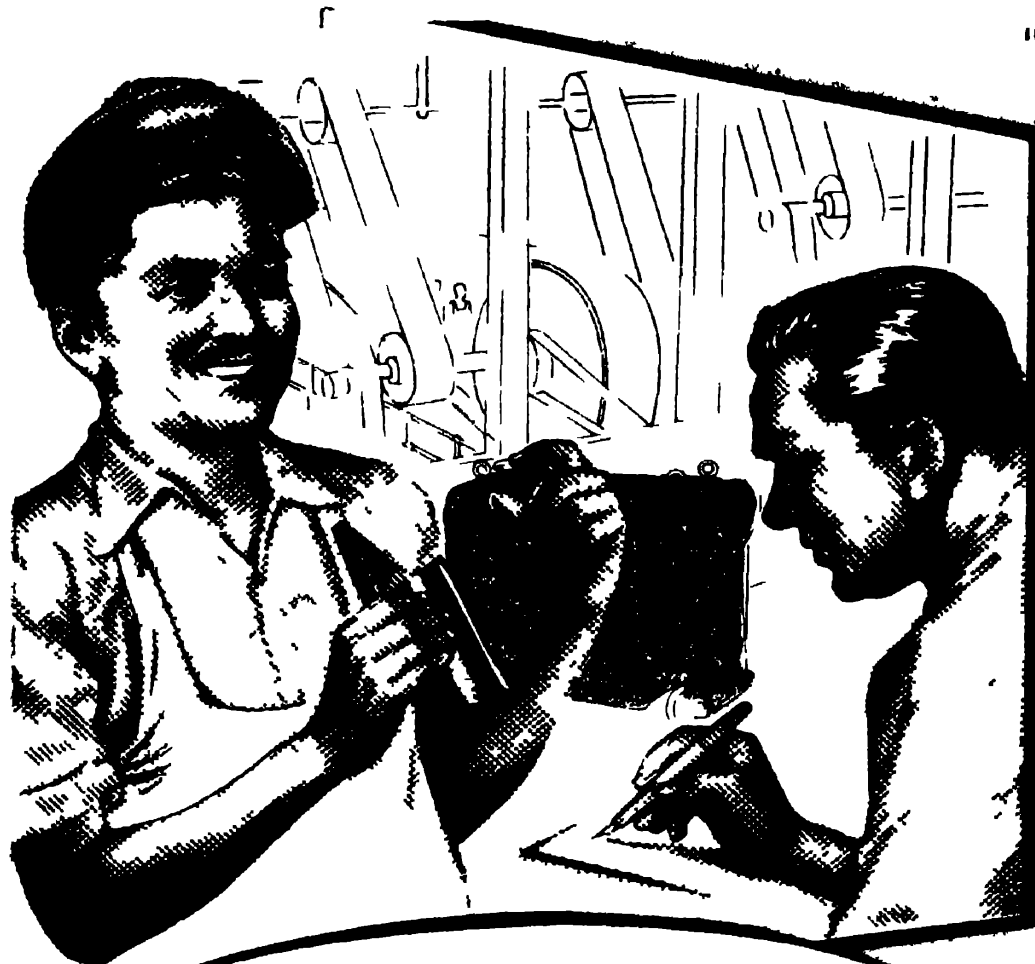
anybody in front of him. He sat bolt upright behind the wheel, drove straight ahead with a damn-the-torpedoes attitude, meanwhile talking animatedly with anybody in the back seat. When anything struck him as exciting or amusing he would throw up his hands in delight. Often only his lightning reflexes enabled him to yank the car back on the road after such outbursts.

Mother had never learnt to drive, and probably considered this dangerous practice normal. But after they had been in several close shaves she insisted on an innovation for the car. Every new model had two horns: one for Mother, one for Father. When she saw anything approaching on the highway, she would honk long and loud.

"Pay attention there, Anthony," she would say warningly.

Father's most consuming enthusiasm was reserved for the famous Drexel Biddle Bible Class, which he started during this period. In Philadelphia we belonged to the Holy Trinity Episcopal Church, whose pastor, the distinguished Doctor Floyd Tomkins, was struggling with a Men's Bible Class. Somehow it occurred to him that Father might be the one to put life into it. "It's a fine class," he said ironically, "and it has three members."

This was the sort of challenge Father liked. After attending several meetings, he brought in two or three of his friends and then, in his usual



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impulsive way, he began teaching. He was a poor speaker at first, but he became so engrossed in what he was doing that the words flowed out of him.

Father formulated what he called Athletic Christianity, and organized strenuous week-ends of sports and prayer. It sounds sentimental, but it worked. In a few months the classes had to be moved from Trinity into a special auditorium. The newspapers took it up, and from that came the branches all over the world. Father was soon appearing in churches in other states and finally he acted as administrative head of the whole organization.

Father went to great lengths to spread his concept of Athletic Christianity. Once, in response to several pleading letters from a discouraged pastor, he went to Canada to preach at a lumber camp. He really hadn't the time for it, but when the minister made it clear that the situation was desperate for his little church and that he would have to give it up unless he got help, Father dropped everything and took off.

The camp was far north in the woods of Saskatchewan. When Father stepped off the narrow-gauge train he found the platform crowded with huge, surly-looking men. They gazed at him sardonically, said not a word, and the friendly little minister had trouble in getting through the silent and hostile circle to welcome him.

The crude log church was crowd-

ed, but the men, though curious about Father, were openly antagonistic. As was his habit when he knew he was going to meet opposition, Father had defied it in advance. In his buttonhole he wore a white flower; on his arm was a wrist watch, a sure sign of effeminacy in those days.

Father began the services with a vigorous prayer—an exhortation to God in the most familiar terms—and then launched into an equally fervid sermon. He became aware very quickly that he was making no impression on his listeners, or rather that they were taking him for an amusing mountebank. He stopped suddenly, and his tone changed.

"Who's your best fighter here?" he demanded, facing the congregation belligerently.

There was an awkward, rustling pause. The men had not been treating the services solemnly, but even so this seemed out of place in a house of worship.

"As soon as this service is over," said Father, "I want to meet him in the churchyard. I'm going to give him the hiding of his life."

Father finished the sermon quickly and strode towards the door. The men trailed after him, looking at him curiously. There was evidently no doubt about their champion, for a large man in a heavy lumber jacket came forward at once.

"I suppose you'll want boxing gloves?" he asked.

"Gloves or bare fists," said

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Father, "it makes no difference. I'm going to thrash you."

There was a general laugh at this, but the minute they had taken off their coats and stripped to the waist, Father started after the woodsman like an angry lion. The savage, cave-man battle that ensued was brief. Father was in such a rage that blows had no effect on him: he simply overwhelmed his opponent with a shower of fists. He finished him off with a Fitzsimmons shift and the solar-plexus punch.

"I hadn't intended to have vesper services that night," the pastor wrote later, "but the effect of the fight was so salutary that I decided to try it. Mr. Biddle was surprisingly gentle in his sermon, but the men seemed to like it. We had an even larger congregation than in the morning. I'm very hopeful it will continue."

It was at the height of Father's religious zeal that the famous cellar-destruction incident occurred. A churchly guest at our house had looked on in astonishment when Father poured wine at dinner. "Mr. Biddle," he said sternly, "as the head of a great church institution, how can you justify this catering to Demon Rum?"

Father immediately let it be known that on a certain day at high noon the City of Brotherly Love would see the greatest destruction of evil liquor the world had ever witnessed. Since he was known to have one of the finest cellars in town, this was headline material.

The street was jammed when Father strode forth like a martyr, dragging a half-empty case of wine behind him. He lifted up a bottle, looked at it sternly and smashed it with righteous force against the curb. Cameras clicked, reporters wrote furiously, and hardened characters fought in the gutter for their share. It was a great occasion and made a famous story.

My brothers suspected that Father carefully weeded out the wine that had begun to turn, but an incident some years later seems to refute this cynicism. Father had come in from a hard day and concluded that he needed a drink. "John," he said, addressing the man who served as butler, chauffeur and general factotum, "bring some of that Moselle from the cellar."

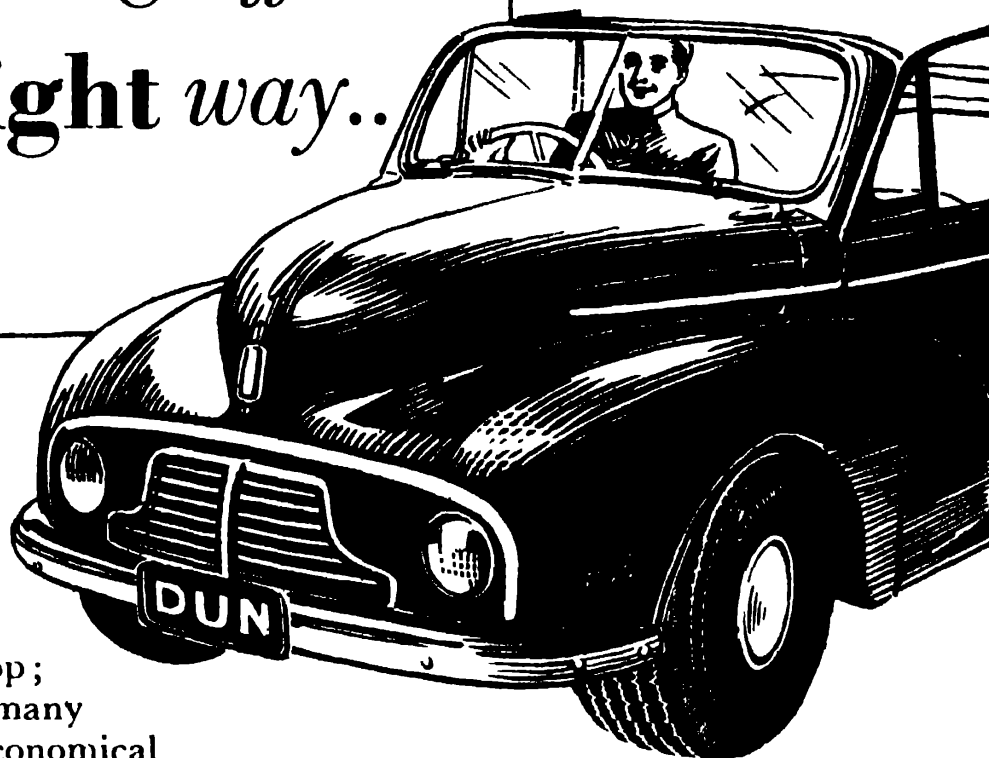
"You busted that three years ago," said John.

"Damn!" said Father.

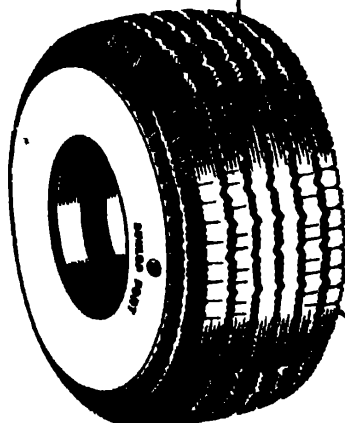
IT WAS about this time that Father became seriously interested in an operatic career. He was now taking us regularly to Europe, and on these trips we children were put to bed early while he and Mother hurried out to the local opera house. Father not only applauded loudly from his box but regularly sent notes round to the principals and met them later over a stein of beer.

With Father's impetuous enthusiasms, Mother was the perfect foil for him. She organized her life so completely round him that they

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were really one person. In a way, nobody was allowed in that private world but themselves. We children adored her, but we realized that nothing came before Father. I suppose that should have made us neurotic, but we were merely proud of both of them, for we also adored Father. They were a perfect complement to each other.

Mother's attitude towards Father's singing was typical. She must have known that his voice lacked professional quality, but she went to all lengths to see that he got his chance. When the singing fury was at its peak, she regulated the household to protect him. "You must be quiet today," she would say. "Father is resting his voice."

Father would sit at the breakfast table without saying a word, pointing to his throat significantly to show that the precious organ was at its ease. This pleased us well enough, for otherwise the house would be filled with the hideous scales he was for ever running up and down.

Father's first public appearance was in a recital given at the Philadelphia Academy of Music. Anybody less confident would have taken a smaller auditorium, but the holy precincts of the Academy were not too good for Father. The stage where Caruso had sung was the proper setting for his début. He sent out a thousand announcements with order forms for tickets and waited.

The sparse and straggling returns would have discouraged anyone

else. Father merely let it be known that the presence of all Biddles, Drexels and affiliated relatives would be expected, and filled the other seats with members of his Bible classes. After the concert somebody asked my Aunt Sally what she had thought of it.

"Excruciating," said Aunt Sally simply.

I'm afraid this was the general opinion, but of course everyone came on stage and congratulated Father. I don't know whether this fooled him or not, but he must have been shaken by next morning's report in the *Public Ledger*, which said merely:

"A. J. Drexel Biddle, tenor, appeared last night at the Academy of Music. A large crowd was in attendance."

The only obvious result of the recital was that Father changed teachers again (he was for ever changing teachers, and often had two or three working on him simultaneously). I don't know how many years he kept up the Academy recitals, but they became an agony for the family. Some weaker members arranged excursions out of town as the event neared, but most of the relatives appeared like condemned prisoners, determined to carry it off.

One summer at Atlantic City Father attached himself to the struggling Manhattan Opera Company, which was giving a season at Steel Pier and perhaps felt the Biddle name would help the box office. The

arrangement was sketchy, and Father may have read more into it than the company intended. In any event, when Pagliacci was announced, he declared flatly that he would sing the principal rôle. He added that the part had been promised him and he meant to have it.

The management, lifting an annoyed brow, stated that M. Charles Dalmores would sing the rôle, as had been advertised. Father went to see Dalmores, an internationally famous star. Dalmores returned to report that he had ceded the rôle to M. Biddle. The management demanded furiously, "What happened?"

"Nothing," said Dalmores suavely. "He merely said that if I sang one note he'd throw me over the rail into the sea. I'm convinced that he would do it."

Father always spoke of that performance with pleasure, but there is competent testimony to the fact that it was the worst Canio ever sung in the Western Hemisphere.

I WAS about eight when Father decided to explore the Everglades with Mother. Florida was not then the playground of the idle, and the Everglades were a fearsome and unknown jungle. The expedition had dramatic repercussions, for as a result of it Father became enamoured of alligators. He brought two of them back with him and found them such friendly little fellows that he began making annual trips to

Florida, each time bringing back a few more. Eventually our house was overrun by them.

The family's feelings about this development were mixed. We were proud of being the first private alligator owners in Philadelphia, but were aware that socially the distinction was dubious. Father, however, pressed his advantage to the limit. Instead of fixing up a playground in the stable for his little charges, he turned our conservatory into an alligatorium. This was when Mother's greatness was put to the test. She made no complaint when her beautiful flowers were dumped out in the back yard, she carefully closed her ears when carpenters began hammering up pens to house the alligators.

We had those smelly animals for years. Each time Father brought in a new batch, he took some of the old ones out to the Philadelphia zoo. But we had three alligators over 50 years old, which meant that they were more than five feet long. Father took his hobbies seriously.

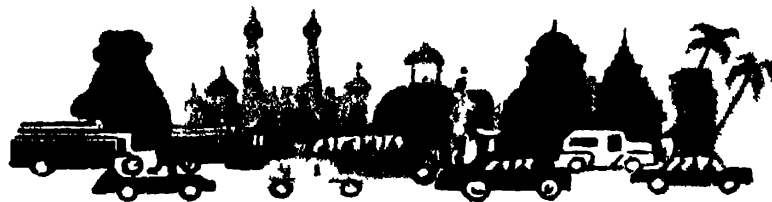
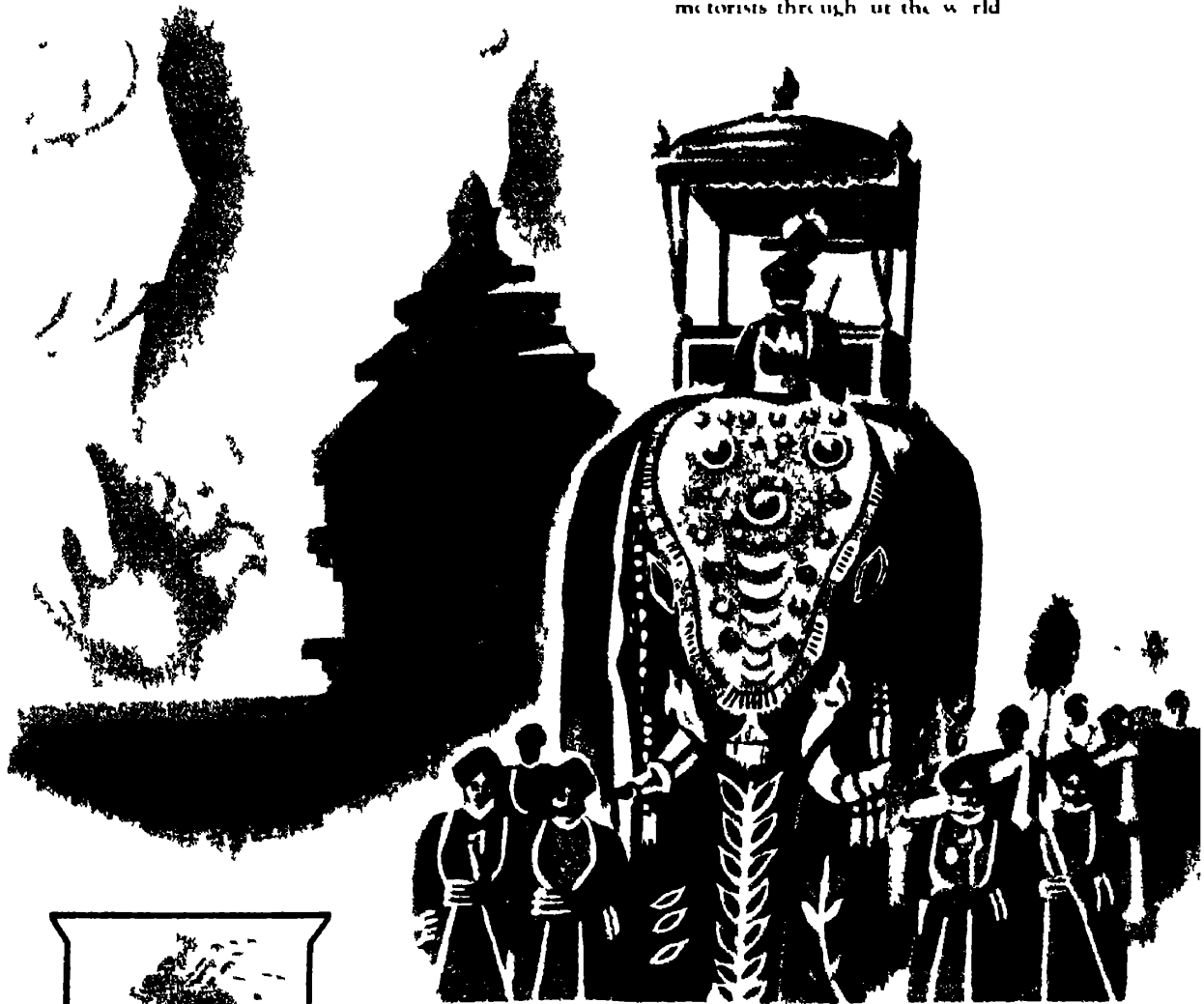
With the arrival of the alligators, our home began to take on a new character. Father was now in full swing with his religio-boxing campaign, and the house was filled with Bible-class members, prize fighters, wrestlers and professional strong men. They thought the alligators were a nice homely touch. The alligatorium was the first place anybody visited, and it needed only an initial demonstration of handling



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by Father to get them all doing it. I don't know how the alligators liked it, but they couldn't complain about being ignored. The floor of the conservatory would often be filled with alligators, sidling happily among the guests.

Mother once engaged a new maid without warning her about the alligators. When the girl discovered them, she was so shocked by the odour, which was peculiarly their own, that she opened all the conservatory windows. It was a bitter winter day, and when Father and Mother returned from a *matinée* late that afternoon they found the house frigid, although the radiators were boiling with heat. By instinct, Father went to the conservatory, looked in and gave a strangled cry.

"Cordeha!" he howled.

The alligators were frozen solid in the ice, like haddocks. We children came in from school shortly afterwards, gazed sadly at them and agreed that they looked thoroughly dead. But Father was not one to surrender easily. He soon had the boys hacking away at the ice, and eventually, with ropes, planks, levers and wild cries of rage, they managed to extricate the frozen animals from the tanks.

The alligators were placed before the fireplace and Mother and Father stayed up to watch them. At midnight they were still moribund, however, and Father finally gave up hope, shook his head mournfully and went to bed.

We were awakened next morning by a succession of frenzied screams. The alligators had thawed out during the night and the cook and maids had come in to find them crawling all over the house. Although Father hastened down to assure them that the animals "wouldn't hurt a fly," the incident nearly lost us our household staff.

Once when he was explaining the virtues of his pets to a guest, one of the alligators clamped down his jaw on Father's thumb. Instantly he knew the danger he was in. Any attempt to fight the alligator would mean the loss of his thumb, perhaps of his hand. My brother Livingston, then a young boy, came to the rescue by prying the animal's jaws apart. Father's thumb was badly lacerated and blood was flowing in a torrent.

Philadelphia was then in the grip of a blizzard and a new doctor had recently moved in across the street. With a howl Father dashed out through the snow and burst into the doctor's consulting room.

"I've been bitten by an alligator!" shouted Father, holding forth the bleeding paw.

The doctor looked out at storm-tossed Philadelphia and then back at Father's wild appearance. He smiled indulgently.

"Now just sit down there," he said soothingly, "and get hold of yourself."

ON THE EVE of the First World War, when it became obvious that



Who's taken my

QUALITY CIGARETTES

by Marcovitch

conflict was imminent, Father did a thing that will seem foolish to some and noble to others. He sent cables to King George V, the Czar, the Kaiser and the President of France. He gave them what he considered a simple way of ending the threat of war: he wanted each of them to appoint a minister of the gospel or a priest to convene with the others. "Let all threat of fighting cease," he cabled, "while these pastors kneel to God and pray Him to speak from the Heavens as He did of old."

When the war broke out in spite of his efforts, Father became obsessed by an idea that most Americans didn't become aware of until later: America must be prepared. He began in a quiet way with his Bible classes, and instead of baseball and boxing, he turned their training to hiking and running. Two years after the war started and some months before the United States entered it, he wired President Wilson that he had 10,000 men ready to be added to the National Guard. This could hardly please the President, who had been holding the United States to a policy of strict neutrality. Father received a polite letter of rejection.

Outraged, Father proceeded to organize a preparedness campaign for Philadelphia, at least. At lunchtime his Bible-class members drilled on rooftops and on empty sites, using broomsticks for rifles. When General Leonard Wood organized the first civilian training camp at Plattsburg,

New York State, Father followed suit in Philadelphia.

When finally the Administration came round to the need for preparedness, Father was suddenly swamped with recruits. And now it was no longer a matter of marching aimlessly and drilling with sticks; the civilian groups had to have rifles and officers. Father wrote a letter to the U.S. Army in his most fulsome style. It must either have stunned or frightened them; there was no reply. Fuming, he then descended on Washington with a determination to drag officers out of them or to burn down the War Department. He returned a chastened man.

"It's a madhouse," he reported sadly. "They're even more confused than we are."

Somebody then suggested that he try the U.S. Marines. There he was ushered immediately into the presence of the Commandant, Major-General George Barnett. "It's the simplest thing in the world, Mr. Biddle," said General Barnett. "You have the men and we have the equipment and officers. When do you want us up there?"

Father came out in a daze, eternally in love with the United States Marine Corps. This affection grew to become Father's second life.

The Marines came up from Washington and were soon running the Philadelphia unit like a machine. When I first saw the Marine officers at our house, however, I felt they had reservations about Father. They



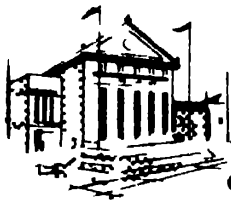
HE FLEW TO CHICAGO

BY

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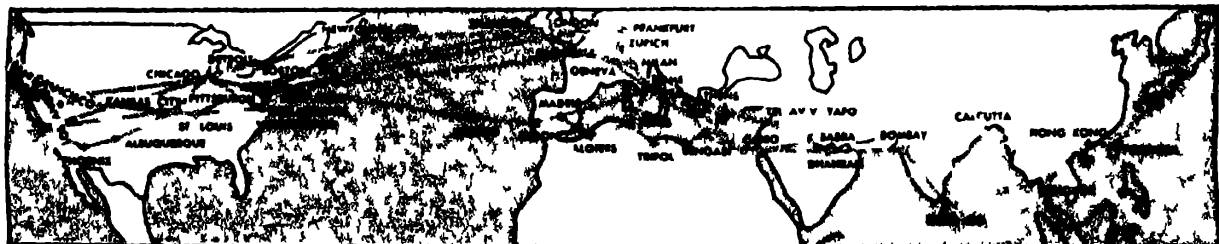
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weren't too sure this military business wasn't just another society fad. Behind their façade of friendliness I detected an air of superiority.

Father, too, sensed this, and his first party provided him with a way of meeting it. After an interval of polite chitchat, he suggested showing them the stable. Once there, Father asked quietly if anyone wanted to put on the gloves for a round or two. It was not exactly a challenge, but it was the sort of thing no Marine lieutenant could ignore. The usual thing happened. Father went easy on the first contestant for one round. The second round had barely started, however, when Father feinted, brought up a thunderous right and knocked his opponent clean across the ring into the ropes. A second and larger lieutenant lasted just half a round. This altered Father's relations with the Marines.

The record shows that the Drexel Biddle Corps trained 40,000 men for service. The Marines took 8,900, another 24,000 entered the Army, and the rest went into the Navy and Special Services. Among the Marine recruits was A. J. Drexel Biddle, of Philadelphia. He had a provisional commission as captain.

IF THE Marines thought of Father's commission as a reward or sop, they were wrong. Though in his forties, he had every intention of being a regular Marine.

Parris Island was then perhaps the toughest military camp in the

world. Since it was not clear to the brasshats just what should be done with Father, he promptly attached himself to a recruit training unit and went through the strenuous training. The youngsters in his contingent must have looked at the old man with amusement, but he quickly cleared up the confusion. Not only could he march with them all day long, but he was like a cat in the obstacle events. He could leap slatted fences and scale walls without taking a second breath. And when they cleared the ring on Saturday night for the traditional "grudge" fights, he clinched the point for ever. He toyed with the rugged sluggers, cuffed them about as he pleased and, with general consent, finally retired to be referee and matchmaker.

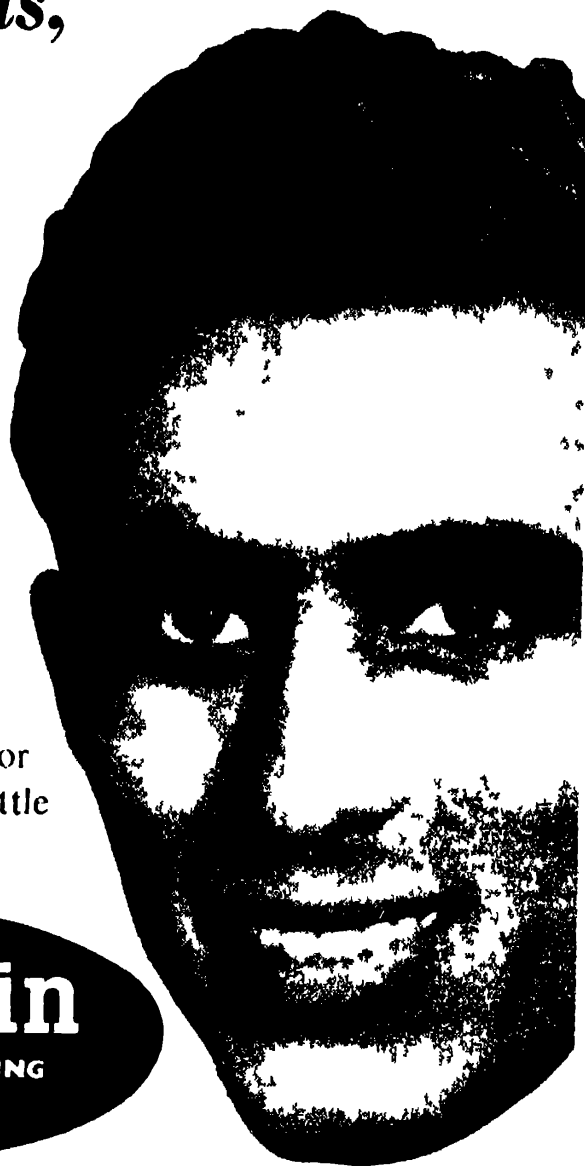
Eventually Father made himself so outstanding a personality that he got an even better break. During a bayonet drill he had shown such facility that he had been put in charge of the programme. This turn of events was to change his whole life. From that time, he became a student of self-defence—a career he continued until his death.

"Bayonet work was just a continuation of boxing," Father said later. "It was a question of blocking a blow and landing one of your own. The only difference is that in war you can't afford to take a stab to get in one. You have to stop them all and make yours count."

The senior Marine officers were

Such lustrous, healthy hair!

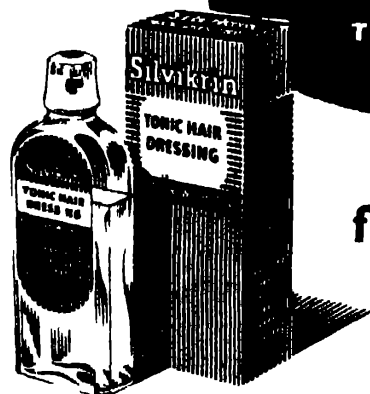
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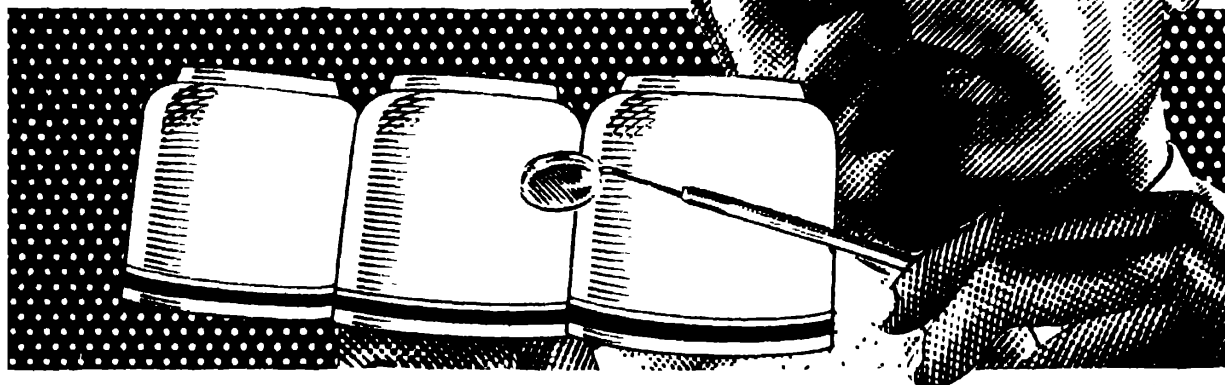
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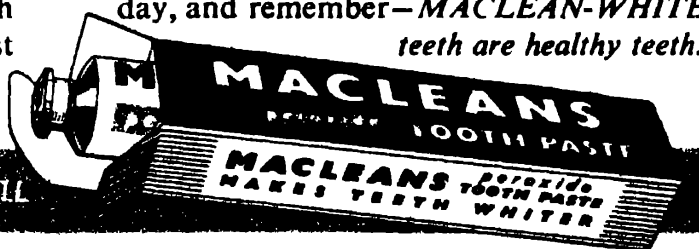
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pleased with his bayonet work, but Father had an uneasy feeling that there was a great deal still to be learnt. He went to the commanding general.

"Sir," he said, "this is a new type of war and our bayonet methods may be outmoded. I think we should find out what the French and British are doing. They've been in the war three years and must have learnt a great deal."

"And I suppose you would be the one who could best make this investigation?" suggested the general coldly.

"Yes, sir!" said Father flatly.

The general turned back to his work without even waving Father away. But evidently he did a little telephoning later and discovered that Captain Biddle could speak French. For shortly afterwards Father found himself in Europe as an observer.

He first approached the French, who obligingly put him in an exposed sector. That night the trench was attacked by the Germans and cut off. If Father wanted a display of bayonet work, he now had it. The fighting was fierce and deadly. It took a wild night of attacking and counter-attacking before the French drove back the Germans and recaptured the position.

Next morning the battalion commander looked at Father with distaste and made it clear that he was never to enter his sector again.

"There are certain men," the col-

onel explained, "who have a genius for getting into trouble. I recognize you as one of them."

This was so fundamentally true that Father could only look at him in amazement.

"There is a name for such men in your language," the colonel went on. "I'm sorry I can't remember it."

"Jinx," said Father humbly.

"That is it!" cried the colonel.

FATHER went over to the British, who put him in the charge of a colonel generally regarded as the greatest living authority on the use of the bayonet. It was as Father feared: the British were miles ahead of the Americans. When bayonet fighting was a matter of life and death, men learnt quickly. The British colonel explained the system to Father, but Father was impatient. "Let me fight with the men," he said.

Father got the first of his serious finger wounds in that experiment. The British wore leather gauntlets in practice, but Father couldn't be hampered in that way. He felt that he would only get a sense of actual combat if he fought as the men would later fight in the trenches. When he returned home, he had mastered a new technique of hand-to-hand fighting that was to be very useful to the U.S. Marines in their later battles.

For years Father proudly carried a faded newspaper cutting containing this paragraph: "It was the American bayonet skill which en-



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abled the Fifth and Sixth U.S. Marines, fighting without artillery, to rise from their trenches in Belleau Woods and turn back the final German thrust with cold steel."

Father returned to France as part of the first U.S. Marine contingent. To his chagrin, however, he was not allowed to go to the front, but was kept in Paris on liaison duty with the French. He must have done his job well, for he was soon promoted to major. "I think I got it for intransitive verbs," he said later.

Father managed to get away from his duties in Paris long enough to take a course in bayonet combat at the military school at Gondrecourt. By this time he was convinced that it was a mistake to specialize too narrowly, and he also began taking lessons in broadsword and fencing.

To his delight, he was put in touch with a Parisian detective who covered the apache quarters. For a month he accompanied the detective every night in the most dangerous quarters of the city, and came away amazed at his achievements.

"You'll not believe me," he once told me, "but the chap carried nothing but a piece of string! No gun, no dagger; just that piece of string. He tied up those knife wielders quicker than you could blink."

This suggested other things to Father, and he now began pestering his superiors for a transfer that would allow him to learn ju-jitsu. As usual, he got his way, and turned

up suddenly in New York, where I was living, en route to Hawaii. He spent a month in Honolulu, concentrating on ju-jitsu, then went on to China, where he studied *défendu* under the celebrated Captain W. E. Fairbairn, of the Shanghai municipal police. By the time he got back home, he was familiar with numerous forms of judo and *défendu*, and as many as 342 kinds of ju-jitsu.

This last had a small vogue for a time in America, where it was considered a rather decent and manly form of defence. Father snorted when he heard that, and held up his hands. His left index finger was permanently bent in the form of a U; his right index finger looked like a corkscrew.

"The dirtiest fighting in the world, ju-jitsu," said Father bitterly. He held up his right hand. "I got that in a match with a Japanese instructor in Honolulu. We were using rifles and bayonets. I disarmed him and his rifle fell to the ground. Quick as a flash he had this finger, gave it a twist and broke it. I wrestled him to the ground, but the Japanese judges called it a draw."

WHEN THE WAR ended, we all felt that Father would drop the military, as he had often dropped causes before. But his important work for the Marines was just starting. Knowing how difficult it had been to build up a force of Marine officers, he now devoted himself to forming the U.S. Marine Corps Reserve.

In the postwar mood, it was not easy to get ex-officers interested in even a token military group. They were tired of war and wanted to forget about it. Approaching them directly would have brought only meagre results; Father decided to attack on a wider front. With the help of the U.S. Marine Corps, he organized Marine combat teams to perform wherever a crowd would gather.

My brother Livingston saw their first appearance at the Keith Theatre in Philadelphia. "It was terrific," he reported. "Half the audience was on the edge of their seats, paralyzed with fear: the others covered their faces with their hands. There was Father in the midst of flying bayonets, looking as if he would be punctured any minute."

For years Father and his Marines were a standard attraction at all kinds of gatherings, their greatest triumph being a sensational performance at the Dempsey-Willard fight in Toledo. The publicity must have done good, for the U.S. Marine Corps grew with the years, and Father never relaxed his campaign.

Next to his success in the Marines, I think Father was proudest of the fact that J. Edgar Hoover invited him to train the FBI. This started soon after the First World War and continued until Father's death. His book, *Do or Die*, which was prepared for instructing the Marines, is still used in FBI training.

His reputation as a specialist in

mayhem was not achieved without cost. In the early days in Philadelphia, Father had made a record of his ring injuries, framed it and hung it on the living-room wall. At intervals he would add the latest disaster. One cauliflower ear (temporary), three broken ribs, broken nose, smashed knuckles of right hand, four face cuts requiring stitches.

Later, when Father was training the U.S. Marines in the Second World War, he would reveal his wounds with the same pride. He also did this with a purpose, for the young privates were not initially impressed with this old codger who was supposed to show them how to kill and avoid being killed. Father would open his shirt to show the 22 wounds in his chest; next would come the bayonet scars on his wrists and arms. The hands were an exhibit in themselves, with the fingers gnarled and crooked. But I think he was proudest of his missing teeth. A blow had knocked out four upper teeth, and he would never have them replaced.

"Long upper lip," he would explain. "Nobody ever notices them."

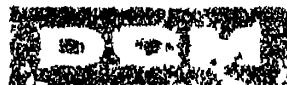
AFTER the First World War much of Father's time was spent in an effort to make boxing respectable. The sport was prohibited by New York State law in those days. Father's solution was to form the International Sporting Club, its members to be confined to people of quality who would elevate boxing to a high



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plane. Despite Father's enthusiasm, the Sporting Club never quite caught on as he had hoped it would, but for years it was the centre of elegant and riotous affairs, with Father in the middle of them.

Boxing was finally legalized in New York through the efforts of Jimmy Walker, then a State Senator. When he began his campaign, Father offered to produce some well-known people for the hearings in Albany. He turned up with a railway coach filled with priests and ministers, who proved to be Walker's most effective witnesses. Father himself was a powerful advocate with his report of the success of the Drexel Biddle Classes and his experiences with the FBI and the Marines.

"Colonel Biddle," said an opponent of legalized boxing, "you are not comparing religion and boxing, are you? Would you seriously maintain that boxing had a salutary effect in winning men to the church?"

"Sir," said Father firmly, "if they will not take religion any other way, I am in favour of knocking it into them."

Father meant every word of it, too. In 1938 my son Tony established a camp for underprivileged boys on Long Island. Father, then 64, threw himself into all phases of camp life. The boys in the camp had been picked by juvenile court officials as difficult cases who still had a chance of being saved. Father boxed with furious shouts. "You

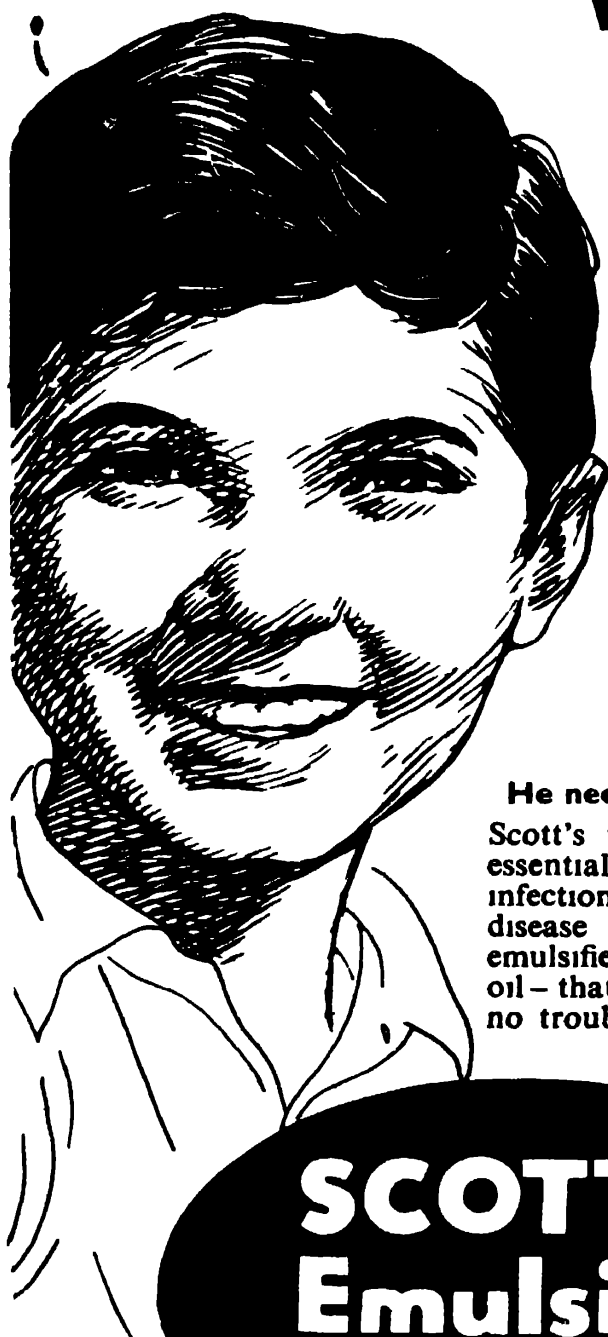
white-livered sissy!" he wouldellow. "Fight or die."

The boys loved it. They had been taken from neighbourhoods where violence was part of their daily lives, and were now being instructed by one of the most ferocious individuals in the world. And as Father combined his ferocity with militant Christianity, and did not hesitate to fall on his knees and indulge in the most forthright morning prayers, the effect on the boys was profound.

It was only natural that Father's all-time favourite among boxing champions should be the Marine Gene Tunney. In Father's eyes, any Marine was a champion; his joy was almost unbearable when Gene became the actual champion by right of conquest. The two had met when Gene was a private in the Marines at Quantico.

Father was a fixture at Tunney's training camps, and it was always amazing to see Mother also part of that setting. Father would take a cottage in the vicinity and Mother would calmly sit knitting on the verandah while men in roll-necked sweaters and loud check suits loudly argued the merits of the fighters.

FATHER's penchant for direct action was sometimes carried over into his business dealings. During this period he once made a trust fund for Mother in which the lawyer who drew up the papers was a trustee and kept all the documents and



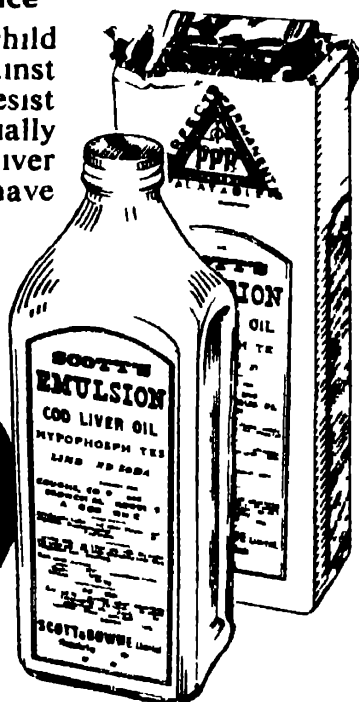
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securities in his office safe. This had seemed an excellent idea at the time, but Father began worrying about it. His imagination invented every sort of contingency. The lawyer had some nefarious design in mind in advising him to make the trust; he would abscond with the securities; the trust was a nonsensical idea at best. He went to a second lawyer for advice.

"There's nothing you can do about it, Colonel," said the lawyer after hearing Father's tale. "It's an irrevocable trust, and it can't be broken."

Father snorted.

"I'll bust it," he said heatedly.

He went to the office of the first attorney and asked to have a look at the documents and securities. The lawyer brought them out and put them on the table before Father. Father picked them up, stuffed them in his pocket and walked out. The lawyer tried his best, but could never get them back.

It was illegal, and anybody else would have got into serious trouble over it, but Father simply ignored the subject from then on. The lawyer finally gave in.

FATHER was 67 when he received the greatest honour of his life and began the work that brought him the fullest satisfaction. Shortly after Pearl Harbour he rejoined the U.S. Marines to serve as an instructor in their combat training.

Father taught them all he had

learnt in half a lifetime of study and practice. He had the greatest difficulty, however, in getting the men to attack him in the bayonet drills. There he stood, an unarmed, kindly old grandfather, urging them to stab him to death. They went through the motions, but their hearts were not in it.

Since this defeated the purpose of the training, Father developed a new plan. He would take a group of ten and have them stand with their backs to him, bayonets ready. He would walk behind the line, then whack one man on the ear so hard that he instinctively whirled about. It hardly needed Father to add, "Come on, now, kill me!" The man was eager to do it.

My Uncle Livingston attended a show put on by Father at the Philadelphia Navy Yard. With reporters and photographers on hand, the Marines put on a bayonet drill that was frightening in its ferocity. Unless he had been keyed up for it, Father would have been in danger. The thrusts were vicious and aimed with deadly intent. Father, parrying everything with success, was elated. "By Jove!" he cried. "This is the best workout yet!"

It was the Biddle methods that made the U.S. Marines among the best-trained fighters in the world. In the jungle fighting, where the Japanese were expected to be most effective, the U.S. Marines overwhelmed them. After the battle on Tarawa, General Julian Smith



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wrote to Father: "You are as much responsible for the triumph as if you had been in the battle yourself."

Frank Knox, U.S. Navy Secretary, wrote: "It is a pleasure to commend you for your meritorious service and place on record the department's recognition of its unusual character and effectiveness."

But it was the letters from Marine officers on the spot that gave Father his greatest satisfaction. After every engagement he would get hasty scrawls from men obviously worn out by battle, and yet determined to give credit where it was due. The general tenor of the letters always amazed Father. "You have saved the lives of my men," the letters would read, and Father would carry them around in a haze. "Never a word about themselves," he would say in awe. "Did you ever hear of such men?"

FATHER'S interest in learning new methods of bare-handed homicide remained unabated, as my brother Tony learned to his cost when Father visited New York on leave. Tony was then serving as U.S. Ambassador to the Allied Governments-in-Exile in London. He was fatigued from this strenuous work, and had just had an extremely rough mid-winter plane trip. When he reached his hotel in New York, he wanted only to get into a hot tub and relax.

He undressed, hastened into the bathroom and luxuriated in the steamy warmth of the bath. He

came out with a towel around his middle—into the biting, blasting winds of a blizzard. Every window in the room was open, and there sat Father on a sofa facing the open windows, pushing out his chest and swinging his arms vigorously. Tony uttered a cry of complaint, and Father swung round.

"I've got a new one," he cried. "Just walk towards me and shake my hand."

"You'll get pneumonia," yelled Tony furiously, "and I'll die. Shut those damned windows."

"Come on," urged Father, advancing slowly towards him. "It'll only take a minute."

Tony advanced to shake Father's hand—and found himself flying through the air over Father's head. He landed against the wall on his head and was knocked out cold. The only thing Tony remembers was Father's elated shout.

"By George, it works!" he cried. "You must try that on Livingston."

Tony missed all his appointments for two days, including one at the White House with the President, and for a week wobbled about like a stricken man.

THE FIRST sign of trouble came when Father was badly wounded in combat drill. In a lunge by a young Marine, he was stabbed through the wrist and had to go to hospital for two months. It was an indication that his reflexes were no longer razor-sharp, but Father pooh-poohed



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the idea that he should give up his work. On the day he left the hospital he insisted on drilling his bayonet class again.

When we heard that Father was going back to his classes, my brother Livingston hurried down to Quantico to be with him. Liv says that at the start of the drill Father was as alert as ever, but there came an imperceptible falling-off of energy as the work progressed. Liv was not particularly worried when a lunge nipped a piece out of Father's shirt, but he was scared to death when another bayonet jab took the emblem off Father's hat. Without consulting Father, Liv went to the commandant of the post to ask him to stop it.

"Yes," mused the commandant, "I've been considering it, but your father's a stubborn man. It really means retiring him. If I kept him here but asked him to stop taking part in the drills, it would be a reflection on his courage."

There was no other solution. Father took his retirement bravely, but the effect on him was almost instantly noticeable. Even though the Marines handled it with delicacy, he seemed to feel that life had ended for him. For the first time he began to have aches and pains.

The one thing that helped Father's morale was a prompt statement issued by J. Edgar Hoover. "Colonel Biddle will never be retired by the FBI," he said. Father accordingly kept up his contact with that organization, but his original work had

been done so thoroughly that it required only a minimum of supervision. He tried to keep himself active in the old ways, but it was never the same.

And now, finally, an old ring injury caught up with him. In his youth Father had received a blow over the kidneys that was to trouble him all his life. Now he experienced a severe kidney attack. Because of complications and his age, the doctors advised against an operation.

For more than eight months Father lay helplessly in bed. As the end neared, in the spring of 1948, he complained about a new set of pains, caused by hardening of the arteries. "I've been too strenuous," said Father, sadly, "too much exercise."

It was perhaps Father's most amazing remark, but it cannot be taken seriously. After all, he lived to be almost 74 and enjoyed every minute of it.

One thinks of him as a man of the Renaissance, with courage to live according to his convictions and an ability to turn his hand to anything. He made it almost impossible for anyone near him to let him down, or to show uncertainty or fear.

When he was 58, a New York newspaper called him "the happiest millionaire alive." It was Father's headlong rush through life that made him the great character he was, beloved by thousands. He was an elemental force. Any attempt to curb that flood of energy would have been tragic.

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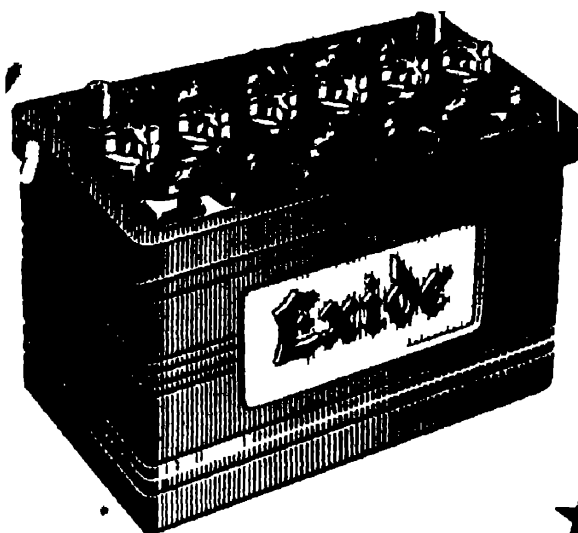
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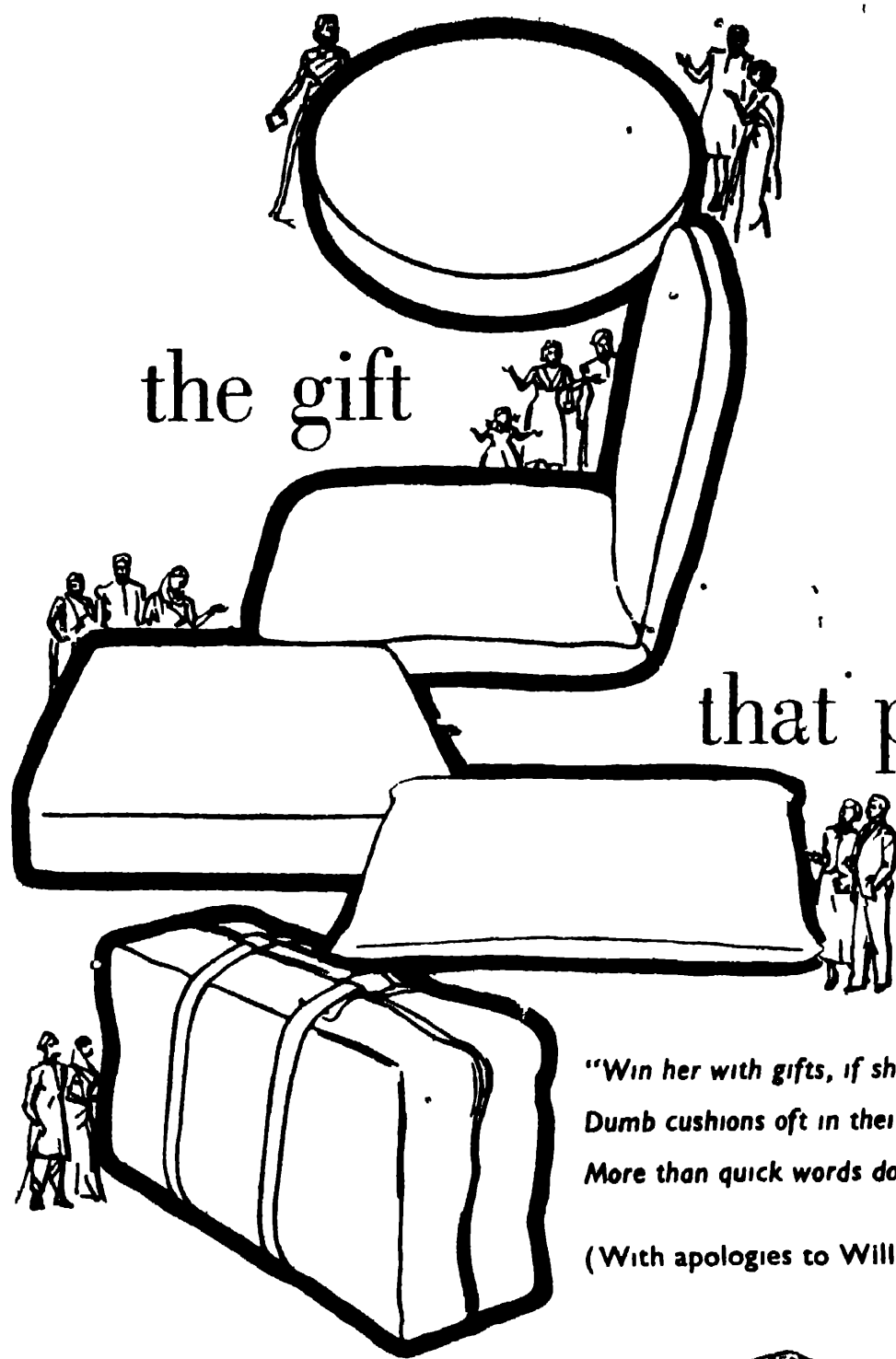
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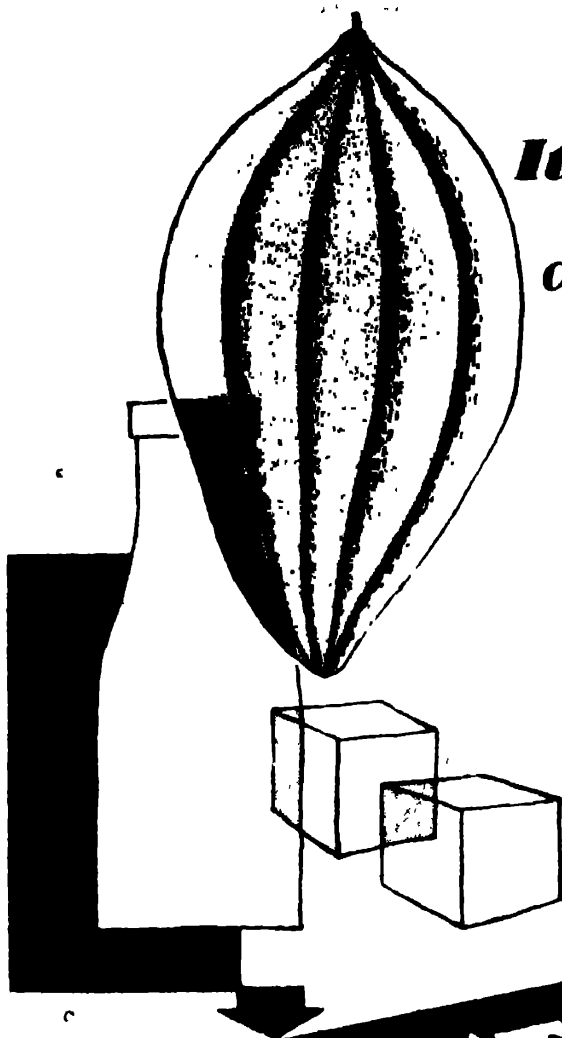
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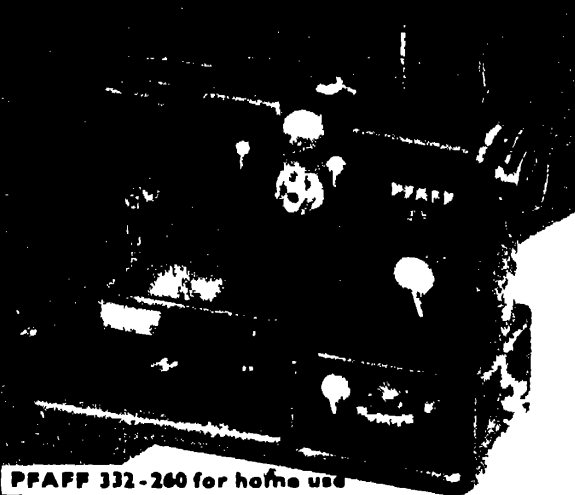


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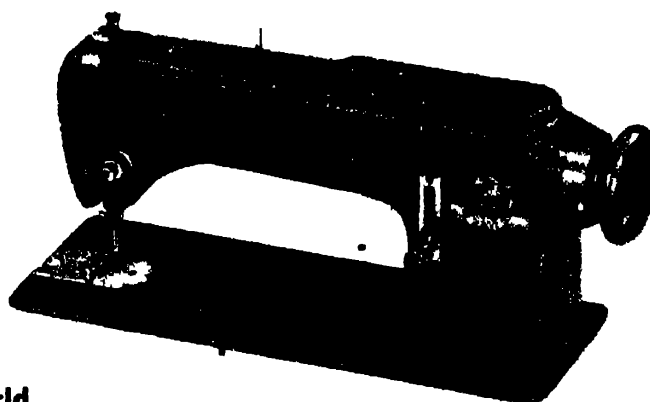


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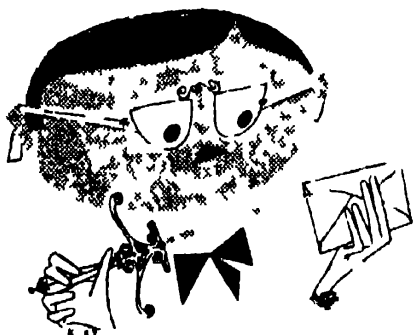
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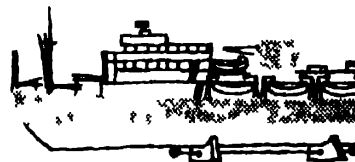
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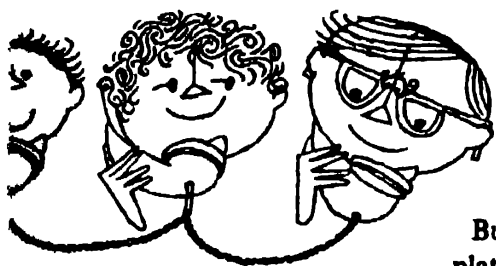
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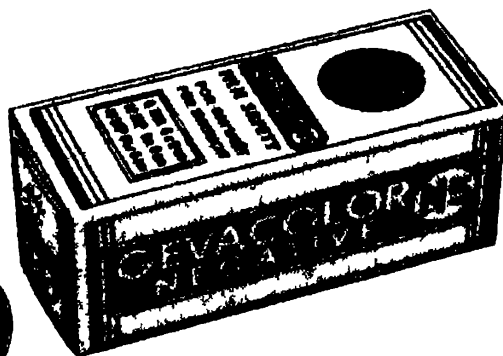
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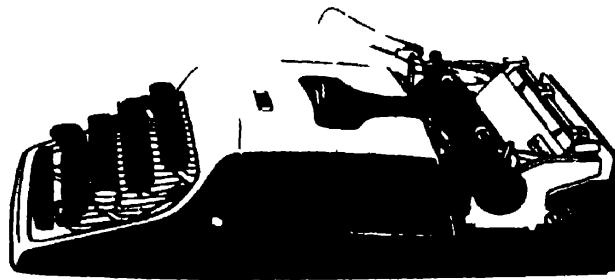
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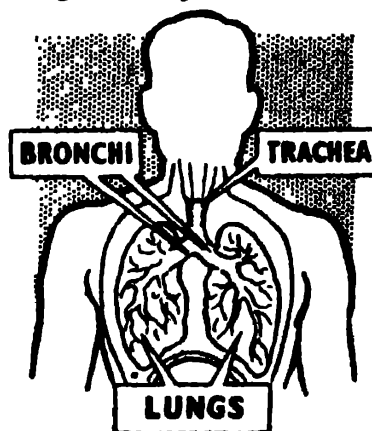
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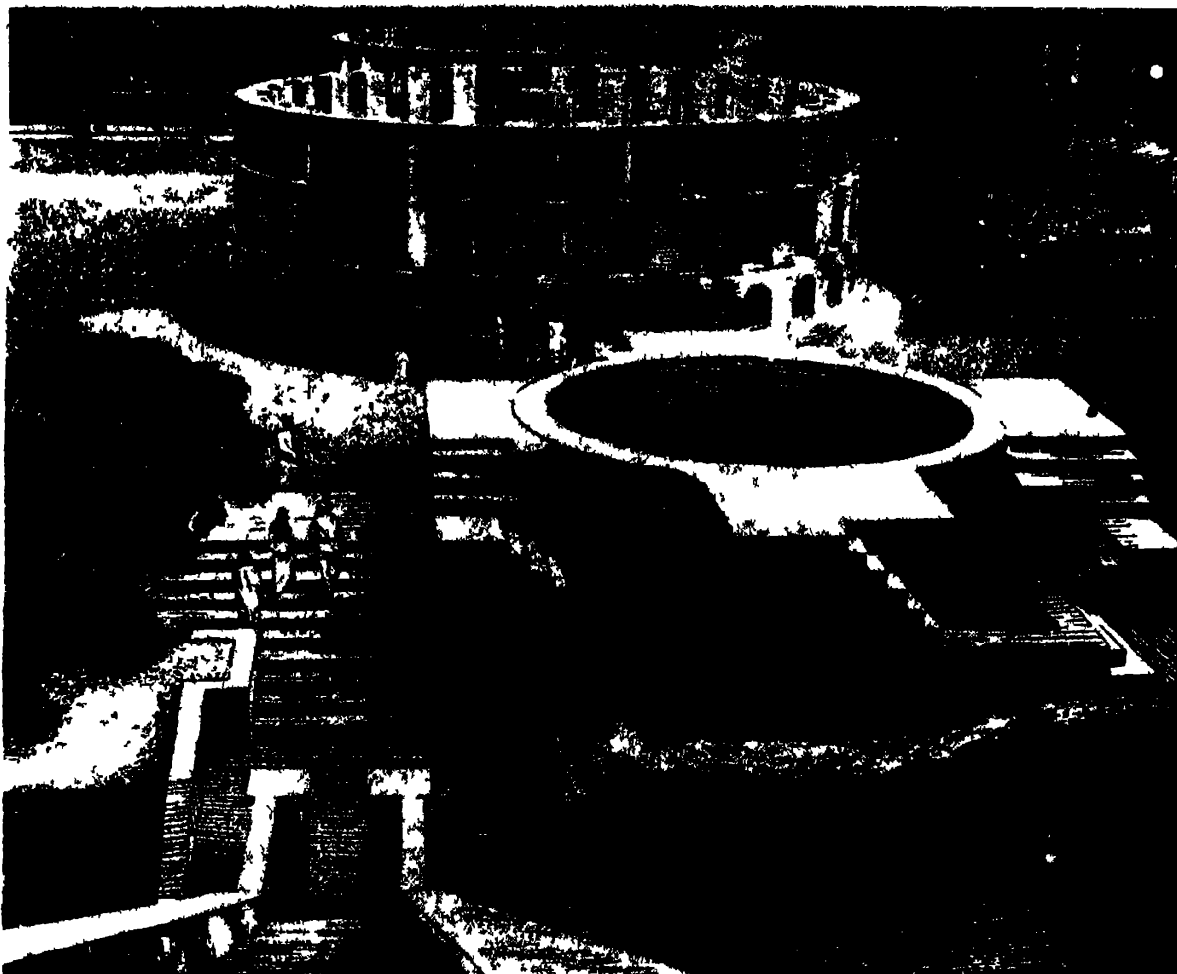
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To Teach Is To Love

By Cordelia Baird Gross

I WAS CROSSING a busy street in New York when a big truck screeched to a stop beside me. "Hey, You-All from Texas" the driver yelled, holding out his grease-streaked hands. "Lookit my nails. I ain't biting 'em." He grinned and roared away.

It was Tagliano, a former pupil of mine. I was happy to see he had come out of my classes with *something* useful. The situation had looked pretty murky during his stay.

I had taught him in a high-school annexe affectionately christened "Siberia" by the problem boys enrolled there.

Fresh from the University of



CORDELIA BAIRD GROSS is a native of Bonham, Texas, who began her teaching career in the "Siberia" she here describes. She is still in the New York public school system. For obvious reasons, fictitious names have been used throughout this article.

Texas, I had to dream up ways to control these kids from the sidewalks of New York or they would have had me roped and tied. To break up a tense moment I would make the boys put their hands on the desks while I walked past and commented sadly on cuticle fringes, jagged nails and skin that no one would like to touch.

Tagliano had brought it back to me—the battered classroom, the volatile, difficult, lovable pupils. Watching him disappear in the distance, I realized once again that my life with those boys had been exciting and rewarding. I wanted to say to all of them, "Thank you. I wouldn't have missed you for anything."

But my teaching career didn't begin on quite such a rosy note.

In 1932 in a dark little room I met my first classes. The smallest had an

enrolment of 33, the largest 54. As I called the roll, wrestling with names like Koredjefsky, Anastopoulous, Szczeczechowski, I felt a stranger in an alien land. To add to my gloom, it was raining, and the air was saturated with a peculiar and sickening smell.

"Skunks," said a boy when I suggested closing a window. "Dis is de fur district. Dose skunks stink fierce when it rains."

"Don't shut none a them windows," another boy warned. "The skunks smell better'n us."

After painful tests I found this judgment correct.

The school term was already well under way (my predecessor had quit when she found her desk ablaze) and the supervisor had said the boys would brief me on their current studies. The boys, however, regarded this information as top secret, until at last one boy decided to betray his friends.

"We're readin' pomes," he said.

Waves of muttered threats and stamping feet greeted this statement.

"Savastano," I said, choosing blindly from the names on my roll, "can you read yesterday's poem?"

"No'm," said Savastano, and his partner bumped him to the floor.

"He's shy," a lad named Pingatore explained. "Dat pome ain't polite to say wid ladies present."

"What is the poem?" I asked.

"Where de bee sucks," said Pingatore, and blushed to the roots of his curly black hair.

In that first hour the pattern of our relationship was established. In practical matters it was the boys who often taught me. I had the taboos and prejudices of a small Texas town, but they were rarely the ones which governed my pupils. In the years that followed, much of our talk stemmed from these different levels of experience in tantalizing yet exciting shadow-boxing.

Our accents presented problems; our words were misunderstood. I heard *tief* and *running gup* and *going gout* and thought this a new kind of pig Latin; *berling erl* threw me for weeks. When boys explained their absence by saying they had been "on the hook" or "put away," I was mystified. When I complained that if things didn't get better I'd have to yell "calf rope," the boys were mystified.

I kept saying things that were strikingly inept. One day I ripped into a very lazy class. "You want to end up as street cleaners?" I asked scornfully.

In the discussion that followed I learned that street cleaners had pensions and made nearly \$2,000 a year. Hardly a boy in the class would have dared to aspire so high.

When McDuffy returned after a two weeks' absence, I welcomed him back warmly. "Where've you been?" I asked. "Robbing a bank?"

"No'm," he replied, looking awed at my apparently psychic powers. "A cafeteria."

Slowly I gained more insight into

their lives. We had no lunchroom in Siberia and I brought sandwiches. Different boys made my coffee—a privilege bitterly fought for—and as a reward I let them eat their hot dogs and hamburgers in my room. On cold or rainy days I had as many as 30 luncheon companions. Usually it was the most violent boys who pleaded to stay, and although they were experts at breaking up a class they were angelic and engaging while lunching with me.

They talked of baseball and girls and baseball and their families. "One good thing about my pop," Washington said, "he don't drink. He strops me a lot, but he don't drink."

"What a beatin' I got!" Kowalski exclaimed. "Cause I wanna join the Boys' Club."

"My old man wants me to scram," said another boy. "Since I'm ten, it's why doncha get out? In Italy ya work, he says. Here we got baseball in Sing Sing."

"Any kinda dad would be a luxury to me," Guarnarides said, so softly that only I heard him.

Guarnarides had never known his father and was ashamed of his mother. Whenever the fleet was in, he had to sleep under the sink in the kitchen. He was small and his face was as delicately formed as a cameo. Unable to defend himself in a physical way, he learned two new words—the longer the better—each week. "They're my weapons," he said.

I lent him books and one day I

suggested he should come to my flat and pick out a few he'd like. Guarnarides admired everything, but the shower impressed him most. He looked with such longing at the glass and shining chrome that I said, "I've an appointment in town, Guarnarides, but would you like to stay and take a shower?"

"Ya mean it?" he asked, his eyes sparkling, "I never had a shower before." Then he added primly, "Ya see, we got no facilities for bathing."

When I got home late that night the bathroom was spotless and on the hall table was a touching thank-you note. Even the longest words were spelled correctly.

The boys spoke frankly of cars they had stolen. And I was constantly shocked by their casual attitude towards prison. "The judge'll give him some years in groups." "Dat baby can do dat standin' on his head." "If you fry, you fry." Such were their views on the sentences.

To lift their outlook I decided to start with their appearance, and for a while I gave little combs to those boys almost blinded by hair falling over their eyes. One day I found on my desk three dozen new combs.

"I clipped 'em for ya at the dime store," Alongi said proudly. "Ya shouldn't spend ya money on dem bums."

That afternoon Alongi and I returned to the store. As he said, I couldn't afford to buy 36 combs. Although I was sure we would be arrested for shoplifting, we put the

combs back on the counter. Then Alongi and I went to a drugstore and had ice cream and a talk.

Soon after that I overheard him arguing with two friends.

"She's dopey," said one boy.

"She ain't no morgue," Alongi protested. "She jus' says honesty and goodness and kindness is more valuable than money."

"She believes it?"

"Yeah," Alongi replied. "For her, it works."

The boys often returned to Siberia after they had left school. They slipped in during their lunch hours or grabbed a few minutes between errands. They showed me presents they had bought for their mothers or told me of praise from the boss. With each new job they gained in self-confidence.

I loved seeing the boys on these visits. I'd ask hopefully, "Did you learn anything here? What do you remember?"

"Jeez, I dunno," they'd say and look off into space, their faces sof-

tened by memories. "It was warm, huh? It was fun, huh? I was great."

The day after Pearl Harbour some of the "old boys" slipped in at assembly. "We came to hear the Declaration of War," they said. Their faces were grave, almost stern, as they listened, and they seemed to grow up as I watched. Then they shook my hand and marched off to enlist.

After that, most of my visitors were in uniform. The school was near a railway station and the boys came to see me straight from the train. They would sit quietly at the back of the room and listen to class after class.

"Stay here as long as ya can," they would tell the little scrubs who crowded round them between periods. "Ya won't forget dis place."

The school didn't record the number of boys in the Services, but by the time the war was over I had answered over 800 letters. I realized I was often the only one they knew who could write English—and for some the only one they knew who could write at all.

Eventually Siberia was closed and I went to a school in another part of the city. One night in a restaurant a hand patted my shoulder and I looked up at a blue-uniformed figure and saw beneath the policeman's cap the face of one of my boys. "Hey, Yon-All," he said. We talked, and as he turned to leave he said, "The best Teach I ever had! Man, I'll never forget that book we



read. When Silas Marner climbed the steps of that guillotine! Some scene, huh?"

I had to admit that it was.

I've continued to meet my boys everywhere—ushering in theatres, working as shop assistants, as television mechanics. I've gone to their weddings and the christenings of their sons. They always say, "You haven't changed a bit." And I reply, "You haven't either."

But they have changed a great deal. Their beards are heavy, their chests filled out and sometimes their hair is a little thin. Best of all they are doing their jobs successfully. They have accepted routine and discipline and responsibility. They feel a part of the community.

As I think of my pupils, there are two I can never recall without a lump in my throat.

One was Plato Valerian, a happy-go-lucky kid who joined the Navy and always turned up at school when on leave. He sent me a Christmas card decorated with seashells and inscribed: "To the Teach who never taught me nothing but who I'll never forget." Two months later his ship went down. No survivors.

Another boy was a Negro named Jesus Only Jones, who, when he left school, had broken all records with an average of 90. Jones enlisted the day after Pearl Harbour and rose from private to master sergeant. Then for two years after the war I heard nothing from him. When I got a letter from Pittsburgh, a

serious illness in my family delayed my reply. When I finally wrote I explained that teaching and visiting the hospital had taken my time.

Several days later, when I arrived at school, Jones was standing at my classroom door.

"I caught a train soon as I got your letter," he said. He brought out a roll of money. "Here's a hundred bucks I don't need. Use it for the hospital bills."

Tears came to my eyes. "Oh, Jones!" I managed to say. "Of course I can't accept it. But I'll remember this as long as I live."

"Sure, you can take it," he said. "Soon as I read your letter I thought of that poem you were always saying. All last night I kept thinking about it."

"The woods are lovely, dark and deep," I began, as I had in a hundred classes.

"But I have promises to keep, And miles to go before I sleep,"* said Jesus Only Jones.

Underprivileged children, problem boys, juvenile delinquents—I am proud of most of them and grateful to them, too. I forget how tired I have often been, how nerve-racked and even frightened. I remember only the doors they have opened for me, the prejudices I have shed, the glow I get whenever I see any of "my boys." I agree with them that "It's been warm. It's been fun. It's been great."

*Robert Frost, "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening."

HOW TO GET ON WITH THE BOSS

GETTING along with the boss means more than laughing at his jokes (which is merely politeness), or doing one's duty well and faithfully (which is expected), or ingratiating yourself (which is a mistake). It means gearing your job to his for greater efficiency—he benefits as much as you do.

Here are seven rules, based on what executives have told students of management methods.

1. *Respect his authority.* Don't challenge his right to tell you what to do or to pass judgment on what you have done. That is his job. Argue as much as you like before a decision is reached, but not afterwards. Remember, he deals with a bigger picture than you do.

2. *Find out how he likes to be approached.* Some like you to drop in casually at any time, others want you to phone or submit things in writing. Know what he wants to be

consulted on and what he wants you to do on your own. Watch your timing: see your boss when he is most likely to be relaxed and receptive.

3. *Allow for the fact that he's only human.* He makes mistakes, too. He has pet likes and dislikes, vanities, blind spots, as we all have.

4. *Be business-like.* Let him set the tone of formality or informality. Don't let fear, nervousness or hero worship colour your relationship. Except in emergencies, do not take personal problems to him.

5. *Keep him informed.* Many men would put this at the top of the list. To make plans and decisions, an executive needs full, accurate, prompt information. See that he gets it.

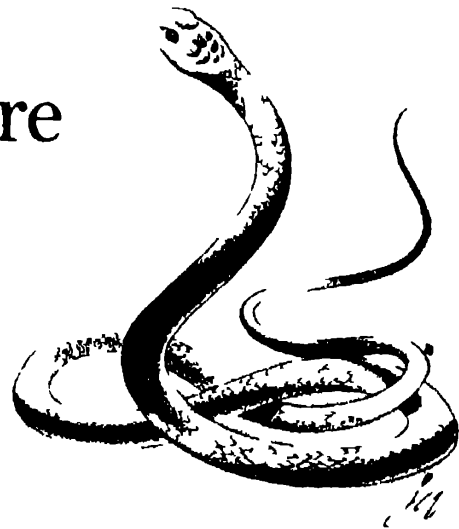
Pick the right moment to give him bad news, but don't withhold it or try to sneak it past him. And, of course, it is also a good idea to make sure that he hears the good news.

6. *Don't concentrate too heavily on pleasing him.* You may find yourself pleasing him at the expense of your colleagues. It is necessary to get along with other people, too.

7. *Do your job well.* Basically, of course, this is the best way to please your boss. As you succeed, so he succeeds. Your ability to help him to do his job better can lead to bigger things, so that some day other people may be worrying about how to handle you.

What Snakes Are Really Like

By Alan Devoe



OUR FELLOW CREATURES on this abounding earth include about 2,500 species of snake. To understand a snake's life is to encounter some of the most amazing adaptations and specialized gifts in the world of nature.

A snake never closes its eyes, it has no eyelids. A snake can engulf prey far bigger than its mouth, giant snakes such as Asia's pythons are capable of swallowing a deer. Some poisonous snakes, like the African mamba, are so deadly that men have died from a bite in less than one minute. Some harmless snakes have such odd endowments as a stomach that can digest bones and a yellow eye-lens that gives sharpened vision by filtering out ultra violet rays.

It is hardly surprising that creatures so curious and startling should be the subject of more myths and misunderstanding than any other.

The most curious and least understood creatures with which we share the adventure of life

It is not true that snakes are slimy, their skins are dry and exceptionally clean. No snake has a poisonous sting in its tail. No snake rolls like a hoop or hypnotizes birds. Snakes' flicking, "wicked-looking" tongues are harmless. Killing a snake will not bring its mate seeking vengeance. It is not true that a mortally injured snake retains life until sunset. Nine tenths of all species are harmless. Few are aggressive towards man. They don't suck milk from cows. And they are not charmed by snake-charmers' music though they appear to react to the traditional pipe, in fact, snakes are deaf.

The real facts about snakes are more remarkable than any fables.

Everything about a snake is designed round the key fact that it has no arms or legs. Yet it is not a primitive or simple being like a worm (to which it is unrelated) but a highly developed, complex one. It breathes by a lung. It has a three-chambered heart. Its internal processes involve an intricate physiology of liver, gall bladder, kidneys. And it has to catch prey, defeat or evade enemies, reproduce its race while confined inside its own elongated skin like a man strait-jacketed and hobbled. To meet this unique problem, nature has given it specialized equipment and peculiar skills.

A snake lives in a world of silence. Since it has no ears, it "listens" with its sensitive underside for ground vibrations. The eyes can focus in delicate adjustment to near distances, like a precisely calibrated microscope. A night-foraging snake has eyes like a cat's, with vertical pupils.

A snake's tongue is both an exquisitely sensitive "hand" — used for delicately touching and feeling every strange object it encounters — and a means to super-smelling. The fine forked tips pick up microscopic particles from the air, earth, water. Drawing in the tongue, the snake inserts the forked tips into two tiny pits in the roof of its mouth. Lined with keen sensory cells, these pits give the snake the precise scent and feel of its immediate environment.

From nose-tip to tail-tip the

snake's body is covered with convex, overlapping scales, affording a tough covering so continuous that a portion of it, which is transparent, covers even the snake's eyes. The backbone is engineered for tremendous suppleness. Its vertebrae are articulated by perfect ball-and-socket joints. To each vertebra is attached a pair of ribs. (Some snakes have more than 300 pairs.) There is no breastbone. Instead, each rib is joined by a cartilage and a set of powerful muscles to one of the scales on the snake's underside. This is the secret of its gliding ability.

In the glide a snake angles its ribs forward, hooks the ground with the attached scales on its underside, then gives a backward rib-push. The smooth flowing glide of a snake is a beautifully synchronized many-footed walking.

For faster speed, snakes supplement this action by undulating laterally in a wriggle that takes advantage of every projection in the terrain. Where purchase is poor, a snake may thrust its head forward, hold it firmly to the ground, then pull up the rest of its body.

A snake becomes sexually mature usually in its second or third year. Only a few naturalists have been privileged to see the ritual of courtship. Among American water and garter snakes, the male fondles his chosen female by rubbing his chin gently upwards along her back, in a series of gliding caresses. American blacksnakes and other racers

engage in a courtship dance. Weaving,^o bobbing, rearing with heads almost touching and then whirling in a new arabesque of challenge and response, the two courting snakes are whipped into a flashing crescendo of excitement.

About three quarters of all snakes hatch from eggs; a minority are born alive from their mothers' bodies, sometimes in immense broods.

A snake's egg is not brittle, like a bird's egg, but slightly malleable. An extraordinary fact is that it increases in size after being laid. It may grow as much as one third before hatching. Some eggs hatch within four days, others take as long as 90. In temperate climates most snakes lay their eggs in early summer and the babies hatch in August or September. Research has recently disclosed that a mother snake may lay fertile eggs even though she has not mated for several years.

The baby snake gets out of its egg by means of a temporary egg tooth, as a chick does. From the moment of hatching it is ready to cope with its world. Among poisonous species a newly-hatched baby is already venomous and knows instinctively how to use its equipment. A rattle-snake two minutes old can coil and strike expertly.

During its first year a snake more than doubles its length, and may treble it during the second year. Then the rate of growth slows, but it never entirely stops as long as the snake lives.

INDIA has more than 350 different *species* of snake, and although most of these are harmless, it is estimated that over 25,000 people die each year as the result of snake bites. The commonest poisonous varieties are the Cobra, the Krait, Russell's Viper and the Saw-scaled Viper.

Snake poison is used in the preparation of an antivenene supplied to hospitals all over India by the Government sponsored Haffkin Institute in Bombay. This remedy is used against all forms of bite. The Institute maintains its own snake farm, the only large-scale one in India, and also exports poison to other parts of the world for research and therapeutic purposes. The latter include the treatment of hæmophilia (failure of the blood to coagulate after injury, sometimes with fatal consequences) and epilepsy, and the relief of pain in diseases such as cancer.

The life span of a snake may be long. A water moccasin has lived to be 20, a boa constrictor 23. Even a little American garter snake, contented in captivity, has reached 11.

Since a snake grows steadily, it is obliged to change its tight and hampering skin, which does *not* grow, at an average interval of six weeks (except during hibernation in northern climates). New skin forms under the old. As the old skin begins to loosen and slacken, the snake rubs its head against a twig or rough-edged stone until a hole is worn through the skin. It works its head free. Then, contracting its muscles rhythmically, pushing, pulling,

thrusting against the ground, the snake slips the old skin off backwards, inside out like a peeled glove, emerging gleaming in fresh colour and agile again in a suit that fits.

Because the snake may be able to catch prey only at undependable intervals, nature has insured that it can swallow a bulk that will keep it going through a fast of more than a year. A snake has six rows of teeth: two in its lower jaw, two above, two more in the roof of its mouth; they grow in a continual succession of replacements. Needle-sharp, the teeth all curve inward, making it almost impossible for a seized small animal to pull away.

All the movable bones of the snake's head are loosely articulated. The bones of its lower jaw can be separated from the upper. Each side of the jaw can be worked independently, the two halves being connected only by elastic ligament. As a result, a snake can perform eating feats that seem mechanically impossible. Some snakes can engulf large birds' eggs without breaking them.

In the venomous species, one or two pairs of teeth are lengthened into fangs, grooved or hollow, and connected with sacs of poison in the snake's checks. At the moment of biting, the snake gives a powerful squeeze to these sacs and squirts a jet of venom into the victim. The co-ordinated speed of a poisonous snake's lunging strike, bite, poison

injection and return to normal stance is one of the most startling feats of agility in nature. The whole operation may be completed in less than half a second.

Venom helps in the capture of food, making it possible for our limbless, handless hunter quickly to paralyze small creatures which might otherwise get away. A venomous snake employs its poison against big animals or human beings only rarely, and in self-defence. The rattlesnake basking on a sunny rock ledge, the copperhead stretched at ease on the chequered forest path, want nothing so much as to be left alone.

Scientists give these simple rules for those bitten by poisonous snakes:

Keep calm. Don't run. Don't drink spirits. Snake poison spreads relatively slowly, but panic, excitement or alcohol will accelerate its action.

Most snake bites occur on the legs or hands. Apply a tourniquet above the bite, but not too tightly. (You should be able to insert a finger under it.) Loosen it for a few seconds every ten minutes.

With a knife or razor—sterilized with a match flame if nothing else is available—make a cross-cut (X) a quarter of an inch deep over each fang mark. Squeeze the wound to encourage bleeding and get out as much venom as you can.

Get to a doctor as promptly as you can *without rushing*.

The Power That Is Billy Graham's

It is available to all of us

By Stanley High

 ONE DAY last spring, when for more than a month crowds had been packing Glasgow's largest auditorium to hear Billy Graham in his All-Scotland Crusade, a newspaper reporter asked the young American evangelist: "How do you account for your success?"

"The only explanation I know," said Billy Graham, "is God."

"But why," asked the reporter, "did God choose you?"

"When I get to Heaven," said Billy Graham, "that's the first question I am going to ask Him."

"The only power Billy Graham has more of," says a prominent Scottish minister, "is the power of God. Nothing less could turn the vast, often ugly halls where he preaches into sanctuaries, or make his unlikely texts come so alive, or give his

ineloquent preaching such force and meaning for so many people."

Above the platform for every Billy Graham Crusade there is always the same inscription: "Jesus says: 'I am the Way, the Truth and the Life.'"

Every service opens with the same hymn: "To God Be the Glory, Great Things He Hath Done."

Every Billy Graham sermon begins with a prayer: "May the people see only Christ tonight and not the speaker."

Every sermon has essentially the same message: "Many of you here tonight are like a plane which has lost contact with the airport. You are circling round and round in the fear, insecurity and loneliness of your lives. You can make contact with God through Jesus Christ. For your fear, the Bible says: 'Perfect

love casteth out fear.' For your insecurity: 'He that overcometh shall inherit all things.' For your loneliness: 'Lo, I am with you always.' "

Billy Graham always "preaches for a verdict," always ends with: "You can go out from here tonight with such peace and happiness and assurance as you have never known."

After the first meeting in Glasgow he wrote to his wife: "Then came the moment of decision. There was a great hush. Would they come? Would they respond? At first not a person moved. My heart began to sink a little. Then it came to me that millions of people were praying and that God was going to answer their prayers. Great faith came surging back into my heart and I knew they would come even before I saw the first one move

"I bowed my head and prayed. When I glanced up people were streaming from everywhere. On the platform I saw some of the ministers weeping. It had been a long time since Scotland had seen a sight like that: 14,500 under one roof and people coming down every aisle to give their lives to Christ. I went back to the Inquiry Room and spoke to them. They were so eager, so quiet and so hungry."

An editor of one of Scotland's big newspapers said to me: "I'm a bit of a sceptic myself. But if I ever saw the light of God it was in the eyes of those people."

And an English newspaper columnist wrote: "This is the ultimate spiritual energy that has always changed the world."

The authority with which Billy Graham preaches is rooted in his deepest belief, and it grows from profound personal experiences.

He was 17 when conversion "happened" to him. An old-style hell-and-damnation evangelist, Mordecai Ham, had opened a three months' assault on sin in Billy's home town of Charlotte, North Carolina. There was nothing notably sinful about Billy. He was the well-thought-of, non-smoking, non-drinking, church-going son of devout parents, a high-school baseball and basketball star, popular with the girls. He had no very definite idea what he wanted to do with himself unless, as he sometimes hoped, he could get into first-class professional baseball.

At his parents' urging he went one evening to this revival, and the evangelist's first words were: "There's a great sinner in this place tonight." Billy at once concluded: "My mother must have told him I was coming."

A few nights later, he climbed down out of the choir—where he had gone in the hope of escaping the evangelist by sitting behind him—and with his chum, Grady Wilson, now his associate evangelist, made his way to the altar. "Right there, on my knees, I made my decision for Christ. The next day, everything—even the flowers and the leaves

on the trees—looked different. I was finding out for the first time the sweetness and joy of God, of being truly born again."

Early in his ministry he did a lot of preaching but, he says, "there was little power in it. Then one day I fell on my knees and said, 'O God, I have to get out of the ministry unless I can find a message with power.' As I prayed I accepted the Bible, by faith, as God's word. From that moment my ministry has been different."

His oft-repeated phrase is "The Bible says." While preaching he carries an open Bible to and fro across the platform, gestures with it held aloft in his hands. In his personal life the Bible is an unfailing restorative, inspiration and guide. He has memorized great portions of it. He seldom spends less than an hour each day reading it. There are frequent entries in his diary like this one written in a hotel: "Had a wonderful time in the Bible this afternoon. Sometimes when I am reading it I have to stop. I become so full that I can take no more."

Driving with me one day in Florida, he took out his pocket Testament: "It's a strange thing about this Book. There are many things in it I don't understand. But one thing I know. What it contains has a mysterious power to change men's lives and keep them changed. Inside these covers, on these printed pages, are the answers to all man's deepest needs. That's why I am able to

say, 'This is the Word of God.'"

With more publicity at 37 than most politicians get in a lifetime, and more attention than most Hollywood stars, Billy Graham's greatest temptation, he says, is pride. For this his antidote is from Paul's first letter to the Corinthians:

"And I, brethren, when I came to you, came not with excellency of speech or of wisdom, declaring unto you the testimony of God. For I determined not to know any thing among you, save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified."

Last winter, when the U.S. Freedom Foundation gave Billy Graham a special award, he said: "I accept this award only temporarily. Some day I shall hand it to the One who is responsible for all our activities: the Lord Jesus Christ."

To him Christ is "as real as any living person." In his diary and letters he writes of Him naturally and intimately, as one might write of a close friend, confidant and trusted companion. "If," he says, "there were no historical record of Jesus's life and ministry, He would still be real to me because I know Him by personal and daily experience. That is why, when I preach, I never try to defend Him or argue about Him. I declare Him. I say: 'Seek Him, try Him.' That is the sure way to prove that He lives and does what He promises."

To Billy Graham, the power of God in his Crusades is a result of the power of prayer by which they

are supported. More than 500 prayer groups in Scotland and another 500 in England and Wales, were meeting regularly weeks before the opening of the Crusade in Glasgow. Reports were received of scores of other prayer groups, recruited by church papers and through Billy Graham's radio broadcasts, in the Christian churches of Korea, Africa and India—and indeed throughout the British Commonwealth and Empire. There were tens of thousands of regularly praying people in the United States.

"Learn the secret of prayer," Graham tells every convert. "Christ's prayer life was one of the most amazing features of His earthly ministry. If the Son of God could not live without constant fellowship with God, you certainly cannot do so." Billy Graham practises that "constant fellowship," as his diary and letters reveal:

"Received a long letter from J-- B— this morning. It was so thought-provoking that I fell on my knees immediately in prayer." Before last winter's overflow meeting at New York's Madison Square Garden: "I spent almost the entire afternoon in prayer." After the meeting: "We immediately boarded the train for Washington. The first thing I did was to thank God for the victories of the evening."

In a letter to his wife after a meeting with several members of his team on the eve of the Glasgow Crusade: "We had dinner in my room and then we started to pray. As we

were praying it seemed that we could hear the rushing of the wind. I have had but one or two spiritual experiences like it. It was so wonderful, so thrilling, so sacred that I cannot even tell about it. It was almost like a Pentecostal experience."

After listening one morning while Billy Graham effortlessly turned a visit to a prominent American newspaper publisher into a discussion of personal religion, I asked how he explained the ease with which he uses almost every occasion as an opportunity to "bear witness" for Christ.

"If I had known President Eisenhower intimately and for a long time," he said, "it would be the most natural thing in the world to talk about him. Well, I know Jesus Christ. To me, above all earthly rulers He is King of Kings and Lord of Lords. I can't help talking about Him.

"Moreover, I have a duty to talk about Him. They tell me that when the American embassy in Moscow was near Red Square, the rulers of Red Russia, looking out from the Kremlin, could see the U.S. flag flying from the embassy flagstaff every day. But suppose the American ambassador had said: 'I don't wear my patriotism on my sleeve; it might offend the Russians'—and had taken down the flag. Don't you think such an ambassador would have betrayed his trust?

"The Apostle Paul said. 'Now, then, we are ambassadors for Christ.' "

Today's most nearly universal ill, Billy Graham says, is a spiritual hunger that reaches across the barriers of geography, language, social and economic position.

Perhaps the most dramatic meeting of the All-Scotland Crusade was in a Glasgow church where Billy Graham spoke to 1,000 ministers. His message was: "Be sure you have a Gospel to preach; preach it with authority. Either Jesus Christ is *the* answer or He is *no* answer. There is no record of His saying, 'I think so,' 'perhaps' or 'maybe.' The Bible says, 'He taught them as one having authority.' To Satan, tempting Him, He said, 'It is written.' For our confused, fearful generation, He says: 'I am the Way, walk ye in it.' "

Then to this same gathering of ministers Billy Graham made this appeal: "Some ministers have said to me, 'Billy, I've never really known Christ.' Others, 'My heart has grown cold.' Others, 'I have so many doubts that my preaching has no authority.'

"I am going to do something I have never done before. I am going to ask you to bow your heads, to forget you are ministers, to remember only that you are sinners in need of God's saving and empowering grace. The seat where you are can be your altar. Will you pray with me: "Lord, here am I. I want new power for my life, new power for the Church, a new day for the people of Scotland.' "

They all prayed. Then, as one of

them began to sing, a thousand voices joined in "The Lord's My Shepherd," perhaps the best-loved psalm of the Scottish Church.

The minister-correspondent for a church paper wrote: "Nothing, so far as our Scottish churches are concerned, can ever be the same again."

I once heard a reporter ask Billy Graham: "Why did you become an evangelist?"

"Let me ask you a question," he replied. "Suppose I should discover a chemical which would make any person radiant and happy, give meaning to his life here and assure him of immortal life hereafter. Then suppose I should decide to keep that secret to myself. You'd say, wouldn't you: 'Billy, you're a criminal.'

"If I didn't know that faith in Christ is vital, transforming, that it gives direction to life and makes life worth living, I'd go back to my little North Carolina farm and spend the rest of my days tilling the soil. But I have seen too many lives untangled and rehabilitated, too many homes reconstructed, too many people find peace and joy through simple, humble confession and faith in Christ ever to doubt that He is the answer.

"I am an evangelist for the same reason that the Apostle Paul was: 'Woe is unto me, if I preach not the Gospel.'

"No one ever called me a great preacher. There are thousands of better ones. If God should take His hands off my life my lips would turn to clay."

Towards More Picturesque Speech

Deft definitions Fox—a wolf who sends flowers (Quill by Jacob Braud)
Maternity dress space suit (Lewis Sullivan)
Sporing—sheet music (Merv Dorsey)

Apt descriptions It was quieter than a turkey farm on Boxing Day (Noel Monks)
An orchestra whimpering to begin (Herbert Harris)
A dinner as uninspired as the meal a wife prepares for herself when her husband's away (Eleanor Clarke)
A tartless man—he invariably says what everyone else is thinking (Peter Green)
Dawn slipped into the barracks—preceded by the sergeant (Victor Blume)

Sign language In a barber's shop near the United Nations
BARDER Wanted—Must Be Able to Discuss International Situation Intelligently (Robert Sylvester)
In a psychiatrist's office
Five couches—no waiting (David Green)

Incidental intelligence This is the season when men get their winter clothes out of moth balls and women get theirs out of department stores
(*Changing Times The Kiplinger Magazine*)

History records only one indispensable man Adam (Bruce Fatterson)
Money not only talks in most families it keeps up a running conversation (*Clankin' It The Kiplinger Magazine*)
The trouble with burning the candle at both ends is that you always get caught in the middle (A. M. S. L. R.)
There is nothing that ruins a man's memory for faces like a plunging neckline (Sally Ruggan)

Advertisements A San Francisco massage parlour advertises 'The Paws That Refresh' (David Hulburt)
For frozen foods
Best Meals You Ever Thaw

Parents' Corner One of the mysteries of life is how the boy who wasn't good enough to marry the daughter can be the father of the brightest grandchild in the world

To the first contributor of each item used in this feature a payment of three guineas will be made upon publication.
Contributions should be dated and the source must be given. Address Pictureque Speech Editor, The Reader's Digest, 25 Berkeley Square, London W1

Self Epitaph

A L. MENCKEN If, after I depart this vale, you ever remember me and have thought to please my ghost, forgive some sinner and wink your eye at some homely girl

—*The Vintage Mencken* edited by Alistair Cooke (Knapf)

*A Reader's Digest "First Person" Award
(See note on page 62)*

THE NIGHT I MET EINSTEIN

By Jerome Weidman

*Author of "Can Get It for You Wholesale,"
"Your Daughter Isn't," etc*



WHEN I WAS a very young man, just beginning to make my way, I was invited to dine at the home of a distinguished philanthropist. After dinner our hostess led us to an enormous drawing room. Other guests were pouring in, and my eyes beheld two unnerving sights: servants were arranging small gilt chairs in long, neat rows; and up in front, leaning against the wall, were musical instruments whose shape and number told me what I was in for: an evening of chamber music.

I use the phrase "in for" because music meant nothing to me. I am almost tone deaf. Only with great effort can I follow the simplest tune, and serious music was to me no more than an arrangement of noises. So I did what I always did when trapped: I sat down and when the music started I fixed my face in what I hoped was an expression of intelligent appreciation, closed my ears from the inside and submerged myself in my own completely irrelevant thoughts.

After a while, becoming aware that the people around me were applauding, I concluded it was safe to unplug my ears. At once I heard a gentle but surprisingly penetrating voice on my right.

"You are fond of Bach?" the voice said.

I knew as much about Bach as I know about nuclear fission. But I did know one of the most famous faces in the world, with the renowned shock of untidy white hair and the ever-present pipe between the teeth. I was sitting next to Albert Einstein.

"Well," I said uncomfortably, and hesitated. I had been asked a casual question. All I had to do was be equally casual in my reply. But I could see from the look in my neighbour's extraordinary eyes that their owner was not merely going through the perfunctory duties of elementary politeness. Regardless of what value I placed on my part in the verbal exchange, to this man his part in it mattered very much. Above all, I could feel that this was a man to whom you did not tell a lie, however small.

"I don't know anything about Bach," I said awkwardly. "I've never heard any of his music."

A look of perplexed astonishment washed across Einstein's mobile face.

"You have never heard Bach?"

He made it sound as though I had said I'd never taken a bath.

"It isn't that I don't want to like

Bach," I replied hastily. "It's just that I'm tone deaf, or almost tone deaf, and I've never really heard *anybody's* music."

A look of concern came into the old man's face. "Please," he said abruptly. "You will come with me?"

He stood up and took my arm. I stood up. As he led me across that crowded room I kept my embarrassed glance fixed on the carpet. A rising murmur of puzzled speculation followed us out into the hall. Einstein paid no attention to it.

Resolutely he led me upstairs. He obviously knew the house well. On the floor above he opened the door into a book-lined study, drew me in and shut the door.

"Now," he said with a small, troubled smile. "You will tell me, please, how long you have felt this way about music?"

"All my life," I said, feeling awful. "I wish you would go back downstairs and listen, Doctor Einstein. The fact that I don't enjoy it doesn't matter."

He shook his head and scowled, as though I had introduced an irrelevance.

"Tell me, please," he said. "Is there any kind of music that you *do* like?"

"Well," I answered, "I like songs that have words, and the kind of music where I can follow the tune."

He smiled and nodded, obviously pleased. "You can give me an example, perhaps?"

"Well," I ventured, "almost anything by Bing Crosby."

He nodded once more, briskly. "Good!"

He went to a corner of the room, opened a gramophone and started pulling out records. I watched him uneasily. At last he beamed. "Ah!" he said.

He put the record on and in a moment the study was filled with the relaxed, lilting strains of Bing Crosby's "Where the Blue of the Night Meets the Gold of the Day." Einstein beamed at me and kept time with the stem of his pipe. After three or four phrases he stopped the gramophone.

"Now," he said. "Will you tell me, please, what you have just heard?"

The simplest answer seemed to be to sing the lines. I did just that, trying desperately to keep in tune and prevent my voice from cracking. The expression on Einstein's face was like the sunrise.

"You see!" he cried with delight when I finished. "You *do* have an ear!"

I mumbled something about this being one of my favourite songs, something I had heard hundreds of times, so that it didn't really prove anything.

"Nonsense!" said Einstein. "It proves everything! Do you remember your first arithmetic lesson in school? Suppose at your very first contact with numbers, your teacher had ordered you to work out a

problem in long division or fractions. Could you have done so?"

"No, of course not."

"Precisely!" Einstein made a triumphant wave with his pipe stem. "It would have been impossible and you would have reacted in panic. You would have closed your mind to long division and fractions. As a result, because of that one small mistake by your teacher, it is possible that your whole life you would be denied the beauty of long division and fractions."

The pipe stem went up and out in another wave.

"But on your first day no teacher would be so foolish. He would start you with elementary things then, when you had acquired skill with the simplest problems, he would lead you up to long division and to fractions."

"So it is with music." Einstein picked up the Bing Crosby record. "This simple, charming little song is like simple addition or subtraction. You have mastered it. Now we go on to something more complicated."

He found another record and set it going. The golden voice of John McCormack singing "The Trumpeter" filled the room. After a few lines Einstein stopped the record.

"So!" he said. "You will sing that back to me, please?"

I did—with a good deal of self-consciousness but with, for me, a surprising degree of accuracy. Einstein stared at me with a look on

his face that I had seen only once before in my life: on the face of my father as he listened to me deliver the valedictory address at the end of my last term at school.

"Excellent!" Einstein remarked when I had finished. "Wonderful! Now this!"

"This" proved to be Caruso in what was to me a completely unrecognizable fragment from *Cavalleria Rusticana*. Nevertheless, I reproduced an approximation of the sounds the famous tenor had made. Einstein beamed his approval.

Caruso was followed by at least a dozen others. I could not shake off my feeling of awe over the way this great man, into whose company I had been thrown by chance, was completely preoccupied by what we were doing, as though I were his sole concern.

We came at last to recordings of music without words, which I was instructed to reproduce by humming. When I reached for a high note, Einstein's mouth opened and his head went back as if to help me attain what seemed unattainable. Evidently I came close enough, for he suddenly turned off the gramophone.

"Now, young man," he said, putting his arm through mine. "We are ready for Bach!"

As we returned to our seats in the drawing room, the players were tuning up for a new selection.

"Just allow yourself to listen," Einstein whispered. "That is all."

It wasn't really all, of course. Without the effort he had just poured out for a total stranger I would never have heard, as I did that night for the first time in my life, Bach's "Sheep May Safely Graze." I have heard it many times since. I don't think I shall ever tire of it. Because I never listen to it alone. I am sitting beside a small, round man with a shock of untidy white hair, a dead pipe jammed between his teeth, and eyes that contain in their extraordinary warmth all the wonder of the world.

When the concert was finished I added my genuine applause to that of the others.

Suddenly our hostess confronted us. "I'm sorry, Dr. Einstein," she said with an icy glare at me, "that you missed such a lot of the performance."

Einstein and I came hastily to our feet. "I am sorry, too," he said. "My young friend here and I, however, were engaged in the greatest activity of which man is capable."

She looked puzzled. "Really?" she said. "And what is that?"

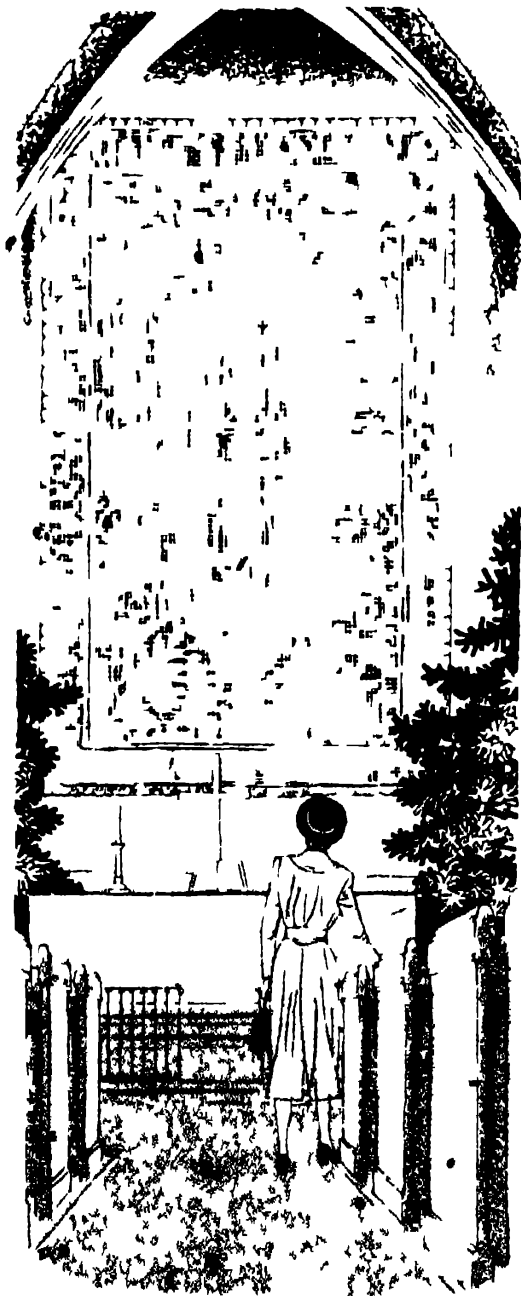
Einstein smiled and put his arm across my shoulders. And he uttered ten words that—for at least one person who is in his endless debt—are his epitaph:

"Opening up yet another fragment of the frontier of beauty."



THE GOLD-AND-IVORY TABLECLOTH

By
The Rev. Howard Schade



AT CHRISTMAS TIME men and women everywhere gather in their churches to wonder anew at the greatest miracle the world has ever known. But the story I like best to recall was not a miracle—not exactly.

It happened to a pastor who was very young. His church was very old. Once long ago it had flourished. Famous men had preached from its pulpit, prayed before its altar. Rich and poor alike had worshipped there and had beautified it. Now the good days had passed from the district of the town where it stood. But the pastor and his young wife believed in their run down church. They felt that with paint, hammer and faith they could get it into shape. Together they went to work.

But in December a severe storm whipped through the river valley, and the worst blow fell on the little church—a huge chunk of rain-soaked plaster fell out of the inside wall just behind the altar. Sorrowfully the pastor and his wife swept away the mess, but they couldn't hide the ragged hole.

The Pastor looked at it and had to remind himself quickly, "Thy will be done!" But his wife wept, "Christmas is only two days away!"

That afternoon the dispirited couple attended an auction held for the benefit of a

youth group. The auctioneer opened a box and shook out of its folds a handsome gold - and - ivory lace tablecloth. It was a magnificent item, nearly 15 feet long. But it, too, dated from a long-vanished era. Who, today, had any use for such a thing? There were a few half-hearted bids. Then the pastor was seized with what he thought was a great idea. He bid for it and got it.

He carried the cloth back to the church and tacked it up on the wall behind the altar. It completely hid the hole! And the extraordinary beauty of its shimmering handwork cast a fine, holiday glow over the chancel. It was a great triumph. Happily he went back to preparing his Christmas sermon.

Just before noon on the day of Christmas Eve, as the pastor was opening the church, he noticed a woman standing in the cold at the bus stop.

"The bus won't be here for 40 minutes!" he called, and invited her into the church to get warm.

She told him that she had come from the city that morning to be interviewed for a job as governess to the children of one of the wealthy families in the town but she had been turned down. A war refugee, her English was imperfect.

The woman sat down in a pew and chafed her hands and rested. After a while she dropped her head and prayed. She looked up as the pastor began to adjust the great gold-and-ivory lace cloth across the

hole. She rose suddenly and walked up the steps of the chancel. She looked at the tablecloth. The pastor smiled and started to tell her about the storm damage, but she didn't seem to listen. She took up a fold of the cloth and smoothed it between her fingers.

"It is mine!" she said. "It is my banquet cloth!" She lifted a corner and showed the surprised pastor that there was a monogram on it. "My husband had the cloth made especially for me in Brussels! There could not be another like it!"

For the next few minutes the woman and the pastor talked excitedly together. She explained that she was Viennese; that she and her husband had opposed the Nazis and decided to leave Austria. They were advised to go separately. Her husband put her on a train for Switzerland. They planned that he would join her as soon as he could arrange to send their household goods across the border.

She never saw him again. Later she heard that he had died in a concentration camp.

"I have always felt that it was my fault—to leave without him," she said. "Perhaps these years of wandering have been my punishment!"

The pastor tried to comfort her, urged her to take the cloth with her. She refused. Then she went away.

As the church began to fill on Christmas Eve, it was clear that the cloth was going to be a great success. It had been skilfully designed to

look its best by candlelight.

After the service, the pastor stood at the doorway; many people told him that the church looked beautiful. One gentle-faced, middle-aged man—he was the local clock and watch repairer—looked puzzled.

“It is strange,” he said in his soft accent. “Many years ago my wife—God rest her—and I owned such a cloth. In our home in Vienna, my wife put it on the table”—and here he smiled—“only when the bishop came to dinner!”

The pastor suddenly became very excited. He told the watchmaker about the woman who had been in church earlier in the day.

The startled man clutched the pastor's arm. “Can it be? Does she live?”

Together the two got in touch with the family who had interviewed her. Then, in the pastor's car, they started for the city. And as Christmas Day was born this man and his wife—who had been separated through so many saddened Yuletides—were reunited.

To all who heard this story, the joyful purpose of the storm that had knocked a hole in the wall of the church was now quite clear. Of course people said it was a miracle, but I think you will agree it was the season for it!



Excerpts from the Miscellany Department in Time

Sound Barrier. In Chicago, two burglars who broke into an electronics firm were startled when a booming voice said, “Good evening, gentlemen. We remind you that this place is electronically guarded. We suggest that you turn round and disappear.” They fled empty-handed when loudspeakers all over the building next began shouting, “Burglars! Burglars! Call the police!”

Introspection. In Springfield, Illinois, the state senate decided for “reasons of efficiency and economy” to eliminate the Committee on Efficiency and Economy.

The Critical Faculty. In East Hartford, Connecticut, after Mrs. Howard Manley had her husband arrested for cutting the flex of their TV set during a quarrel over what programmes to watch, Judge Alvin Leone sampled some of the shows Mrs. Manley preferred, and promptly freed critic Manley.

Place aux Dames. In Indianapolis, announcing a beauty contest to choose an Indiana “Air Princess,” the U.S. Air Force informed candidates that “All entries become the property of the judges.”

A SICK MIND FINDS ITSELF

By Leonard Wallace Robinson

This is a true story of one man's experience in combating mental illness with the new drug, reserpine. Used by many psychiatrists, reserpine, and a similar synthetic drug, chlorpromazine, are proving miraculously helpful in certain cases of mental illness. The drugs, however, are still largely in the experimental stage.

"It will be another four or five years before we can write anything like a definite story of reserpine medication," says Dr. Nathan Kline, of New York, a pioneer in the use of the drug in psychiatric practice. "But to see patients who were formerly untreatable become sane, rational human beings within a matter of weeks or months means that the wall has been breached."

SOME Dr. H, a prominent psychiatrist, at the hospital. Together we walked down the long corridor towards the disturbed ward.

I had come to witness the first step in a miracle. For today Dr. H was to begin the cure of a "hopeless" case. He would start a series of injections with the new drug, reserpine.

As we walked towards the ward the doctor told me a little about the patient (I shall call him John). Electroshock treatments had failed, as had all other therapy. He still heard

imaginary voices, had hallucinations and retained an unshakable belief that he was being poisoned by secret enemies. "He hasn't improved an iota since the day he was first admitted three years ago," Dr. H said.

At the end of the corridor the doctor took two large skeleton keys from his pocket, opened two heavy wooden doors in succession and locked them again behind us. Standing inside the ward, he pointed out John's pathetic figure.

He looked like a death's head as he sat on the edge of his iron bed, a

tall man, gaunt-faced, his eyes sunk deep in their sockets. He glanced up and, seeing us in the doorway, put his hands out in front of him and started to move them slowly backwards and forwards describing figure eights--a weird gesture, as if he were exorcising devils.

John was 38 years old, Dr. H. said. At the time of his breakdown he had been married ten years and had a young son. He had been successful in managing the contracting firm he had inherited, with a partner, after his father's death.

The onset of his symptoms had been sudden. John's partner, whom Dr. H. described as a kindly older man, wished to retire and suggested that John buy him out, at a very reasonable price. At first John agreed, but in a few days he became obsessed with the idea that his partner was trying to ruin him.

"Of course there was no basis for this," Dr. H. said. "In these cases there rarely is." Yet John's suspicion turned to conviction, and he began to complain that the partner was tapping his phone, opening his letters and following him in the street.

One morning, after a sleepless night, John accused his wife and seven-year-old son of being in the conspiracy against him. He shouted at them, claiming that they were influencing him by means of a telepathic-ray machine given to them by his partner.

After an hour of senseless tirade

he stormed out of the house and went to his office. Seeing his secretary putting on her lipstick before the window, he knocked her down, probably under the delusion that she was sending signals to the partner. John then locked himself in his office and would not come out. At length the police broke in. He was quickly committed to the mental hospital, where he had remained ever since.

At this point Dr. H. walked towards the patient, beckoning for me to follow. John had not taken his eyes off us since he had first spotted us. He stood up, terribly agitated, his eyes blazing. The weaving of his hands increased in speed. "I know who you are," he screamed. "I know what you want to do! Crooks! Robbers! Devils!"

The ward nurse approached with a syringe, but John had now become so wild that it was necessary to restrain him. Dr. H. beckoned to two attendants. They held him, and while I watched, the first dose of reserpine was injected forcibly.

As I left the ward I could hear John yelling, "I'm on to you! Criminals! Killers!"

I RECALLED those wild words when I returned to see this patient two months later.

This time Dr. H. did not take me to the disturbed ward, but to the privileged ward where patients live just before they are to be discharged. When he pointed out a calm, good-

looking man, puffing at a pipe and chatting amiably with another man, I was dumbfounded. Gone were the hollow cheeks, the sunken eyes, the wild look and all the other hallmarks of John's illness. Seeing us, he made a gesture of welcome and called out, "Hullo, doctor." When Dr. H. introduced us, John said to me with an abashed smile, "Oh, I remember you."

One of the characteristics of reserpine is that, unlike the shock therapies, it leaves the patient's memory intact. So, as I talked to John during the next few hours, he

RESERPINE is derived from the root of *rauwolfia*, crude extracts of which have been used for centuries by Indian *vaidyas*. The effect in most cases is gradually to calm the patient, reduce his anxiety and make him more amenable to further medical or psychiatric treatment.

Among many such instances is that of an 18-year-old Indian student whose mind was disturbed by failure to pass an examination. Restless and excited, he talked continuously but without sense. He became resentful, even violent, refusing food and resisting all efforts of his parents and friends to calm him. He was given a *rauwolfia* drug, which had to be administered by force. Within a few days he was quieter, eating again and sleeping. Fifteen days after the first dose he was completely normal.

A modern drug containing *rauwolfia* was developed in tablet form by an Indian firm more than 20 years ago. It is used extensively in psychiatry today.

was able to tell me much about his reactions. We strolled about the grounds as we talked, and later we had lunch together in the hospital's cafeteria.

It relieved him to talk, John said. "The more I can describe what was going on in my mind the farther off it seems. I felt as if a cloud kept me from seeing the real world. Now the cloud has practically disappeared.

"You recall how I screamed and yelled at you, and called you criminals?" he said. "I absolutely believed that you were. There was no real world for me—only an underworld. There was a master criminal at the top and everybody obeyed his orders. This hospital was only a blind; it was really their stronghold. Dr. H. was part of the conspiracy and in my interviews with him I was secretive and wouldn't talk.

"I believed the master criminal had perfected some sort of telepathic device and was trying to break me down with it and get me to commit some horrible crime. But you noticed those figure eights I kept making with my hands? Well, I believed that if I kept making those figure eights they could counteract the evil influence of the underworld characters. And that wasn't my only weapon. I had words which I kept saying over and over. They were magic too and would help to keep off the evil influences."

I asked him when the reserpine had taken hold.

"I think there were three different periods in the treatment," he said. "About two days after that first injection I seemed to feel calmer. I thought it was because my figure eights were really working and had counteracted the poison the crooks were injecting into me. Then, suddenly, I hit the worst time of all. I felt for the first time since my breakdown that the master criminal had been able to steal my magic from me when I was asleep. The next three weeks were hell. I was in a terrible panic all the time."

Dr. H. had described these phases to me. He said the second stage was one in which the disease seemed to become much worse. In the first experiments with the drug this turbulent phase had deterred some psychiatrists from continuing the treatment on their patients. Dr. H. explained that actually this phase was necessary if the drug was to have a fair trial.

"About four weeks after my first injection I developed a tremble," John continued. "My hands shook as though I had palsy. I was convinced that the criminals had at last got full control of my brain. I remember I tried to write a letter to the police to demand protection, but I was shaking so hard that I couldn't hold a pencil. Then I became so desperate that I gave up my figure eights and magic words, feeling that they weren't protecting me any longer.

"I didn't know it then, but that

was a good sign. Immediately after the trembling stopped I really began to get better.

"I woke up one morning totally depressed. As I sat on the edge of the bed I saw an attendant, a fellow called Bill, coming towards me. I thought 'this is it' You see, I believed he was a member of the gang that was after me, but suddenly, for the first time, I felt there was no use struggling against them any more. Let them do their worst; I didn't care. I looked up as Bill came up to me, expecting who knows what. And then he walked past me, going on his way to do some job or other. I gazed after him, amazed that he had not injured me.

"And then, a cloud seemed to lift from my mind and I suddenly realized that Bill really *was* an attendant and that this really *was* a mental hospital. In that instant I knew that this whole business had been my sick imagination."

"Did the unreal ideas come back again?" I asked.

"Yes, they came and went for about five days. Each time my belief in the criminals got a little fainter, a little less real. And now, instead of being secretive, I couldn't talk to the doctor enough. I wanted more than anything else in the world to clear up what my fantasies had been all about.

"The funny thing was that in the talks with the doctor I kept trying to find some logic in the crazy world I had built up, some grain of reality

that would have justified my hallucinations. That proved I was better, for only the sane mind has to find a real reason for something that happened. In the end I admitted there was no basis in reality for any of it; there was only one explanation-- I had been sick.

"The only thing I couldn't quite shake was the crazy conviction that my partner was out to ruin me. But finally, with the doctor's help, I worked it out that if the other stuff was wrong my belief about my partner must have been wrong also. When I realized this the whole episode was behind me for good. Every day since then it's as if I put another hundred miles between me and all my weird beliefs."

John and I had lunch together once again, three months later, after he had been out of the hospital for two months. He looked tanned and healthy, a good stone heavier, a handsome man whom nobody would

have suspected of having ever been other than well balanced and successful. He had had no reserpine for a month now, and still felt fine. He told me his business was going well, and what a generous man his partner had been to insist on selling out at a modest price. "I made him go *up* some in his price," he said, and grinned at me.

As we stood on the street corner afterwards, saying good-bye, I saw that John wanted to tell me something. He hesitated a moment, but finally came out with it.

"I wonder if you'd do me a favour," he said. "When you write about this, would you emphasize the fact that I was considered a hopeless case? You see, the fact that I was so hopeless and still made it back to sanity is a sort of a message-- a message to the families of other mental patients. It might keep them from going through what my family went through."



Personal Appearances

PAUL-HENRI SPAAK, of Belgium, first president of the United Nations General Assembly, was on a lecture tour in the United States. "Oh, Mr. Spaak," exclaimed a lady after one lecture, "you have been wonderful! You look like Winston Churchill and speak like Charles Boyer."

"Madame," retorted Spaak, "I would prefer to look like Charles Boyer and speak like Winston Churchill!"

—Contributed by Andre Visson

EDDIE CANTOR tells of a veterans' hospital he visited where he worked extra hard to make the boys laugh. He wound up the show with a jaunty good-bye, and said, "Hope you're better soon."

"Same to you!" shouted the veterans. —Margaret Aitken in *Toronto Telegram*

It Pays to Increase Your Word Power

By Wilfred Funk

TO LEARN words is of practical value. You will understand people better, talk and write more effectively, think more accurately. First write down your definition of the words you think you know. Then mark the word or phrase you believe is *nearest in meaning* to the key word. Answers are on the next page.

- (1) **irrelevance** (ir'el uh'vunsee) A a divine disclosure B the state of not being pertinent C disrespect D a trivial statement
- (2) **proximate** (prox'imate) A at the top B far away C at the bottom D nearest
- (3) **warrant** (wor'unt) A to be lacking in B to have sufficient reasons for an act C to accuse D to arrest
- (4) **punctilio** (punk'til'yo) A a musical direction indicating a full stop B a portable case for carrying loose papers C a discourtesy D a nice point of etiquette
- (5) **unrequited** (un're kwit'ed) A hopeless B unreturned C unrecruited D not asked for
- (6) **embryonic** (im'bri'on'ik) A strong B undeveloped C fertile D swollen
- (7) **destitution** (des'ti'tyoo'shun) A despair B desertion C intense dislike D utter want
- (8) **gainsaid** (gain'sed') A praised B contradicted C insisted upon D repeated
- (9) **emendation** (ē'men day'shun) A a drawing out or lengthening B the correction of an error C an ending D an expression of approval
- (10) **validate** (val'ēdate) A to praise B to understand C to prove the truth of D to make void
- (11) **ingratiate** (ing'ray'hydrate) A to make ungrateful B to force one's way in C to place in a favored position D to imitate
- (12) **parsimonious** (pah'simō'nus) A silent B formal C economical D religious
- (13) **genie** (jee'ni) A a spirit that could be called up by magic B a brilliant person C an element of the germplasm D a good-natured person
- (14) **dubiety** (dyoo'bi'uh'ti) A dishonesty B timidity C uncertainty D humility
- (15) **celibate** (sel'ibit) A a minister of a church B one who controls all his appetites C a man bound by his vows to single life D a hermit
- (16) **presupposition** (pre'supō'zish'un) A a decision B that which is taken for granted C a prophecy D a proposal
- (17) **conducive** (kon'dyoo'siv) A pleasing B tempting C helping D displeasing
- (18) **reparable** (rep'uh ruh'b'l) A capable of repair B changeable C unforgivable D agreeable
- (19) **manifestation** (man'ifēs'tay'shun) A insistence B revelation C strength D faith
- (20) **allegation** (al'igay'shun) A a denial B a group C a profession of loyalty D a positive assertion

Answers to

'IT PAYS TO INCREASE YOUR WORD POWER'

- (1) **irrelevance** B The state of not being pertinent inappropriateness as "The *irrelevance* of his remarks was irritating"
- (2) **proximate** D Originally from the Latin *proximus* 'near' Hence nearest near by close next as "This issue is bound to come up at some election either *proximate* or remote"
- (3) **warrant** B To have or to furnish sufficient grounds for an act as "I believe the facts *warrant* my refusal"
- (4) **punctilio** D From the Latin *punctum*, "point" When we say "He was attentive to each *punctilio*" we mean that he observed each nice 'point' or detail of conduct or custom
- (5) **unrequited** B Not returned unrepaid, not compensated for as "His love for her was *unrequited*"
- (6) **embryonic** B Undeveloped beginning, as "The use of atomic power is still in the *embryonic* stage" Originally the Greek *embryon*, from *en*, "in," and *bryein* "to swell"
- (7) **destitution** D Utter want extreme poverty as "The *destitution* of the displaced peoples was tragic" The Latin *destituere*, "to forsake"
- (8) **gainsaid** B Contradicted, denied, as, "That there is need for new highways cannot be *gainsaid*" Originally from Old English *gegn*, "against," and *seccan*, "say"
- (9) **emendation** -B From the Latin *emendare*, "to correct" Hence, the correction of an error, an alteration with a view to improvement, as, "His *emendation* of the order made its meaning clear"
- (10) **validate**—C To prove the truth of, to confirm, endorse, substantiate, as, "He went to extraordinary lengths to *validate* his claim" Originally from the Latin *validus*, "strong"

- (11) **ingratiate**—C To place in a favoured position, to win confidence or favour from someone, as, "He contrived to *ingratiate* himself with the king" From *in-*, "into," and the Latin *gratia*, "favour"
- (12) **parsimonious**—C From the Latin *parsimonia*, meaning sparing, economical in spending money as "He is a selfish and *parsimonious* old man"
- (13) **genie** A In Arabian mythology a spirit that could be called up by magic as "Aladdin rubbed his lamp and the *genie* appeared"
- (14) **dubiety** C The Latin parent *dubius*, "doubting" gives us our meaning 'doubt uncertainty wavering in opinion' as "We must not face this decision with a feeling of *dubiety*"
- (15) **celibate**—C Originally from the Latin *celibs*, "unmarried" and so an unmarried person or a man bound by his vows to remain unmarried, as, "The members of the Roman Catholic priesthood are *celibates*"
- (16) **presupposition**—B That which is taken for granted a preliminary assumption as, "The *presupposition* is that most men are honest"
- (17) **conducive**—C Helping, tending to aid or promote as, "Exercise is *conducive* to good health" From the Latin *conducere*, "to lead with"
- (18) **reparable**—A Capable of repair, as "I believe the harm done is *reparable*" From the Latin *re-*, "again," and *parare*, "to prepare"
- (19) **manifestation**—B A revealing, the act of making plain to the eyes or the understanding as "His generosity is one *manifestation* of a fine character"
- (20) **allegation**—D A positive assertion, an unproved averment, as, "He made an eloquent reply to the *allegation* of his opponent" From the Latin *allegare*, "to charge"

Vocabulary Ratings

20-18 correct	excellent
17-15 correct	good
14-11 correct ...	fair

Beyond the crowded Khyber Pass lies a high, wild
land of extraordinary people

Afghanistan:

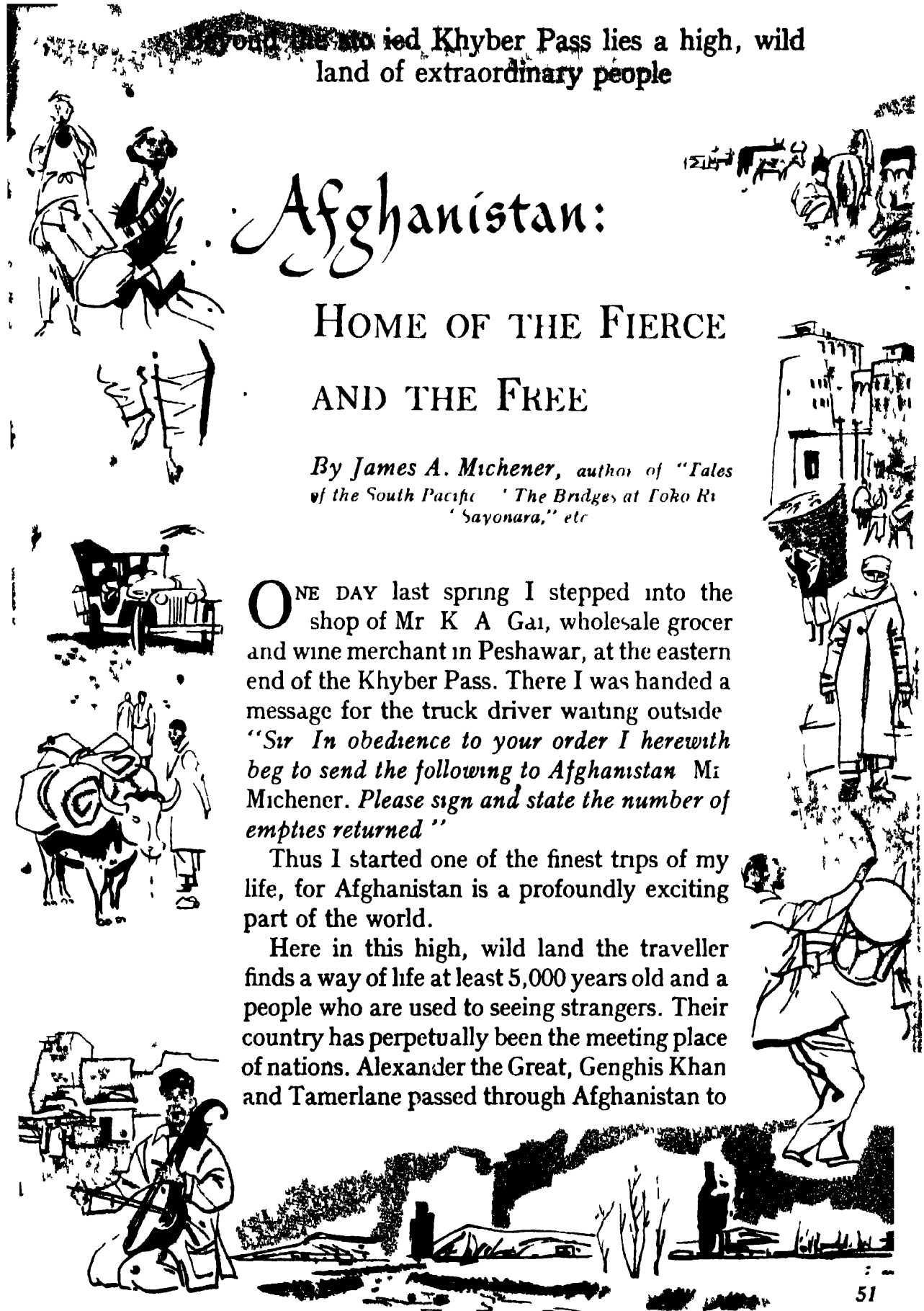
HOME OF THE FIERCE AND THE FREE

By James A. Michener, author of "Tales
of the South Pacific" "The Bridges at Toko Ri"
"Sayonara," etc

ONE DAY last spring I stepped into the
shop of Mr K A Gai, wholesale grocer
and wine merchant in Peshawar, at the eastern
end of the Khyber Pass. There I was handed a
message for the truck driver waiting outside
"Sir In obedience to your order I herewith
beg to send the following to Afghanistan Mr
Michener. Please sign and state the number of
empties returned "

Thus I started one of the finest trips of my
life, for Afghanistan is a profoundly exciting
part of the world.

Here in this high, wild land the traveller
finds a way of life at least 5,000 years old and a
people who are used to seeing strangers. Their
country has perpetually been the meeting place
of nations. Alexander the Great, Genghis Khan
and Tamerlane passed through Afghanistan to



conquer vast dominions, and in later years fiery Turkish and Persian rulers used this little country as their base for chopping out powerful kingdoms in India. In fact, a recent scientific expedition to Afghanistan posted this sign at its headquarters: "Everybody who was ever anybody came this way."

The Land: Afghanistan is landlocked, being surrounded principally by Soviet Russia, Pakistan and Iran. It is approximately a quarter of a million square miles in size but is 92 per cent barren, receiving practically no rainfall on areas that would normally be cultivated. The land slopes sharply from the vast Hindu Kush mountains in the northeast to the blazing Desert of Death in the south-west. Only the numerous rivers plunging down from snow-clad peaks make life possible, for wherever water can be led on to the land the wastes blossom. On one tumbling mountain stream, for example, I counted 11 separate irrigation systems being led away in one mile, and the valley had become a paradise of melon, fruit, nuts, rice, wheat and cattle.

Most extraordinary are the invisible irrigation ditches probing into the hearts of mountains that seem completely barren. Sharp-eyed experts will study a slope and conclude, "There must be water running below us somewhere." So they dig a well, sometimes 70 feet deep, and find the water. Then extremely brave excavators descend

and begin to dig a tunnel along the line of flow. Sometimes they penetrate 20 miles, always deep in the earth, always leading water to where it can be used.

The men who work at this dangerous job are given extra pay, extra clothes, extra food and extra women. When they die from suffocation or falling rock, their clothes and women are passed on to some new digger and the precious water continues to flow.

Afghan Men: It is great to be an Afghan man. You are tall, spare, tough. You wear a beard and carry a gun. You don't pay too much attention to what the government says and you are one of the most hospitable men on earth. The minute a stranger crosses your threshold you order a sheep to be killed in celebration, and between fights you sing and dance and travel the high mountain passes. It's a rare, free life.

An Afghan man, dressed for celebration, is a dazzling object. About a small gold skullcap he wraps a filmy turban, beneath which appears a shirt exquisitely embroidered and worn outside with tails that reach below the knees. Soft, white, baggy trousers are preferred, topped by a well-tailored coat and waistcoat.

In spite of the fact that the temperature often reaches 115°, most Afghan men invariably wear heavy overcoats, the humidity being so amazingly low that one never sweats. Once with the temperature at 120 I saw a man wearing two

overcoats, and I asked him why.

"Gets cold at night," he explained.

"But this is daytime," I argued.

"You don't know my brother," he replied.

Afghan men, reared in a raiding society, have to take unusual precautions to protect their property. The first thing a man does when he plants a melon patch is to erect in the middle of the field a tiny house, where he watches. When the fruit ripens, his whole family joins him so that each corner of the field can be patrolled. Otherwise in a single night every melon would vanish.

The centre of Afghan life is the teahouse, hundreds of them dotting every road. They are clean, open shelters where men can buy a cup of tea with sugar for about a penny. Sometimes a man will drink 15 pots of tea in an hour, the leaf having been brought by camel train from India, the bright crockery from Japan.

I can still recall the teahouse at Ghorband, high in the mountains. Over a swiftly running brook an arbour had been erected, heavy with grapes. Small platforms of dried mud had been built beside the tumbling stream and covered with handsome Persian carpets. A huge samovar, with a heating stack right up the middle, provided boiling water with the help of cow-dung chips, whose burning provided a pungent incense. On another stove lamb kebabs were crisping and huge flats of wholewheat bread, the size of snowshoes, were being toasted.

When we arrived at this teahouse strangers grinned at us, and soon we were being invited to their homes for dinner. In some 30 stops at mountain teahouses, we were invited home to dinner at least 20 times. All travellers have remarked upon the warm hospitality of an Afghan teahouse.

There is only one thing wrong. No women are allowed.

Afghan Women: If being an Afghan man is fun, being a woman is hell. From the day she is 13, the Afghan woman always appears in a shroud which covers her, literally, from head to toe. A pathetic little square is cut away for her to see through, but this is covered by a silken cheesecloth. Since exposure of hands would be especially heinous, even these are folded perpetually in her shroud. I know travellers who have been in Afghanistan 18 months without seeing the face of an Afghan woman.

The women participate in virtually no social functions. At the cinema, at plays, in public celebrations, at games or riding contests, or at formal dinners, no woman is permitted, although sometimes special films are shown for all-female audiences. Recently a restaurant was closed down because the owner set aside Wednesday noon for women. The police held that a man who would allow women in a restaurant would probably be capable of any crime, so they hauled him away.

One of the most affecting sights in Asia is Afghan schoolgirls bursting

out of their classrooms. Children under 13 are spectacularly beautiful: handsome features in Persian style, clear complexions, very good teeth and flashing black eyes. But girls of 13 or older appear only in the silken shrouds that will cover them for the rest of their lives.

This removal of women from public life has had one predictable effect. Afghan men, some of the most virile in the world, have unconsciously adopted many social customs which in other countries are reserved for women. It is not unusual to see two killers down from the hills walking slowly along a city street holding hands. More striking is their love of women's coats, and one often sees a lean, hipless Afghan man walking down the street in an *haute couture* costume bought secondhand from Paris or New York. Topped by a turban, decorated with gun and bandoleers, such coats are decidedly dashing.

But the price Afghanistan pays for this nonsensical segregation, not sanctioned by Islam, is bitter. No women work in shops, none serve as waitresses or cooks. Of course, factories use men alone, and no women help in government, or teach boys, or work as librarians. In much of Afghanistan a doctor called to visit a woman sits in one room, his patient in another. The husband then moves to and fro between the two rooms conveying his wife's report of her symptoms. If anything should offend either his dignity as a

husband or his view of religion, he censors that symptom. If the doctor's blind guess as to what should be done seems too costly or against local custom, the husband refuses to relay the diagnosis. In some parts of Afghanistan women do not even consult doctors. They die in silence.

Today a new problem has arisen beneath the shroud. Communism has never had much success in Afghanistan, for the local people say, "We live too close to Russia. We know what goes on up there." But there are rumours that in recent years secret agents have been stirring up hundreds of young Afghan women with the simple statement: "When we take over, the shroud will go—as it did across the river in Russia."

Shangri-La: There is only one valley in Asia that resembles Shangri-La: the noble Vale of Bamian in the north. Here a sturdy river plunges down from vast heights and forms a valley so tranquil and delicious that it seems an invention of a happy mind. Tall poplars and cypresses form cool lanes. Quiet irrigation ditches lead into fields of unusual richness, and an azure sky hangs low upon peaceful villages and farms.

Merely as a display of benevolent nature Bamian would be memorable, but in addition it is one of the great monuments of human history, for it was from here that Buddhism spread throughout the world. Into the face of a great red cliff, on many

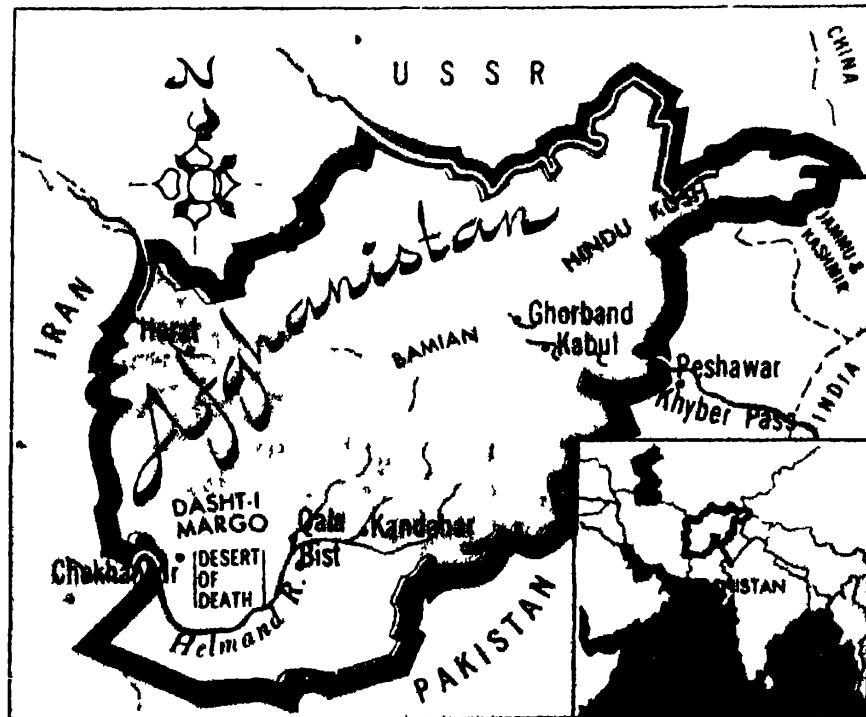
different levels, early Buddhists carved thousands of enormous caves, hidden corridors and tiny cubicles. This violent cliff thus became a living temple, each room of which was ornamented with elegant carving and lovely frescoes.

The glory of Bamian is inexhaustible. Once, while friends explored deep caves, I sat in a room as big as the auditorium of a cinema, looking out upon the tender valley that housed this supreme temple, and above the cool trees I counted 61 separate mountain peaks, each over 14,000 feet high, each snow-covered and heavy with valleys and waterfalls.

The Desert of Death: In violent contrast to the mountainous north are the vast deserts of southern Afghanistan. Some are sandy and rise in sweeping dunes that are whirled about by endless winds. Others are baked clay beds. But the most famous of all, Dasht-i-Margo (the Desert of Death), is a burning gravel bed, lifted into brutal dunes by the parched winds that howl across its wastes.

Twice I had an opportunity to penetrate this sullen, empty hell of wind and rock. Looking back on these trips, they seem even now the most exciting that I have ever taken.

In bouncing Jeeps we started with the mournful ruins of Qala Bist, where a thousand years ago an imperial city housing many people flourished. An engineer and I measured merely the walls round one of the lesser palaces. They were nine miles long, 20 feet high, and more than six feet thick. We worked out that this wall alone contained over 65 million bricks and that it would have taken one good team of bricklayers more than 352 years to build! Yet it formed only a trivial portion of the ruins, and they were only trivial ruins compared to what we should shortly see on the other



edge of the Desert of Death.

There is no road across the desert, so for more than 200 miles we made our own, and it is an unmatched experience to see tiny Jeeps climb and drop and sweep and swerve across limitless dunes, knowing that an hour after their passing there will be no sign that they had ever touched the desert.

At night we sought, for reasons which I'll explain later, some high knoll and there spread our blankets under the stars. Sometimes a gazelle would pass in the moonlight and always in the distance we could hear the terrifying shriek of jackals, who sounded like tormented humans. When we approached the edge of the desert, foxes and wolves appeared. When sandstorms did not blow, the night-girded Afghan desert was a place of immortal beauty.

When we were lucky enough to camp on some spot where lights could be seen, night on the desert was magical. The air was unbelievably clear. Once I happened to spot a village that seemed only a few hundred yards down the row of dunes. It was 42 miles away!

I liked the desert best at blazing noon, when for 20 miles in each direction I could see absolutely no living thing: not a mouse, nor a blade of grass, nor a weed, nor even a dried bone to remind me of something that had once lived. This fantastic desert was the emptiest earth I had ever seen, rivalling the heaving ocean or the Arctic wastes. And

the scarifying wind that blew across it had zero humidity and an incessant whine; it is known as the 120-Day Wind, for it blows in such unbroken intervals. Once I drenched my clothes with water to stave off the heat, and in 18 minutes I was completely dry. On a previous trip a car broke down and in two days the occupants were dead, literally dried up by the roaring gale.

Paradoxically, on Afghan deserts more people lose their lives by drowning than from heat exhaustion, for at night the temptation is to escape the wind by sleeping in protected gullies; but once or twice a year there will be a cloudburst on the desert's edge and a body of water 30 feet high—called "the earth-mover" because it can be heard crushing rocks ahead of it—will come roaring down the gullies. In 325 B.C. Alexander lost nearly half his army in such a disaster, when rain fell on the desert just south of where we had kept to the high knolls.

Apart from these flash floods, the greatest danger is gotch, a pure, flaky gypsum which, when mixed with water, makes excellent plaster. It lies in beds throughout the desert but sands drift over it and it cannot be detected, so that a man driving his Jeep at 50 mph on the impeccable road-bed of the desert will suddenly find himself pitched into a trap of gotch which stops him absolutely. I have seen several broken noses resulting from such jarring impact, and there have been other

instances in which men trying to flee on foot across the desert have fallen into gotch beds and died as if in quicksand.

Ultimately we came to the wonder of the desert, the ruins of Chakhansur. Here at the edge of rocky dunes stood 100 miles of ruined cities. Fortresses were so common that they were not even named, and vast areas stood bleak and wind-swept.

Well over a million people once lived here, for Chakhansur was old when Alexander the Great passed it in 329 B.C. As late as A.D. 1200 it was a flourishing complex of cities reaching well over a hundred miles. What happened?

Scholars blame the catastrophe on salt, goats and Genghis Khan. Remains are common of extraordinary irrigation canals whose prolific waters, over a score of centuries, left such heavy salt deposits that Chakhansur land became useless. Then goats, the curse of Asia, cropped the soil so closely that every tree and shrub was destroyed, leaving the wind free to whip up sand and overturn cities. Finally, we know from historical records that on one hideous day at Herat, 300 miles north, Genghis Khan had 1,200,000 people massacred. It is supposed that his insane policy of total extermination reached the ghost cities seen today, after which they were abandoned to the howling winds.

Mr. Five-by-Five: The big surprise of the Desert of Death is that

at the south-west corner there is a little kingdom of cool oases, pomegranate groves and lush waters that constitute a miniature paradise in the dusty wastes. It is here that Sardar Mohammad Alam Khan, a 47-year-old desert chief, rules as if the twentieth century had never happened.

He is universally called Mr. Five-by-Five, for he weighs well over 21 stone and has a jovial if determined nature. Owning three separate palaces, he insists upon acting as host, with all expenses paid, to infrequent travellers who come his way. Palace number one is something out of the *Arabian Nights*, a rambling, high-walled fortress lined with stalls for 24 stallions and hundreds of camels.

Mr. Five-by-Five is the absolute sovereign of his small kingdom, for he is too far removed from governmental authority for anyone to bother him. He has his own army, his own customs guards, his own system of taxation and his own courts. And although his road system extends for only one mile, he has three new motor cars. When he wishes to leave his domain he simply informs his men and they build him a road, which lasts for about six months, when the bridges fall in and sand obscures all tracks.

This huge desert monarch gave us his second palace, a caravanserai dating far back in history, all its rooms littered with rare Persian carpets and silver ornamentation. Twenty-four private guardsmen

watched us as we slept and another 16 wakened us with a luscious breakfast. As we departed, Mr. Five-by-Five's camel caravans were starting forth for a long journey into Iran, his big herd of prize cattle was off to the grazing fields, his cavalry were mounting their stallions to see us on our way, and his three cars were being greased in case he might want to ride down his mile of roadway.

He was a true desert monarch, a relic of the centuries.

Progress: In varied ways Afghanistan is working hard to bring itself up to date. Hydro-electric plants provide current for spinning mills and big sugar factories. Schools and colleges are being improved and it is not unusual to find in even remote parts of the country hard-working French or German professors who love the upland life. Everywhere health is a preoccupation and within a few years the nation will have first-class hospitals and enough native-born doctors to run them.

Rushing through the heart of the Afghan desert is one of the world's most unusual rivers, the Helmand; it rises in the high mountains of central Afghanistan and quickly becomes a torrential stream a thousand yards across. Twisting and turning, it breaks on to the desert and forms a huge graceful curve, only to lose itself in Lake Seistan, west of Chakhansur.

Five thousand years ago people lived along this river—their villages

are only now being excavated—and even then they teased water away from the Helmand to irrigate their fields, for it was this river that kept the lost cities of Chakhansur alive. But each year most of the water escaped on to the trackless desert and evaporated.

Today the Helmand is being tamed and modern Afghans expect new cities to rise along its banks. High in the gorges where the river still carries most of its water, an American company has constructed one of the highest earthen dams in existence. By jamming millions of tons of rock into a tight bend in the river, the Americans have bottled up the water behind a dam 321 feet high. A sprawling lake has been impounded to feed several hundred miles of irrigation ditches already beginning to fan out into what was previously desert. Model villages have been built, roads thread the area and new crops have been introduced. I saw one large area that used to produce seven bushels of worn-out Asian maize to the acre, but which now yields 90 bushels of a new hybrid American maize.

There is an air of hard work, but because of a tragic lack of communications Afghanistan's progress is slow. Apart from Tibet, Afghanistan is the only substantial country in the world without railways. Four lines—two from Pakistan, one each from Russia and Iran—approach her borders, but years ago Afghanistan decided to have no railways;

once when British engineers dug a tunnel right to the border the king cried, "They are sticking an awl into my navel." Reasoned the wily Afghans, "If you build a railway, the first thing you know somebody will want to use it."

Automotive Age: Afghans suffer the worst roads, bar none, on which I have ever travelled. Potholes are so deep and so frequent that one broken spring per 50 miles is normal. On some roads you see more cars standing wrecked than you see in motion, and since there are no garages, drivers hitch-hike into the nearest city and prowl round the bazaars, hoping to find a replacement part that someone has stolen from another vehicle.

Once on the edge of the desert I came upon a broken-down bus whose 20 passengers were camped beneath it to protect themselves from the blazing sun. When I asked if we could help they said, "Oh, no. Our driver went to town three days ago and he'll be back any day now."

Afghan drivers are among the most resourceful known. They make the average Westerner look uninventive. With a piece of string, some nails and a chunk of wood they are able to repair anything.

My own experience with such a driver was memorable. One night when it was my turn to drive we were engulfed in a sudden swirling dust storm and I drove our Jeep at 40 mph headlong into a solid stone wall. My Afghan driver pitched

head first right through the wind-screen. The Jeep was wrecked. The flywheel was jammed into the engine, all liquid systems were fractured, and the wheels were smashed so hard that the flanges were knocked flat.

Sher Ahmad, 26 years old, crawled out through the wind-screen, brushed himself down, grabbed a crowbar and started wrenching the Jeep back into shape. To get the flattened rims off, for example, he used brute strength, but to get the flywheel working he used the crowbar as gently as if it were a jeweller's hammer.

Finally it looked as if the Jeep would run, except for the broken water, petrol and oil systems. For these Sher Ahmad purchased a handful of raisins and some unginced cotton. Mashing them together on a flat rock, he produced a paste of which he said, "When the desert air hits this, it'll dry harder than iron."

Repairing our remaining damage with this raisin-and-cotton glue, Sher Ahmad road-tested the Jeep and concluded that it would run, whereupon we set out across the desert. Next day an X-ray showed that Sher Ahmad had accomplished all this with a broken collarbone.

I am glad to say that today he is studying in America to become an irrigation engineer. He says, "When I learn something I'll be able to help my country to get ahead."

Kabul: This strange, enchanting capital city (the name is pronounced *cubble*) is built like a capital U, with the open end pointing due west, where a massive range of mountains hems in the plain on which Kabul rests. The interior of the U is filled by a lesser mountain along whose base runs the mountain stream which cuts the city in half.

On one side of this intruding mountain clusters the old city, a welter of bazaars and mosques and fascinating alleys. On the other stands the new city, filled with handsome European-style houses, each hidden behind a high mud wall. Here also are spacious gardens, lovely verandahs, ancient forts perched high on hilltops, and the traditional cool comfort of Asia.

Few who get to know the city fail to become enraptured by it. It is dusty; diarrhoea is alarmingly prevalent; you can't get into your own home without banging heavily on the gates for the guard who keeps out robbers; it has no modern shops, no cinemas to which Westerners go, no public restaurants or night clubs. Yet the social life is one of the most charming I have ever enjoyed. With so little outside the home, people must entertain themselves, and since there is a big international population (Germans lead the list, for they have always been preferred by Afghans) parties are apt to be scintillating. There are more beautiful young American and European girls in Kabul than in any other city

its size I have ever visited in Asia.

Today it is possible to fly into Kabul by any of five different airlines (Afghan, Indian, Iranian, Dutch, Russian), but you're crazy if you enter that way. Recommended is the long train journey through Pakistan to Peshawar, then the rickety bus line through the Khyber Pass and, finally, the motor route over one of the foulest roads a man can travel.

One can drive only eight miles an hour and the first leg is through such doleful land that many people ask to go back, but then you come upon a dazzling line of white cliffs, the road becomes better, and promptly you are facing the stupendous mountains of the Hindu Kush.

Fearful passes follow, precipitous drops into mountain gorges, breathtaking roads with tricky outside bends, and then you have your first glimpse of the noble plateau on which Kabul stands. In the city they say: "A man ought to be forbidden entrance to Afghanistan except over the Khyber Pass. But if he goes back that way, he's mad."

The Kuchis: The vision of Afghanistan that persists longest is not of Kabul, however, nor the great mountains nor the lonely ruins. It is the Kuchis.

You will first see them as you turn a corner on some dusty road. Ahead of you looms a gigantic caravan in which camels lumber down the rocky steeps, followed by donkeys and horses stolen from some

upland meadow and goats and possibly a tame wolf and hundreds of dogs. All about are fat-tailed sheep, whose ridiculous rear ends have made men laugh ever since they first saw them, for each sheep has a tail as big as a pillow, sometimes weighing as much as 40 pounds, loaded with solid fat that can be used for cooking.

Among the animals walk the proud Kuchis, the last true nomads of central Asia. The men are tall, lean, fiery-looking, and carry rifles. The women are fierce-eyed, very handsome, and are contemptuous of the veil. Hundreds of wiry children, innocent of school and mosque alike, help to lead the animals.

Each spring the Kuchis enter Afghanistan from Pakistan and India, where they have spent the winter. Driving their herds before them, they climb for hundreds of miles into the cool mountain passes. In the autumn this vast caravan, 400,000 strong, comes down from the heights and wanders into warmer areas.

Nothing can stop them. They pay no taxes, respect no boundaries and few laws. Spurning houses and towns alike, they live under the stars, a fascinating, free people. Spirited young Kuchi girls, if anyone can catch them, bring up to \$600 each in the marriage marts of Kandahar.

The Kuchis are at their best, I think, when seen crossing the deserts of the south, for then their

powerful camels dominate the landscape, and sometimes I have woken to see 500 of these gaunt beasts cropping stray grasses at the desert's edge. These endlessly interesting animals can march across the desert heavily laden without water for 12 days. (Recently one kept going for 30 days and brought his master home safely.)

If one could see only two things in Afghanistan, they would be the Vale of Bamian and a Kuchi caravan.

Russia and the West in Afghanistan: In recent months there have been many rumours that Russia is about to take over Afghanistan, but on closer inspection this seems unlikely.

For more than a century Afghanistan existed because she was able cleverly to play Britain off against Russia. Now America is being used in the same way, which is all right so long as the nation stays free.

Afghans do not like Russians. They realize that when Russian interests dictate a move southward, Communist troops can occupy Kabul in a week. They know that Russia is the great, permanent threat to their freedom, so although Afghans have never fought Russia, and although they fought Great Britain in three bloody wars—each ending in a kind of draw—whenever the chips have been down Afghanistan has sided with Britain rather than her enemies. Today the Afghans would probably likewise side with the

United States and her allies.

Working on the Communist principle that it is always good to have subversive elements burrowing in any neighbouring country, Russia has recently moved into Afghanistan with a series of friendly, conspicuous aid programmes. With a touch of brilliance they allow the Americans to work in out-of-the-way spots like the Helmand River while they do odd jobs in the heart of Kabul, where everybody can see how efficient and how kindly they really are.

They pave the streets (with huge Russian machines), build oil tanks

(on the highest hill), and set up stone-crushing works (on the main road). America has given Afghanistan five million dollars and loaned 40 million more, with little effect on Kabul, whereas the Russians have spent far less with enormous propaganda results.

It is not easy to enter Afghanistan, nor is travel within the country always pleasant, but the total experience is quite unforgettable. The warmth of the citizens outside Kabul is unmatched. The laughter and good times in the upland passes are delightful, and the impact of the desert and the silent ruins is great.



£500 for Unique Personal Experience Articles

HAVE YOU a story to tell comparable in interest to "To Teach Is To Love" (page 21) or "The Night I Met Einstein" (page 37) in this issue? These are both successful entries in our First Person Story contest.

The Reader's Digest will pay £500 each for outstanding and unusual First Person stories accepted for publication. To be acceptable, they must be true and hitherto unpublished narratives of a personal experience in some specialized walk of life and especially revelatory of human nature. Stories most likely to meet the exacting requirements will be of professional quality. Other successful entries, published in earlier issues, were "The Great Molasses Flood" and "In the Eye of the Hurricane" (September), "The Day I Met Caruso" (August), "My Japanese Brother" (July) and "Bodyguard for Teacher" (March).

Contributions must be typewritten, double-spaced, and not more than 2,500 words in length. Manuscripts, which cannot be acknowledged, will be returned only if a stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed. Accepted articles will become the property of The Reader's Digest. Address contributions to First Person Editor, The Reader's Digest, 25 Berkeley Square, London, W.1.

"Let's Keep Christmas"

By Peter Marshall

CHANGES are everywhere.

Many institutions and customs that we once thought were sacrosanct have gone by the board.

Yet there are a few that abide, defying time and revolution.

The old message: "For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord" is still the heart of Christmas.

AND this message can neither be changed—nor quite forgotten, although there are many things that tend to make us forget.

The idea of Santa Claus coming in a helicopter does not ring true.

No interior decorator with a fondness for yellow or blue could ever persuade me to forsake the Christmas colours of red and green.

I must confess that modernistic Christmas cards leave me cold.

I cannot appreciate any of the designs that leave out the traditional symbols of the star, the manger, the wise men on their camels.

Angels there must be—but they need not be modernistic angels in evening dress and peroxide permanent waves.

THERE is no need to search for stories new and different. There is only one after all—and no modern author can improve it:

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them,

PETER MARSHALL, Chaplain of the U.S. Senate from 1947 until his death in 1949, is the subject of his wife's book, *A Man Called Peter*. The sermon "Let's Keep Christmas" carries a message that is even more pertinent now than when it was first delivered.

Condensed from "Let's Keep Christmas," by Peter Marshall, published by Peter Davies at 5s 63

Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

WE all feel the pressure of approaching Christmas.

The traffic is terrible.

You can't find a parking space. . . .

The shops are crowded. . . .

The pushing throng makes shopping a nightmare.

You are thinking about presents—wondering what in the world you can get for so-and-so.

You think of friends and loved ones who are so hard to shop for.

You can't think of anything they need which is rather strange (when you stop to consider it).

Perhaps there is nothing in a shop that they need.

But what about some token of love—what about love itself . . .

and friendship . . .

and understanding . . .

and consideration . . .

and a helping hand . . .

and a smile . . .

and a prayer?

You can't buy these things in any shop, and these are the very things people need.

We all need them. . . . Blessed will they be who receive them this Christmas or at any time.

LET'S not permit the crowds and the rush to crowd Christmas out of our hearts . . .

for that is where it belongs.

Christmas is not in the shops—

but in the hearts of people.

Let's not give way to cynicism and mutter that "Christmas has become commercialized."

It never will be—unless you let it be.

Your Christmas is not commercialized, unless you have commercialized it.

LET'S not succumb to the sophistication that complains:
"Christmas belongs only to the children."

That shows that you have never understood Christmas at all, for the older you get, the more it means, if you know what it means.

Christmas, though for ever young, grows old with us.

Have you been saying, "I just can't seem to feel the Christmas spirit this year?"

That's top bad.

As a confession of lack of faith, it is rather significant.

You are saying that you feel no joy that Jesus came into the world. . .

You are confessing that His presence in the world is not a
reality to you. . . .

Perhaps you need to read the Christmas story over again . . .

need to sit down with the Gospel of Luke
and think about it.

*T*HANK God for Christmas.

Would that it lasted all the year.

For on Christmas Eve, and Christmas Day, all the world is a better place,
and men and women are more lovable,

Love itself seeps into every heart, and miracles happen.

Isn't it wonderful to think that nothing can *really harm* the joy of Christmas?

*A*LTHOUGH your Christmas tree decorations may include many new
gadgets, such as lights with bubbles in them . . .

it's the old tree decorations that mean the most . . .

the ones you save carefully from year to year . . .

the crooked star that goes on the top of the tree . . .

And you'll bring out the tiny manger,

and the shed,

and the little figures of the Holy Family . . .

and lovingly arrange them on the mantelpiece

or in the middle of the dining-room table.

*A*ND getting the tree will be a family event, with great excitement for the
children . . .

And there will be a cupboard into which you'll forbid your husband to look,
And he will be moving through the house mysteriously with bundles under
his coat,

and you'll pretend not to notice . . .

There will be the fragrance of mince pies baking,
spices and fruit cake . . .

and the warmth of the house shall be melodious with the lilting strains of the lovely old Christmas carols.

AND finally Christmas morning will come.

Don't worry—you'll be ready for it—

You'll catch the spirit all right,

or it will catch you, which is even better.

And then you will remember what Christmas means—the beginning of Christianity . . .

the Second Chance for the world . . .

the hope for peace . . .

and the only way.

The promise that the angels sang is the most wonderful music the world has ever heard:

On earth peace, good will toward men.

It was not a pronouncement upon the state of the world.

It is a promise—God's promise—of what one day shall come to pass.

If history has any voice, it is to say that the ways of men lead nowhere.

There remains one way—The Way untried,

—untested,

unexplored fully . . .

the way of Him Who was born a Babe in Bethlehem.

WE long for the abiding love among men of good will which the season brings . . .

believing in this ancient miracle of Christmas with its softening,

sweetening influence to tug at our heart strings once again.

We want to hold on to the old customs and traditions because they strengthen our family ties,

bind us to our friends,

make us one with all mankind

for whom the Child was born, and bring us back again to the God Who gave His only begotten Son, "*that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.*"

So we will not "spend" Christmas . . .

nor "observe" Christmas.

We will "keep" Christmas—keep it as it is . . .

in all the loveliness of its ancient traditions.

May we keep it in our hearts, that we may be kept in its hope.



By Peter Blois

I I II III
I IV

EARLY in the second decade of life every boy and girl enters the state of sexual maturation — adolescence. The physical changes in the body have a profound effect on the total personality — emotionally, intellectually and spiritually.

Adolescence is a time when childhood dependencies and ways of life are abandoned more or less for good. This cannot be achieved without conflict and confused feelings — moodiness, loneliness, self-doubt. Each adolescent must begin to find his own identity, his own place in relation to work, to citizenship, to his spiritual and moral commitments. Each must learn the intimacies of loving and being loved, in preparation for the adult rôle of

Everybody has to go through it, but it's a new experience to each generation

husband or wife, father or mother. It takes years for this transition to adulthood to approach a degree of stability.

Adolescence makes its appearance gradually. Between the ages of 9 and 12, the period of pre-adolescence, the child loses some of the charm and tractability of childhood, he begins to grumble about accustomed routines at home, to resist rules and challenge regulations. His language and habits become sloppy. His attention and concentration suffer, his homework becomes an ordeal. In every way pre-adolescents

and parents get on each other's nerves.

The child at this age is at war with time. He never begins anything soon enough and refuses to accept help in planning. Boys enter the "gang" stage, are full of adventurous play and fantasy, and become secretive about life outside the home. They avoid girls and prefer to play among themselves. Girls behave either as tomboys or as "little women," eagerly engaged in teasing the opposite sex. It is the function of adolescence to bring order and direction into these fitful beginnings of "growing up."

Puberty, the period at which sexual maturity is reached, begins with hormonal changes in the reproductive system; these in turn initiate secondary changes. Boys develop facial hair and change of voice. Girls, who mature one to three years earlier than boys, show a rounding of the hips and growth of the breasts.

The adolescent swings rapidly from independence to dependence and back; he is fearful one day, over confident the next; he is moody, over-sensitive, never quite sure what he wants, apparently wanting quite opposite and irreconcilable things.

At about 14 or 15 another change appears. The child is still unstable, moody, unpredictable, in conflict with adult authority and with himself—yet in many ways he is more grown-up. His or her interest in the opposite sex has been

awakened and is openly expressed.

At this stage the growing child can be as meticulous about his appearance and manners as he was careless a few years before; he is considerably more responsible; he may throw himself into work with new vigour and direction. He still lapses into introspection and uses childish patterns of problem-solving—bragging, swaggering, sulking—but he is making an attempt to solve his problem on a more mature level.

Because the adolescent is deeply engaged in a struggle for emotional emancipation from his parents, their help is resisted rather than sought. Often, a teacher or other adult serves as the adolescent's model. With the advent of sexual maturation, the young person's love needs are directed away from his family to members of the opposite sex outside. The fact that the adolescent begins to withdraw his affection from the people closest to him makes him lonely and intensely self-centred.

During this period some form of sexual expression is normal. "Neck-ing," "petting," and sex play are common. Intense friendships between members of the same sex also occur—and should not be mistaken as indications of homosexuality.

Through experimentation the adolescent discovers his own powers and emotions, his own capacities, interests and desires. Gradually he arrives at a self-chosen code of conduct and morals. It is a paradox that

the moral personality which eventually emerges after adolescence often bears a close resemblance to the idols of the past—the parents—which the adolescent seemed so determined to discard and disown.

Young people hope to discover Utopia, a world better than the one they inherited from their elders. If they cannot create it and sustain their idealism and hopes, then they may try to wrench adult privileges from the older generation by force. They rush ahead disregarding obstacles, yet they are easily discouraged by the magnitude of the struggle towards maturity. Great optimism and pessimism alternate; these swings of mood result in an extreme show of independence, of apparent cynicism, opportunism or callous anti-emotionalism. An understanding adult is the only safe bridge for an adolescent as he moves from childhood to adulthood.

The loving parent desires to spare his child the anguish and errors of his own youth. But this is possible only to a limited degree. We cannot protect our children from the exigencies of their own lives and their own growth. Life starts anew with

each generation; and life's lessons must be learnt anew by each person, in his own way and through his own experience. An adolescent thus has to make many wrong decisions in order to learn. If allowed to do this in minor situations (which jacket or dress to wear to school, at what time to cut the lawn), more important demonstrations of rebelliousness may be avoided.

But no matter how much care is exercised, clashes between the generations are inevitable. The challenge of adolescence to parental authority can be resolved only by a sincere respect for differences and the need for compromise. Adolescence is a profound learning experience for both parent and child. A parent should realize that, since his own youth, great changes have taken place in manners, in clothes, in social conduct, in recreation, slang and language patterns.

However the adolescent behaves, he still very much needs his parents. More than anything else, the adolescent *needs his parents' trust in his essential goodness*. And the parent still bears the responsibility for his adolescent child.



Caught in Passing

WOMAN to woman on bus: "Alimony is her idea of a guaranteed annual wage."

—Clyde Moore

ONE YOUNG man to another: "It's not that I spend more than I earn, it's just that I spend it quicker than I earn it."

—Contributed by P. G. Harris

Cartoon Quips

MAN to wife on motor trip "Mind nagging me a little? I'm starting to fall asleep"

Bill Yates in *Clippers*

HUSBAND to wife, as they struggle with crazy paving stones and cement "Why worry about dinner? With just a little luck we'll be dead by then"

Buckman *Do It Yourself* (U.S.A.)

ONE GUEST to mother at literary cocktail party "The film they've just made from his book has given him an idea for a new novel"

C. K. L. in *The Saturday Kicker*

HUSBAND to wife as they take their four little monsters on a visit "They're such nice people it seems a dirty trick to accept their invitation"

E. L. K. in *The Register and Tribune Syndicate*

GIRL to room mate "He was on a 24 hour pass—at me"

Charles Dennis in *Mirth*

WIFE to husband "Of course I spend more than you earn, dear! I have confidence in you!"

Dick Turner

SIGN on the door of a Registrar's Office "Out to lunch. Think it over"

Nick Radiconi in *Liberty*

AUCTIONEER "Sold!" to the lady with her husband's hand over her mouth!"

George Lichty Chicago Sun Times Syndicate

SWEET young thing to a friend "I love Mr. McCallers for what he is. He's a director of a steel company"

Kate Osann in *The Saturday Evening Post*

IMPAIENT patient to doctor "I know whisky is no help getting rid of a cold—but then, neither is the medical profession"

George Lichty Chicago Sun Times Syndicate

FEMALE battle-axe to her lawyer "And you might warn my husband that if he misses a single alimony payment—I'll repossess him!"

George Lichty Chicago Sun-Times Syndicate

WIFE greeting grumpy-looking husband at door "I'll bet your office had a hard day!"

—Bo Brown in *The Saturday Evening Post*

The forgotten man whose 30 years of almost singlehanded research brought forth the rocket and the guided missile

The Strange Story of Dr. Goddard

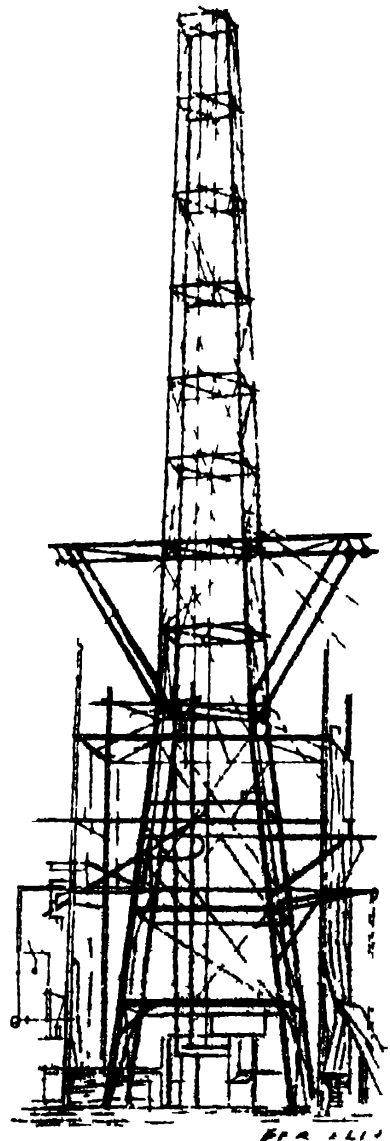
By Milton Lehman

UNITED STATES ordnance men interrogating captured German scientists in the spring of 1945 concerning Hitler's fabulous V 2 rocket bomb were surprised by the reply they received. Why do you ask us these questions? Why don't you ask your own rocket pioneer Doctor Goddard? We learnt these things from him.

Now ten years later the story of Dr. Robert Hutchings Goddard is still virtually unknown. Yet this tall bald professor dreamed one of the longest dreams of this century singlehanded he launched the age of the rocket as surely as Orville and Wilbur Wright launched the age of aircraft.

Long before the Second World War Goddard placed the "secret" of V-2—and secrets beyond it—at America's disposal. He was laughed at for his pains. The Press and public called him "Moony" Goddard, and the U.S. military authorities by-passed him as "impractical." The Germans, however, took him seriously and studied his work carefully.

Dr. Goddard didn't live to see his own country's massive interest in guided missiles. But for the American Services he devised other weapons, such as the rocket-launching bazooka, the first weapon



to give the foot soldier an even chance against a tank. When he died in 1945—just before V-J Day—at the age of 62, he left a testament of his unfinished work: 22 volumes of painstaking records of experiments and theories, which took his widow a year to transcribe. He also left the legacy of his real quest, the flight of a rocket into outer space. The recent announcement of a project to launch a man-made satellite into space in order to obtain information on the nature of the ionosphere is, in a way, a fruition of his original idea.

A professor of physics at Clark University in Worcester, Massachusetts, Goddard appeared the model of a conservative pedagogue. His speech was quiet and urbane, his moustache was close cropped, his collar stiff and white. But beneath this bland appearance burned the soul of a revolutionary, a pioneer on the outer fringes of the most fantastic branch of science.

Rockets, of course, were nothing new when Goddard began his work. Devised by the ancient Chinese, sky-rockets had been used for centuries. But *space* flight was something else—the province of science fiction. To its weird history he brought the sobering fundamentals of science.

Illness may crush a young man's ambition. It brought Goddard to a blazing purpose. The only child of a factory superintendent, he grew up in Worcester, Massachusetts, a thin, tuberculous boy who survived

his young manhood despite the gloomy predictions of family physicians. Perhaps because he was grounded by the doctors, he turned to the novels of Jules Verne and H. G. Wells, approving their prophecies but noting in the margins wherever they violated the laws of science. In his garden he watched the flight of swifts, studying their wing structure.

In 1898, at the age of 15, he tried to make a gas filled aluminium balloon destined for outer space. "Aluminium balloon will not go up. Father's crown enterprise," he wrote in his journal, calmly misspelling the first failure in a lifetime destined to be spent in trial and error. A few years later, as a university student, he turned to rockets, anchoring them in a home-made test chamber, measuring the thrust of their gases and sometimes filling the whole of the science department with smoke.

In 1914, when he was 32 and an assistant professor at Clark University, he was granted two U.S. patents which are still basic to rocketry. One described the rocket nozzle, designed to give the maximum thrust; the second dealt with the combustion chamber and fueling system; and both covered the step-rocket principle, in which successive rockets propel the final payload. The U.S. Army applied this principle 35 years later in a two-stage rocket, and achieved man's highest altitude thus far—250 miles

above the proving ground at White Sands, New Mexico.

In 1915 Goddard made a pioneer test. Until then, most scientists believed that rockets moved upwards by pushing their gases against the earth's heavy atmosphere, although Sir Isaac Newton had rendered a law that for every action there is an equal and opposite reaction. Goddard put Newton's law to the test and found that his rocket needed *nothing* to push against. It propelled itself by reaction in a total vacuum even better than in atmosphere. Goddard concluded that a rocket might fly beyond the atmosphere into space.

But how high could one travel on a professor's salary of \$2,000 a year? Goddard hurried between his physics classes and his basement workshop at Clark. He shopped at all the Worcester hardware stores for rocket makings, getting the most for his money. Inevitably he reached the bottom of his modest savings. Almost desperately, he prepared a prospectus on his research and submitted it to scientific foundations, seeking a grant. To scientists he offered the rocket as a means of exploring the upper atmosphere for meteorological data. To the military authorities,

then at the verge of the First World War, he offered the rocket as a new and adaptable weapon.

Dr. Charles Walcott, of the venerable Smithsonian Institution, declared the prospectus "brilliant" and asked the young scientist to state his requirements. Goddard estimated that \$10,000 would carry him through. Fearful of alarming his patron, he pared his request to \$5,000, which was promptly granted.

"He was a lone wolf," Dr. Walcott later observed. "He knew precisely what he was doing. I have never seen so much confidence."

Early in November, 1918, Goddard showed the U.S. Army Ordnance a novel recoilless rocket launcher. At

Aberdeen Proving Ground in Maryland he perched his launcher on two music stands. The rockets fired without the slightest recoil and penetrated the thickness of several sandbags. Ordnance was impressed, but then the war ended and the Army lost interest until the Second World War, when it reclaimed the launcher and called it the "bazooka."

In 1919 Dr. Goddard told the Smithsonian Institution where its money was going in a solemn scientific treatise entitled *A Method of Reaching Extreme Altitudes*.



Although he tried to limit himself to discussing upper-atmosphere research, his irrepressible dream of space flight crept into the report. In effect he suggested the possibility of sending a step-rocket to the moon, there to discharge a two-pound magnesium flare visible to powerful telescopes on the earth.

This indiscretion landed Goddard in the Sunday newspapers. Ignoring his sober calculations and reasoning, the Press ridiculed the professor's "moon rocket" and pictured him as a crackpot.

Thereafter Goddard rarely talked of space flight, but he never abandoned his dream, or his sense of humour. "I'm just a little dog," he sometimes said, "with a great big bone." In private he recorded his concepts of atomic and solar engines, methods of navigation in interplanetary space, and filed them in a locked cabinet in a folder labelled, "Formulae for Silvering Mirrors." It was about this time that Goddard met a blonde, blue-eyed young lady named Esther Kisk, secretary to the president of Clark University. Sixteen years his junior, she became his wife, confidante, photographer, secretary, and director of the family's remarkable budget.

"When I transcribed Bob's journal after he died," Mrs. Goddard said recently, "I seemed to see him again for the first time. I'd lived through the rocket with him. I'd sewn silk parachutes to bring her down safely, preserving her precious

parts, but sometimes the parachutes didn't work. I'd taken films of every test, but sometimes she refused to fly. Suddenly, as I was typing, I realized that only once, in all those journals did he show the slightest sign of discouragement. "A bad day," he wrote once. It must have been an incredibly bad day!"

In 1926 Goddard was finally ready to try his rocket on its first free flight. He set up a steel tower on a farm owned by a spinster relative, Aunt Effie Ward, in nearby Auburn, Massachusetts. A. A. Ward, her nephew, recalls Goddard's early flights. "Bob's rocket didn't seem much," he told me. "It was about ten feet high with its motor in front and a lot of tubes leading down to some fins to control it. It didn't even have a decent body to cover it—it was more like a skeleton. Well, Bob kept bringing it out and firing it off and it wouldn't go up. Something would blow out, or stick, and the rocket would just turn over on its nose. Once I asked him how high he expected it to go. 'Well,' he said, 'if it just clears this tower I'll be satisfied.'"

On March 16, 1926, the skies were clear, the weather cold and windless. Goddard carried the rocket to the tower and lit his blowtorch. The three-man crew took its stations, Esther Goddard handling the ciné camera to record whatever might happen.

This time it happened. The rocket was ignited and there came a steady

roar. The rocket rose 41 feet in height, travelled 221 feet in distance at 60 miles an hour, and thudded back to earth 2.5 seconds after launching. Such was the maiden flight of all the V-2's, the Snarks, the Nikes and the Ferners that were to follow.

For two years the professor built and tested larger rockets at Aunt Flossie's, but they stubbornly refused to work. And then on July 17, 1929, he launched one that rose 102 feet. Fired on a still hot day, its sound carried through Auburn persuading a local housewife that an aeroplane had crashed. By the time the police and ambulances reached the farm, the telegraph wires were already flashing the news that Dr. Goddard's rocket 'headed' for the moon had exploded violently.

Goddard explained that there was no explosion—that rockets are normally noisy. The Smithsonian Institution hurriedly announced:

No such wild project as going to the moon is contemplated. We wish to create a method to gather meteorological and atmospheric data.' But reporters misquoted Goddard all over the world. Townspeople declared 'Moony' Goddard a menace to public safety, and the Massachusetts fire chief ordered him to move elsewhere. "They're not doing right by our Nell," one of Goddard's assistants observed. Thereafter, the rocket was known as Nell to the Goddards and their embattled crew.

The stories were not so amusing

to some readers. From Germany, an eager young rocketeer named Hermann Oberth had been writing to Worcester asking for details of Goddard's work. From the Japanese and Italian embassies in Washington came repeated requests for information. Goddard declined such request. But his basic patents, of course, were available to all for ten cents a copy.

Meanwhile another lone wolf recognized a fellow pioneer through the published press account. Colonel Charles Lindbergh drove to Worcester to see the professor. Deeply impressed, Lindbergh argued Goddard's case before Daniel Guggenheim. Early in 1930 Goddard received his first Guggenheim grant of \$25,000. Knowing he had to leave Massachusetts, he methodically studied his maps and rainfall charts and chose New Mexico for its broad wasteland, clear skies and dry, dependable climate.

The Goddards and crew moved to Mesalero Ranch, near Roswell, New Mexico. A cattleman, Oscar White, turned over acres of grazing land for their proving ground. Roswell townspeople, used to spaciousness, readily accepted the space pioneer.

In the bland New Mexico climate, Nell continued to grow. Young Army and Navy fliers who knew their engineering made pilgrimages to see the rocket man. "You know," Goddard once told his wife, "We're not alone in this any more. These

young fellows believe in Nell, too."

Goddard's headquarters was a trim, well-equipped machine shop, as neatly maintained as a proud housewife's kitchen.

In May, 1935, Nell weighed in at 85 pounds and was 15 feet long. She was equipped with a gyroscope to stabilize her flight. Her liquid oxygen was fed into the combustion chamber by a pressure supply tank. Her petrol, used as fuel, served a second purpose. Through an ingenious system called curtain cooling, it kept the combustion chamber from burning out. This was Goddard's greatest rocket. She rose 7,500 feet above the New Mexico sands and reached a speed of 700 mph nearly the speed of sound.

Goddard suspected that the Germans were working on rockets for military purposes. In the late 1930's he again tried to interest the U.S. War Department in rocket weapons. The ordnance men were only mildly interested. It was not until 1941 that the Navy sent a young rocket-minded officer named C. Fink Fischer out to ask his help on jet-assisted take-offs and rocket bombs.

Goddard could understand why the United States might not invest in an all-out programme in guided missiles and he was shrewd enough to know that no nation's funds are unlimited. So he packed up his crew and equipment and left New Mexico for the U.S. Navy's research laboratory at Annapolis. Here he turned

Nell from a vertical into a horizontal rocket.

During the 1944 rocket blitz on England, details of the German V-2 were sent to Annapolis. Dr. Goddard noted the marked similarity to his own rocket. Both used liquid oxygen, centrifugal pumps, pilot gyroscopes, curtain cooling. Both, from front to rear, were laid out in identical fashion—fuel tank, oxygen tank, pumps, turbines, turbine drive, rocket motor. "Isn't this V-2 your rocket?" the professor was asked. Goddard, accustomed to understatement, simply said: "It seems to be."

In August, 1945, Goddard died. His lungs, once crippled by tuberculosis, failed after an operation for throat cancer. He was buried one week after the Army established its missile centre at White Sands and began testing the German V-2. His legacy included some 200 patents, many of them granted since his death. The space ship which inspired them is still round the corner, possibly a very long corner. But the new guided missiles, their by-product, are now a great industry, shrouded in military secrecy. Today even the smallest of the new super-rockets costs more than \$200,000—the total expended by Goddard in his 30 years of research.

Says Dr. Wernher von Braun, leading rocket expert and now technical director of the U.S. Army's Redstone Arsenal: "Dr. Goddard was ahead of us all."

Life's Like That

THE THRESHOLD of a small country inn in the friend were sitting outside one afternoon when a big luxurious car drove up. Out of it stepped a pompous old lady followed by a much less imposing husband. In strident tones she demanded to know if they had any rooms. Assured that they did have rooms she demanded to see them.

It wasn't long before the couple came clumping downstairs, hurried to the car and drove off. The licensee returned to his seat.

She ain't stayin' asked his friend

No she isn't. When I took her to see the rooms which she seemed to like she asked me if we changed our linen every day. I said we did. Next she asked me if we had any bugs. I said we did not. Then I asked her the same two questions. (HOLLISTER)

IN OUR senior English class at school the teacher was trying to im

press upon us the importance of a large vocabulary. He told us that if we took a word and used it ten times it would be ours for life.

Just then I heard the girl sitting next to me saying something. Her eyes were closed and she was chanting. Lom lom lom lom lom lom lom lom lom lom lom lom.

1) $\sim \sim \sim$ (, A

IN A DEPARTMENT STORE I noticed an attractive young woman looking at men's shirts on sale. She picked out one and handed it to the elderly assistant who was attending to her.

Please leave the original price ticket on it," she said, "because I want to show it to my husband. He says he's never had a bargain."

Taking the shirt the assistant stood looking at her a moment. Then he said softly: "Forgot his wedding day?"

MRS. A. J. MAYO

ONE MORNING as I was going into Salt Lake City the bus stopped at a

lane to pick up a farmer, who took the seat beside me. He was only middle-aged but his shoulders were stooped and his hands were gnarled. As we sped by the green fields I wondered what were the thoughts of this "Man With a Hoe."

He spoke suddenly. "You know," he said, "when He made trees and grass green, He just couldn't have picked a prettier colour."

- R. A. LEVINE

PART of my course in sociology called for getting some first-hand information on communities. To do this, I went from door to door interviewing people. I put my first question to one man, "What do you especially like about living in this neighbourhood?"

The man answered slowly. "It's nice and friendly," he said. "People are always coming to visit us, and we visit them. And there are lots of children around."

"And what are the things you don't like about it?" I asked next. •

The man thought a moment, and then said, "Same things, I suppose."

- INGRID HILKE

A FRIEND of mine lost her only son, Jim, during the war. And several

years after that her husband died. Going past the house one day, a boy who had been a school friend of Jim's noticed the widow sitting alone at a window. Her stark expression haunted him, and he resolved to do something that might help to give her back part of what she had lost.

He called on three of Jim's old friends and the four of them made a secret pact: they would be substitute sons. One by one, they began casually to drop in and see her. After they took her out—to dinner, or a play or concert—just as her own son might have done. As the boys married, she was drawn into their family circles and became a "grandmother" as naturally as if she were a blood relation.

Until she died a few months ago, she was one of the happiest old ladies I have ever known. Her "sons" had succeeded in giving her family back to her.

- BLANCHE ROE

Typewritten contributions may be addressed to "Life's Like That" Editor, The Reader's Digest, 25 Berkeley Square, London, W.1. Payment will be at the usual rates. Rejected contributions cannot be returned.

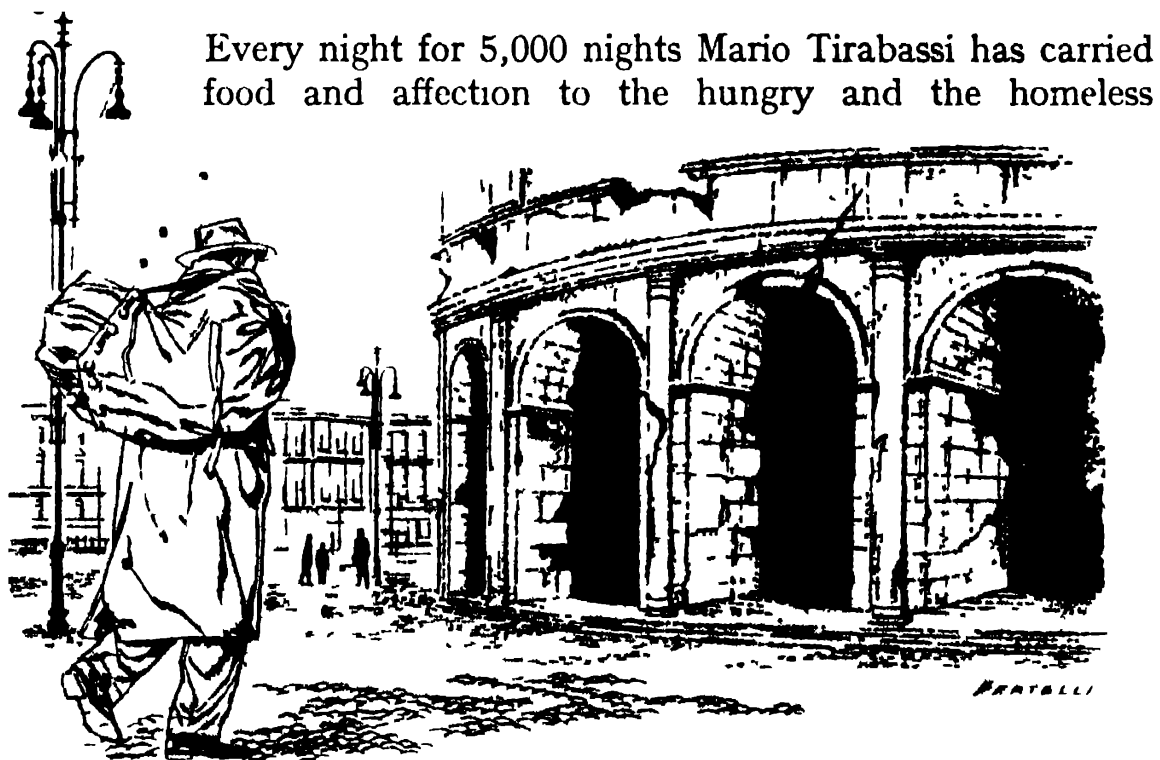
Down But Not Out

THE REFLEXES a man acquires to help him to earn his daily bread are highly developed in some professions. Consider the case of Raul (Raton) Macias, of Mexico City:

About to undergo an operation for setting a broken jaw, Macias began to breathe deeply as the anaesthetic was administered. "One," intoned the anaesthetist, starting his count. "Two. Three. Four. . . ."

All went well until the count reached nine, at which point the world bantamweight champion made desperate efforts to get to his feet.

- Sports Illustrated



Every night for 5,000 nights Mario Tirabassi has carried food and affection to the hungry and the homeless

Mission Amid the Ruins

By Robert Littell

IT WAS during the Second World War that Mario Tirabassi had the vision which changed his destiny. Tirabassi, son of a well-to-do landowner in the mountains of Abruzzi, had been working in Rome as a government clerk. When refugees began pouring into the city he was appalled by their misery and gave up his job to volunteer as a hospital orderly. One night, leaning out of a window for a breath of air, he heard groans coming up from the darkness. He hurried down and found a ragged old man, who mumbled that he had walked all the way from Cassino, where his family had been killed in an air raid. Tirabassi

lifted the old man on to his back and carried him into the hospital.

On the way, Tirabassi says, there was a sudden brightness, and a young girl all in white floated towards him, bidding him have no fear, for he had been chosen to help the friendless, the homeless, the roofless, the uprooted. To this work, she said, he must dedicate his life.

When this vision appeared to him Tirabassi was in his late 20's. Some 5,000 nights have since passed. On every one of them Mario Tirabassi has gone out into the stony silences of darkened Rome carrying packs and bundles stuffed with clothes, bread, cheese, ham, shoes, socks,

blankets for the lost human beings no one else has bothered to find. By day he is out trying to find jobs for them; getting them admitted to hospitals, homes, asylums; sending some to their distant villages; persuading the authorities that lack of a legal residence, or even a roof, does not strike a man from the roll of humanity.

Tirabassi is not a member of any religious order. His mission is of his own making. Some of the people he helps have tiny pensions: just enough to live on, but not enough for a roof. So they find themselves free lodging amid the ruins of Rome's ancient splendour. Some are old men, hermits by taste and habit. Most cannot get regular work or official relief because they have no "papers." In our modern bureaucratic world even misery must have its passport.

Before dawn the homeless ones are up and scattered over the city, sunning themselves, doing pitifully small odd jobs now and then, washing their rags in the river, collecting cigarette ends, raking over the dustbins. A few hours later the tourists pour out of their comfortable hotels to gape at the splintered marble ruins and take snapshots. No one tells them how many of the piles of ancient stone shelter hundreds of poor devils who, by night, when there is no one about to catch them at it, will crawl back to their rocky beds among the centuries.

It is later still that Tirabassi's

round begins. At first the whole burden was his, literally on his own shoulders, and on foot. More than once, as he carried his heavy load through the empty streets, *l'Uomo del Sacco* (the Man with the Sack) was stopped and questioned by police. It was not long before he was carrying and refilling three, four, five sacks every night.

And then the ancient pattern of the leader and his disciples wove itself about him. Four friends joined him on his nocturnal errands: a Roman prince, a young student, a Neapolitan businessman, a retired admiral. Carrying packs and bundles of their own, they stumbled after him into the night, seeing corners of their capital they never knew existed and human beings who seemed to be living in a limbo between this world and the next.

For several years Tirabassi bore all the cost of his good works himself, spending most of his small income from the family acres. But gradually, as more and more Romans began to hear about him, help trickled in from others, often anonymous, always unsolicited, for Tirabassi boasts: "I have never asked anyone for anything." Food, clothes, blankets are left at his door; money comes in from strangers who stop him in the street; from men he helped and who later got a job. A homeless man to whom Tirabassi had given a suit from an unknown donor found 30,000 lire in his pockets, which he turned over to

Tirabassi, saying: "Others need it more than I do."

Over the years, word of Tirabassi's devotion spread until he and his friends were distributing the contents of some 70 packs, and some 25,000 lire in cash, every night. And this year their efforts were crowned by the gift, from the Pope himself, of a motor car, to lighten the burden of their midnight rounds.

What impresses Tirabassi's companions most is the deeply religious, uncomplicated, early-Christian spirit in which he goes about his work. Tirabassi does not give from a mere sense of duty. When he gives—it may be only half a pound of cheese or a pair of socks—it is as if he said: "With all my heart I thank you for the joy this brings to me." And often, as a sign and seal of the brotherly exchange, he bends down and kisses his friend in need.

One unforgettable night Tirabassi let me go with him. We met long after midnight, when Rome was as empty as a closed museum. First to turn up was the admiral, on a bicycle. Then came Tirabassi—dark, slight, shadowy, with his hat brim pulled down over deep restless eyes; a sudden smile, as instantly extinguished; a profile sharpened by leaning into the night winds; the alert, ascetic face of a man both driven and exalted.

We loaded up with duffel bags and bundles. As we started off, Tirabassi crossed himself, quickly, decisively, as a knight might loosen his

sword in its scabbard before battle.

We stopped first near an ancient time-bleached archway. Low down on one flank was a black hole, a foot or so high and two feet wide. Tirabassi probed this horizontal pit with his flashlight.

"Nonno!" he called, "Nonno!"—which means "Grandpa." At last, deep within the hole, something stirred. Tirabassi thrust a parcel into the blackness. A hand grasped it and we heard the crackle of paper and a wheezy, hardly human croak. "Good night, Nonno," said Tirabassi.

As we went away he told us the story: "He's 76. He has lived in that hole for at least a year. At dawn he wriggles out, feet first, for the hole is too narrow to turn round in, and cooks himself a meal in a tin can over a little fire. I could get him into an institution, but he prefers his freedom. He was in prison for 30 years."

The next hours were like a preview of purgatory. Two grey-faced men in rags had made their home in an earthen-walled cellar reached by a shaky ladder. As Tirabassi gave the elder one his parcel he gently, reverently, kissed him on each cheek. When Tirabassi left, the old man asked beseechingly to be kissed again, like a child who wants to put off the dreaded moment when he will be left alone in the dark.

In the labyrinthine cellars under a Roman stadium—the Circus Maximus—Tirabassi whispered at a tiny

opening, and a puffy, suspicious face came to the surface, like a fish that doesn't trust the air.

Deep in the polished granite bowels of Rome's tremendous railway station we found two men lying hunched up in their frayed overcoats like people caught at night on a mountain ledge. As Tirabassi poked envelopes containing money into their pockets, one of them, still half asleep, stretched up both arms in the automatic gesture of a man who has often been "frisked" by the police.

Half way up the Capitoline, where stands Rome's graceful City Hall on a pavement designed by Michelangelo, Tirabassi climbed an iron fence to give some socks to his old friend, a retired level-crossing keeper whose pension is so small that it won't stretch far enough to include rent. He lives in a hole in the rocks just off the path. A self-respecting man, he won't accept any food, but he is grateful for warm clothes now and then. And he says that he is quite comfortable in his cavern with a view, where he has spent every night for the last ten years.

Under the graceful arches of the loggia above the City Hall we came upon a human form stretched out flat as a mummy on the stone floor. It was swathed from head to foot in a waxy white paper. When Tirabassi lifted a corner of the paper, then the blanket underneath, the mummy stirred, and up rose a head

with a sad, intelligent face and a sleepy smile.

Tirabassi asked a few questions, left some food, and tucked the paper round the mummy again. This was a well-educated man who could not work because he had tuberculosis. Tirabassi hoped soon to find him a hospital bed.

From there he went to the Colosseum. In the moonlight the great pillared arches, tier upon tier, looked like cyeless sockets in a fleshless skull. All round the base are arched vaults; some of them make draughty and cavernous bedrooms, blocked off from prying eyes by piles of rock.

Tirabassi ducked into one of these, and his flashlight threw against the wall the giant shadow of a man's arm. There, curled up among old newspapers behind the rocks was a man with hair as long and tangled as a sheep dog's. Tirabassi leaned down, kissed him on both cheeks, and the old man took his parcel with a wavering growl of thanks, while his eyes blinked in the stabbing light.

For an hour we followed Tirabassi round this man-made mountain. From invisible depths and forgotten cellars came whiffs of cold dead air, heavy with the smell of centuries. The emperors and the lions, the Christians and the gladiators were gone, but the Colosseum was well tenanted.

Yet some of the lodgers were missing. "Luigi!" Tirabassi would call,

or "Pasquale!" and flash his light on a huddle of empty rags. "Perhaps he's been picked up by the police. Let's see if he left a message." Tirabassi reached up and felt about in a shallow niche in the pock-marked wall. "Nothing," he said, "no message. These people can't write, so they leave stones in a hole. One stone means 'I'm in the hospital'; two, 'I've been arrested.' "

In one vault we found two old women propped up against the chilly stone like wobbly bags of laundry. Tirabassi gave them some bread, some cheese, a little money. But room mates such as these are rare. Most of the people Tirabassi helps live like hermits, each alone in his cave, behind his broken columns, under his bridge; each in his solitary nest of rags, crushed newspaper, torn blankets; each hugging and hiding from all others, from the whole world, his little hoard—the precious extra shoe that does not fit; the cache of bread crusts in a knotted scarf; the knife with one broken blade stropped thin and bright; the battered, beloved tin for cooking at secret fires; the dwindling cake of

soap; the tooth-marked spoon; the watch that ticks and ticks without telling the time because it has no hands.

In the last Colosseum vault we visited, Tirabassi stayed behind and sent the admiral tottering over the rocks with flashlight and parcel. "I don't want to embarrass that man in there by going in myself. For Tomaso hates me. He insists that I am very rich, and that I help others only so that God will forgive me my sinful wealth."

Towards dawn, when the sacks were empty, the food and clothes and life all given away, Tirabassi went home. After a few hours' sleep he would rise and get to work again. He would intercede with the police for Antonio; find a job for Giuseppe; take Paolo to the hospital; arrange with the priest for the marriage of a roofless couple who have been living together, on hope, in a vine-concealed den in the antique rubble of one of the Seven Hills. Then this selfless, dedicated man would begin collecting clothes, wrapping parcels, filling sacks for the next night's mission amid the ruins.



Password

THE MATERNITY hospital was 30 miles away, and the road was under repair. Time was getting short, and as we waited impatiently for the flagman to wave us on at a roadblock, my husband stared at the "MEN AT WORK" sign. Suddenly he snatched a piece of cardboard from the back seat, scrawled on it "WOMAN AT LABOUR" and held it out of the window. From then on, each flagman sent us ahead as speedily as possible—and we reached the hospital 20 minutes before our son arrived.

—Contributed by Mrs Berle Robinson

New research suggests that the scourge of atherosclerosis may be related to the amount of fat in the food we eat

Is This the Chief Cause of Heart Disease?



By Blake Clark

Important Pioneering

WE HAVE ADVANCED far in the diagnosis of coronary heart disease and we are making some progress in its treatment, but its prevention has received little attention. We have identified some of the basic factors about which we can do little or nothing—for example, *heredity*, which includes the stocky (mesomorphic) build and a very high blood fat in the young, the *male sex*, which is the more vulnerable and *increasing age*. But the environmental or "secondary" factors, about which we can do something, have received far too little study. These include the factors of *diet, tobacco, exercise, stress and strain, climate, and local customs*. International epidemiological research (as to causative factors) will almost certainly supply us with some of the answers. The article by Blake Clark presents some important pioneering which, if confirmed by further studies, can have great promise of hope for our future.

PAUL DUDLEY WHITE M.D.
President International Society of Cardiology

THE CHANCES are one in four that the next person you see will die of heart disease or a related circulatory ailment. These diseases accounted for about 25 per cent of the deaths in Britain last year.

These are disquieting figures, although heart disease is much less prevalent in Britain than in America, where the malady has been the subject of extensive research. Four groups, directed by Doctors *John

Gofman, of the University of California, Max Lauffer, of the University of Pittsburgh, Irvine Page, of the Cleveland Clinic Foundation, and Frederick Stare, of Harvard, are engaged in an intensive co-operative study of one fundamental aspect of the problem.

Another group of investigators, led by Dr. Ancel Keys, Director of the Department of Physiological Hygiene at the University of Minnesota, has for five years collected evidence in many parts of the world on the frequency of coronary heart disease. Many doctors helped, especially Dr. Paul Dudley White, of Boston, President of the International Society of Cardiology. Vital statistics, insurance records, hospital surveys—all showed that the rates of coronary heart disease vary widely in different populations; and that the rates seem to be related to food habits.

The arteries which distribute food and energy throughout the heart muscles are called coronary arteries. Doctors have long known that the greatest danger to the heart is an accumulation in these arteries of a fat-like substance called cholesterol. This substance, produced by the liver, is essential to the body and is found in most of our tissues. However, a possibility being investigated is that the body sometimes makes too much cholesterol or does not break it down enough. In such cases it may be deposited within the walls of a coronary artery,

narrowing the channel for blood to flow through and starving the cells of the artery itself. If this process continues, the artery may be closed by a blood clot. Since the heart muscle depends upon the blood and oxygen brought to it by the arteries, the result may be a weakening of the heart. In the end the heart may simply stop for want of this vital fuel.

This change in the arteries is known as atherosclerosis.* Doctors are not certain what factors may bring on a "heart attack"; but they are agreed that such an attack rarely occurs unless the arteries of the heart have been damaged by atherosclerosis.

Dr. Keys studied the records of 300 middle-aged business executives examined regularly in his laboratory. He noticed that the amount of cholesterol in their blood was higher than in a control group of younger men. Why?

Perhaps they were too fat? No. He found little difference between the fat men and the thin men in the amount of blood cholesterol. However, some of the men went on diets to lose weight, and often their blood cholesterol went down. On checking the diets Keys saw that usually they were low in fats. Could it be that the *kind* of diet is important where cholesterol is involved?

Dr. Keys got U.S. Department of Agriculture reports back to 1910,

* Atherosclerosis should not be confused with arteriosclerosis, or hardening of the arteries

and was excited to see that the average American diet has been changing to higher and higher proportions of fatty foods. Forty years ago fats provided only 30 per cent of calories; now they provide about 40 per cent. Could it be that over-consumption of fat caused the body to build up cholesterol in the blood?

Then to the laboratory came 46-year-old Arnold Heth, suffering from a disease caused by too much cholesterol. It had accumulated in lumps all over his body. The nodules in his knees were so large and painful that he could hardly kneel.

Heth's blood contained the highest amount of cholesterol the laboratory had ever measured. Other patients of the same age averaged about 250 milligrams per 100 cubic centimetres of blood; Heth had 1,000. Here was a fine opportunity to make a controlled experiment. On a Tuesday morning Arnold Heth was put on a low-fat diet. Wednesday's blood sample showed a substantial drop—970 instead of 1,000. Thursday—940. Friday—900. Each day the rate fell about 30 milligrams. But when fat, either animal or vegetable, was added to the diet, up went the blood cholesterol.

Finally, Heth was sent home on a strict diet—less than 50 grammes of fats, only a third of his former intake. Sixteen months later he came back for a check-up. His blood cholesterol was only half what it had been on a free diet, the painful nodules were disappearing,

and he had not lost weight.

In 1951 Dr. Keys took his research to Europe for a larger test of the growing suspicion that some coronary heart disease was related to fat consumption. It is known that Italians consume only about half as many fat calories as Americans do. Many are overweight, but the weight comes chiefly from carbohydrate calories in spaghetti and bread. And their death rate from degenerative heart disease in men is less than a third of that of America. Here, then, was a natural laboratory, with plenty of cases to study.

With the co-operation of the Italian Health Department, Dr. Keys tested 200 men in Naples. Analyses showed that these men, after 40, had much less cholesterol in their blood than the Americans he had tested. Studies in England and Spain followed. In these studies, too, the amount of blood cholesterol and the incidence of coronary heart disease were found to have a direct relation to the proportion of fat in the diet.

Meanwhile, support for the theory came from Sweden, where Dr. Haqvin Malmros, Chief of the Medical Clinic of University Hospital in Lund, reported that changes in coronary-heart-disease rates during the Second World War had paralleled changes in fat rations of the Scandinavian countries. In occupied Norway, where the fat supply was lowest, the coronary-heart-disease

When is a watch a Chronometer?



Accurate wrist watches were once very rare indeed. People laughed at the mere idea of a wrist watch that would keep time as perfectly as a Chronometer.

What a difference today! So many things depend on exact timing, that wrist watches must possess complete accuracy. And the watchmaker's skill ensures that the tiniest, daintiest wrist watch can be a Chronometer—even though it may look more ornamental than useful.

According to present Swiss regulations, Swiss watches can be entitled

Chronometers *only* if they pass rigorous 14-day laboratory tests at official Testing Stations. Manufacturers can no longer test their watches in their own laboratories and call them Chronometers.

Rolex, however, have always had their watches tested officially. After these scientific, impartial tests, Rolex mark each watch 'officially Certified Chronometer' on the dial.

For immediate identification, the famous Rolex Red Seal is attached. You may be sure that a watch bearing the Rolex Seal is a true Chronometer.



ROLEX

Watchdog of the World

Issued by: Rolex - Watch Co. (Eastern) Ltd., Bombay.

rate declined most. But in unoccupied Sweden, where the fat supply was kept nearer usual standards, there was much less change in the coronary-heart-disease rate.

Doctors A. R. P. Walker and J. Higginson, of Johannesburg, measured the cholesterol levels of certain African tribes. They found that the Bantu, who get only 15 per cent of their calories from fats, had little cholesterol in their blood. In a series of 224 autopsies on men from 50 to 70 years old they found *only one* death from coronary disease.

Now another country was heard from: Japan. The rice-and-fish-eating Japanese live on one of the lowest-fat diets in the world. Did this mean that the Japanese heart was one of the healthiest? Professor Noboru Kimura, head of Kyushu University Medical School, studied 10,000 autopsies, and personally examined 1,007 hearts. Incidence of seriously diseased coronaries in Japan proved to be about *one tenth* of that in the United States.

Last year, at the Second World Congress of Cardiology, all these men recounted what they had learned. The evidence was so impressive that more studies were started. Already additional information is being gathered from Sweden, Italy, Sardinia, South Africa, the Netherlands and Guatemala. Wherever a group tested ate a high-fat diet, the blood cholesterol was high and there was much coronary heart disease.

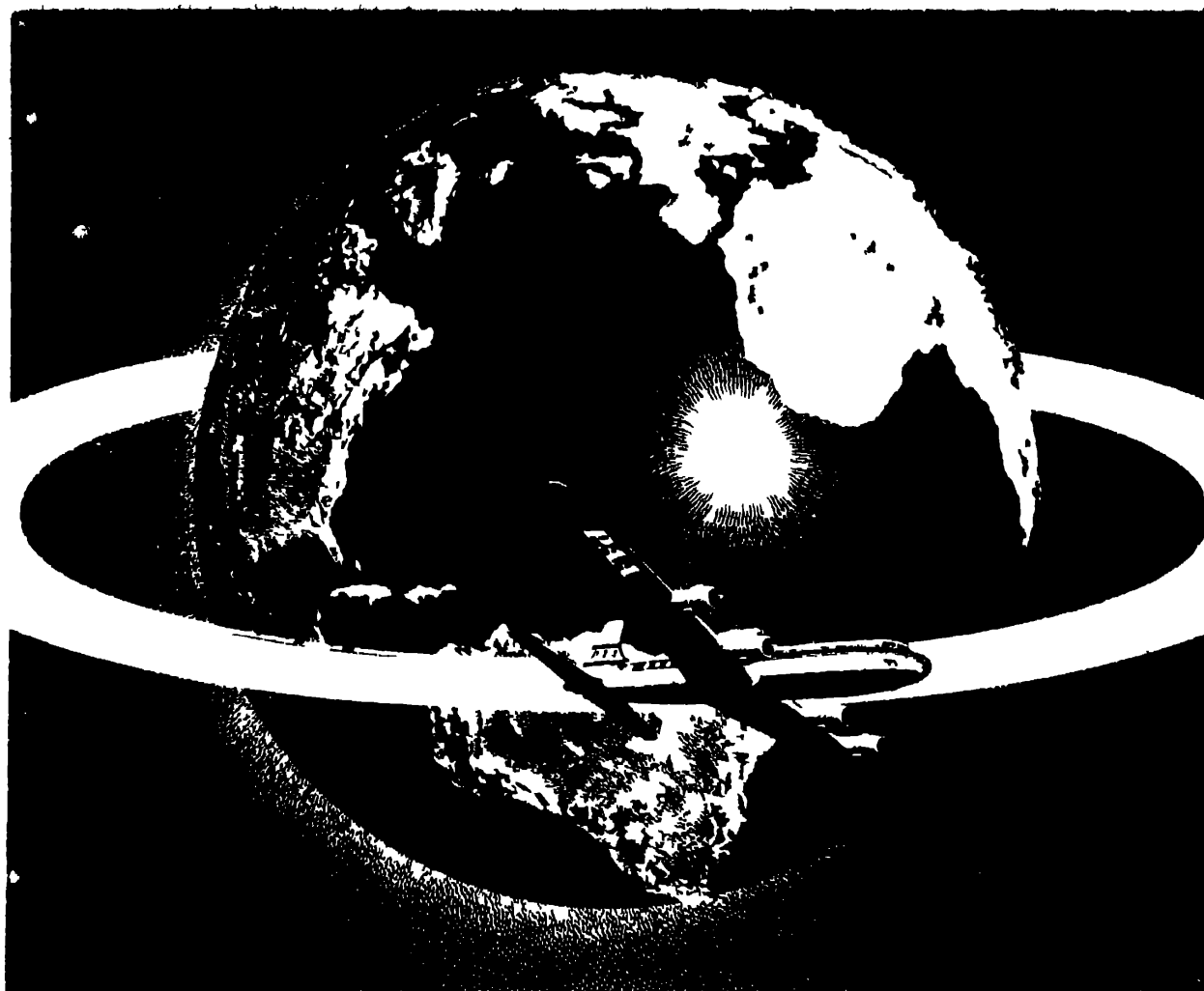
Despite the implications of this evidence, you must not conclude that all you have to do to guarantee against coronary heart disease is to reduce the fat in your diet. Other factors are involved. Many lines of research have yet to answer some vital questions.

Habitual physical activity may be important: Americans, for example, get far less exercise than most other national groups. And what of differences between individuals, such as sex and heredity? What of disordered bodily mechanisms that may deposit cholesterol regardless of what we eat? Certainly it is possible to suffer fatal coronary thrombosis despite normal body weight and normal blood cholesterol. Some men die of such attacks after years on low-fat diets. ♣

But whereas we cannot change such factors as our heredity, age, sex or body build, we *can* alter our diet. Should we?

First, a warning — authorities agree that people should *not* make drastic reductions, fat-starving themselves to the level of the Japanese or Bantu. Fat is essential. But many experts believe that for a lot of people a reduction in fat calorie consumption would be beneficial.

Could anyone be harmed by cultivating a taste for meat that is boiled, grilled, baked or roasted instead of fried? A surprisingly large amount of fat is cooked into fried foods. One can avoid 65 fat calories



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by taking an average helping of baked potato instead of six or eight fried potatoes.

Would it be detrimental to trim the visible fat from the meat you eat, to cut down gravies and pastries, to learn to like salads with little or no dressing? And would a person who now drinks a pint of whole milk a day lose by switching to a quart of skimmed milk, thus losing 150 fat calories while gaining 18 grammes of pure protein? Jelly, jam, marmalade or honey are better on bread than butter in a low-fat diet.

We could beneficially eat more cottage cheese, a wonderful source of protein containing almost no fat. Most sea food is low in fat and a fine source of protein. A big helping of grilled haddock (seven ounces) provides less than half a gramme of fat

but a good 35 grammes of protein.

Cod is almost as low in fat, but not all fish are: canned tuna (tunny), for instance, is fat-heavy. Nor are all meats the same. To get 35 grammes of protein from pork sausage you have to consume 1,320 fat calories; you can get the same amount of protein from lamb chops with only 730 fat calories. Calves' liver, beloved of nutritionists, provides 35 grammes of protein with only 104 fat calories.

All of this is a good way to reduce weight as well as possibly a form of insurance against the cholesterol problem. Meanwhile, scientists are confident that, given time, they will come up with more specific knowledge as to the exact rôle of fat in coronary heart disease as well as other factors contributing to the scourge.

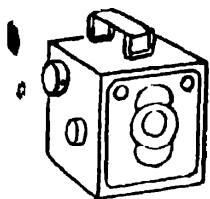


Barnum and His Bricks

ON DULL times P. T. Barnum would create a popular mystery to sell tickets for his New York museum. He once hired a man to place bricks along Broadway, one at Ann Street, another at Vesey, a third in front of the Astor House, and a fourth in front of St. Paul's. The man carried a fifth brick, and walking from brick to brick, methodically exchanged the one in his hand for the one on the pavement, without saying a word to anybody. At the end of every hour, he presented a ticket at the museum door, walked through the building, and out again to continue his bricklaying.

Half an hour after the man began his rounds, hundreds were watching him, trying to understand his actions. Thousands followed him into the museum, in the course of several days, hoping to find the explanation inside. At last the crowds so blocked the streets that the police had to intervene; and Barnum and his bricks were well discussed in the newspapers for weeks.

M. R. Werner in *New York Times Magazine*

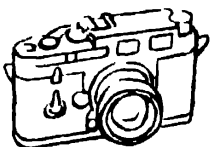


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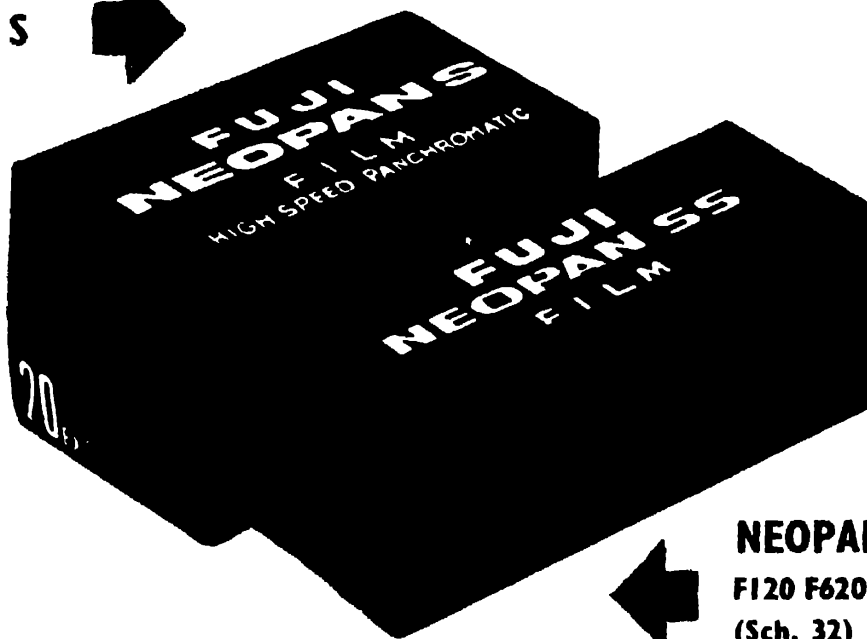
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Many scientific secrets are still held in the grip of the silent, ice-locked Antarctic. "Operation Deepfreeze" will attempt to pry them loose

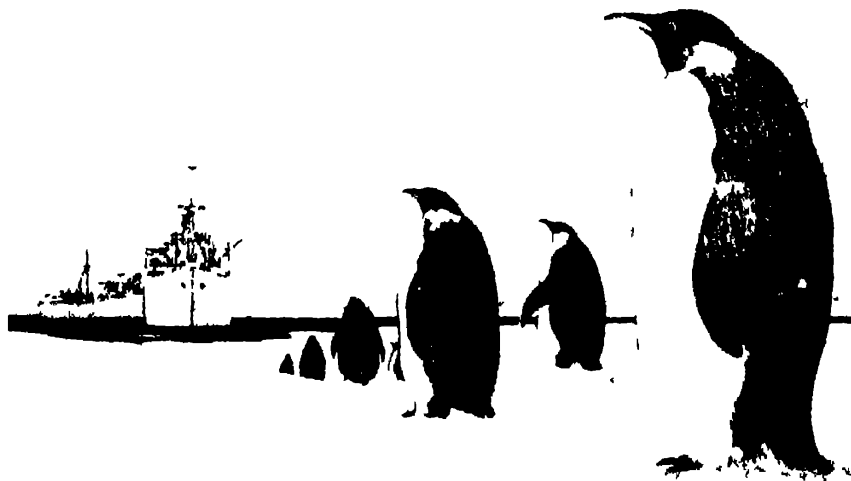
All Eyes on the South Pole

By Rear-Admiral Richard Byrd, USN, Ret.

AFTER 31 years of exploring, I am going back for the fifth time to Antarctica, that great and mysterious white land at the bottom of the world. A new Antarctic expedition, officially known as "Operation Deepfreeze," has been equipped for several years of exploration and intensive scientific research in the vastness of the Antarctic Continent.

Unlike the North Pole, Antarctica is no sea of floating ice but a continent of six million square miles of land—almost as big as Europe and the United States combined. A sheet of glacial ice covers most of the terrain except where mountains, some as high as 15,000 feet, pierce the landscape.

It was on the side of one of these mountains, in the Queen Maud



Range, 180 nautical miles from the Pole, that we saw a massive vein of coal, which could add greatly to the world's supply. Other explorers and I have also brought back evidence that valuable deposits of other minerals lie beneath the age-old ice waiting to be tapped. Each time, I have returned from Antarctica with new conviction that this frozen "wasteland" is actually a treasure house of fabulous riches.

Operation Deepfreeze gets its name from Antarctica's unique climate. Averaging at least 40° colder than the Arctic, it can be likened to a massive deepfreeze locker. For the same unrelenting, biting cold that keeps the white continent uninhabited has blessed it with a purity known nowhere else on earth. Time seems to stand still in Antarctica. There is no rot, no rust, no mould, no bacteria, even, that we know of.

This startling fact was brought home to me one day while travelling over the glacial ice. My men stumbled on a camp abandoned by early explorers some 37 years before. The boards on the shack looked new. The nails were gleaming bright without a trace of rust. Near the shack was a dog standing in the snow looking just as alert as our huskies—yet he had been dead for many years. We picked up a rope that the earlier party had used; it was as taut and as strong as ever and we hitched our helicopter with it.

This preserving quality of the Antarctic cold might well be one of

its most valuable assets. Surplus crops and perishable foods could be stored here in nature's deepfreeze. Perhaps this would be the means of creating an international stockpile to help countries afflicted by famine or disaster.

The new expedition is to be undertaken in conjunction with the International Geophysical Year, scheduled for 1957-58. The IGY is a co-operative effort by scientific groups of 39 nations to make, simultaneously over the globe, records of phenomena such as weather, magnetism, aurora, ionosphere, cosmic rays and geomagnetism, seismology, glaciology, gravity measurements, airglow and other geophysical elements.

On my first Antarctic expedition in 1928-30 my associates and I founded Little America, the first U.S. base on the Antarctic Continent. Our planes, serving as mobile airborne observation platforms, gave us a tremendous advantage over all previous explorers. With our aerial cameras we recorded, in months, more square miles of new territory than all the other Antarctic expeditions before us. And on November 28, 1929, I participated in the first plane flight over the South Pole, which is in much more difficult and treacherous terrain than the North Pole.

After the first expedition I knew that I should go back again and again, because there was a job to be completed. Here was by far the most

fertile field for scientific research left in the world. Our second expedition ran from 1933 to 1935. This time we intensified our scientific research and exploratory programme, and added much more land to the already extensive realm that we had discovered earlier.

One of the projects for this expedition was an inland base equipped as a weather station to record for the first time the inland weather of an ice age. We were also to take observations of the aurora australis. But we could not get sufficient supplies through to the advance outpost for more than one man. So I found myself occupying this base alone for the long polar night. It was 123 miles towards the Pole from Little America. There was 800 feet of ice under my shack. It was more than 80° below zero on several occasions. This venture nearly cost me my life.

Despite the war clouds then gathering, President Roosevelt in 1939 established the U.S. Antarctic Service and asked me to assume command of it. Moving off in the autumn of that year, we reoccupied Little America for the third time and built our third village there.

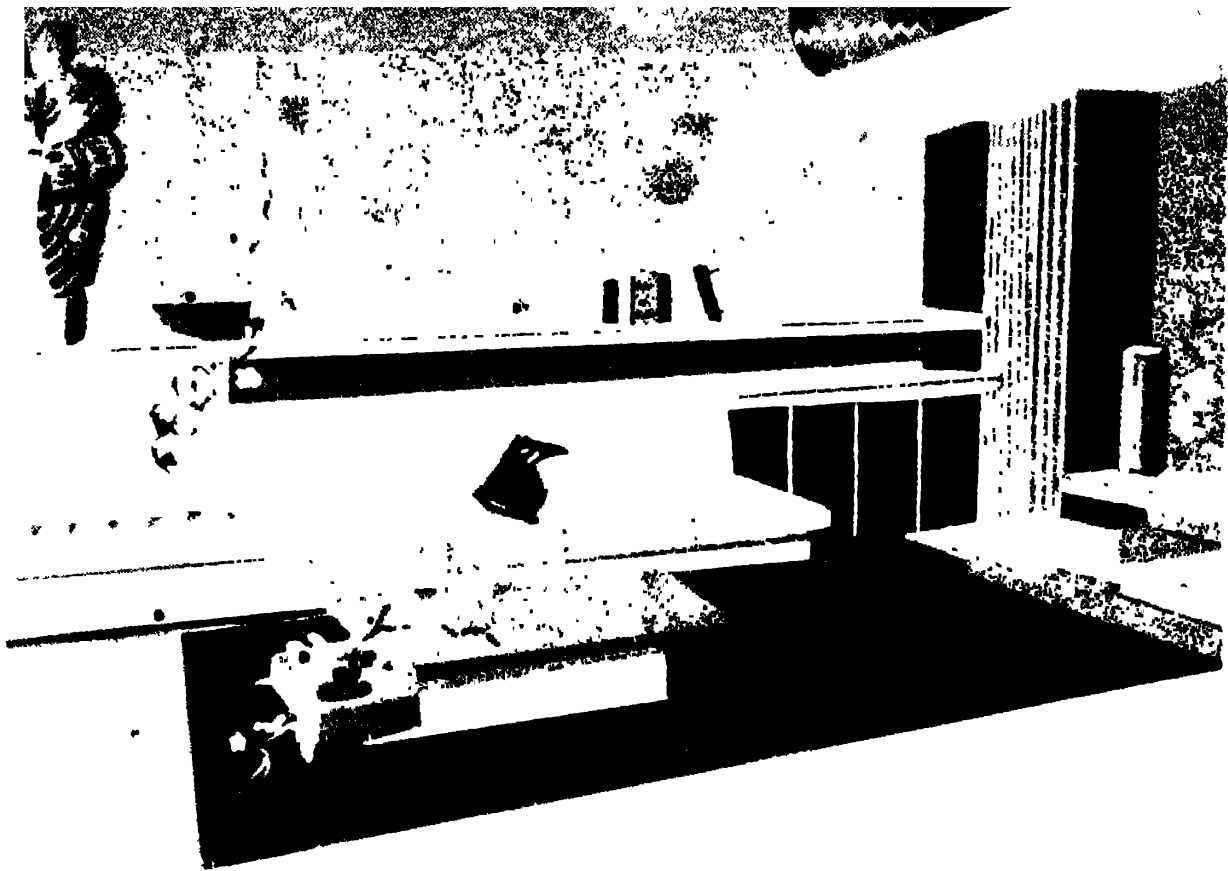
The Service had to be abandoned in 1941 because of the war, but the United States returned to the Antarctic in 1946-47. Known as "Operation High Jump," the expedition was organized by the Navy. I was appointed officer in charge. With us were four helicopters and 19 planes, some equipped with skis; there were

13 ships, including a submarine and a large new aircraft carrier. All told there were 4,200 men, some of whom occupied Little America for several months. This was by far the largest polar expedition of all time.

For the first time we now had a fairly good outline of the continent. But there was still an area beyond the Pole as large as the United States which was entirely unknown and unmapped.

After Operation High Jump there were three small Naval expeditions, headed respectively by Commander Gerald Ketcham, the late Lincoln Ellsworth, and Captain Finn Ronne. These expeditions helped to consolidate and enlarge our knowledge of various regions and to establish our ground control for mapping.

The decision to launch Operation Deepfreeze is due in no small degree to the personal interest of President Eisenhower. The stations to be established by the nations taking part in the International Geophysical Year will form three great chains, extending from the North to the South Pole and round the Equator. To make the net as complete as possible in the Antarctic area, nine nations (the United States, Australia, New Zealand, the United Kingdom, France, Norway, Argentina, Chile and the Union of South Africa) are planning to man more than a score of stations on or surrounding the continent. In addition to the numerous coastal stations, France, Australia, Norway



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and the United States also plan to establish small inland stations.

The United States will have five or six bases in all. The main base will be at or near Little America. One sub-base is to be established in Marie Byrd Land, which I named in honour of my wife and unofficially claimed for the United States in 1920. The most ambitious of all the projects calls for the establishment, if it proves humanly possible, of a 15-man station at the South Pole itself. This project will be under the direction of Doctor Paul Siple, who has accompanied me on all our South Pole expeditions. To lay down the base and keep men living there will tax all our ingenuity.

The Pole is situated on a 10,000-foot plateau. To reach it our aircraft will have to cross a mountain range rising to 15,000 feet. During the sunless polar night the temperature will probably get as low as minus 100° Fahrenheit. But this station would be of key importance, for it would provide a tie point for the

three world chains of scientific stations. In addition there are important scientific observations that depend upon the long period of darkness which is unique to that imaginary spot we call the South Pole.

The great natural laboratory of Antarctica is full of exciting possibilities for the advancement of science and, thus, our knowledge of the world. Nor must we lose sight of its political and strategic importance, or the potential value of its natural resources. The coal and minerals known to exist could provide support for the world economy.

It is possible that this time America's return to the Antarctic will be permanent. Britain, Chile, Argentina and Australia have already established what appear to be more or less permanent bases. In my belief, such bases and others to come will ultimately prepare the way for permanent habitation, on a limited but important scale, in this vast and challenging realm.



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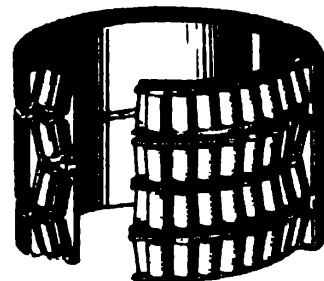
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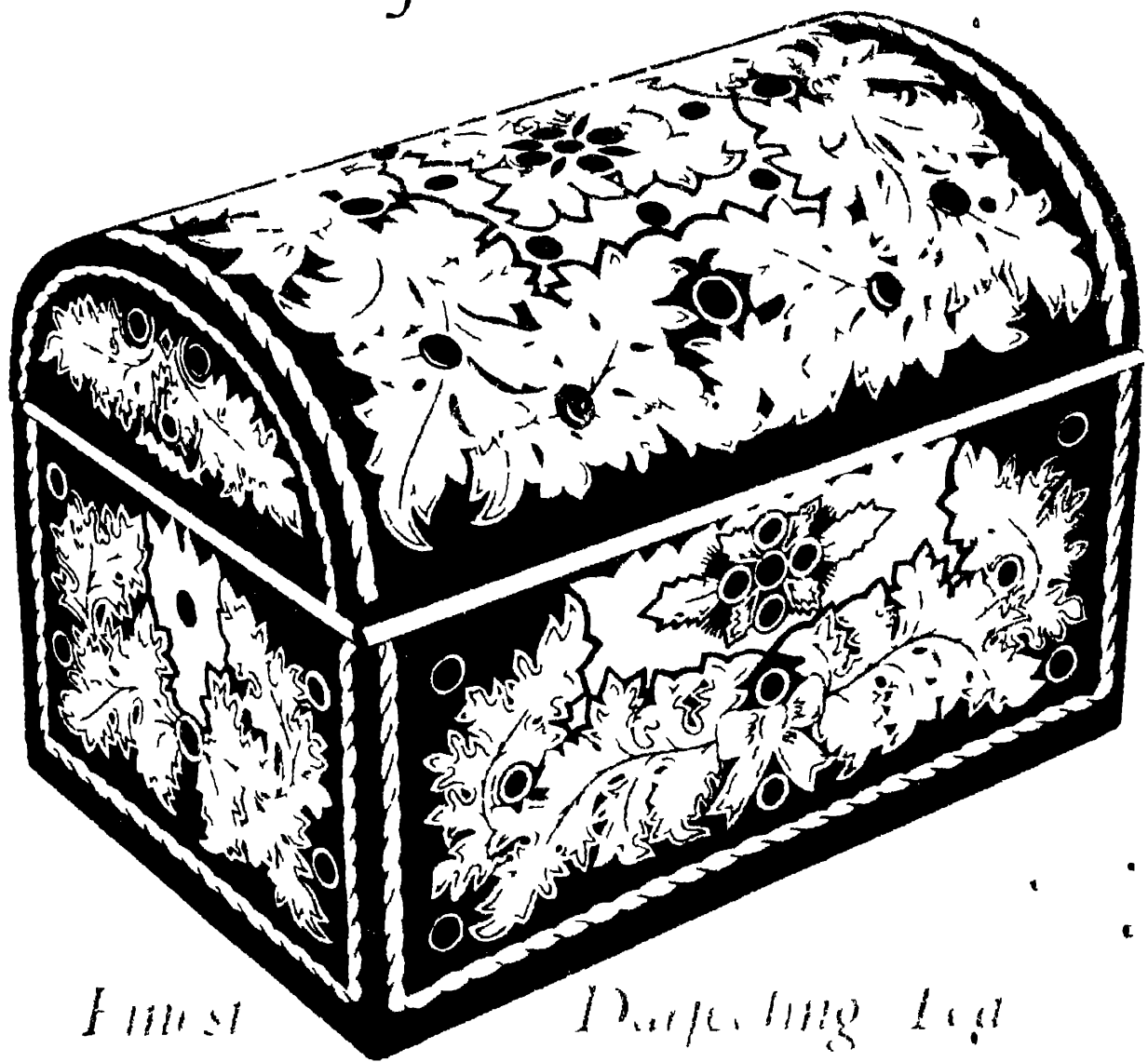
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How gambling dens in Louisiana were cleaned up
by a determined police chief

“THIS IS A RAID!”

By Bill Davidson and Charles Hinch

A HANDSOME, stocky man in an expensive-looking grey suit strode into an illegal gambling casino near New Orleans, and stood at the dice table watching the action. When someone asked him if he would like to play, he said, “Sure.” Giving the dice-shaker a professional twirl he dumped the contents on the green baize table. The audience gasped, for out tumbled not dice but the badge of the superintendent of the Louisiana State Police.

The man in the grey suit grinned. “This is a raid,” he announced.

Almost immediately, half a dozen policemen in plain clothes appeared as if from nowhere. Within a few minutes the

gambling casino had been closed—like nearly a hundred others uncovered in Louisiana by a U.S. Congressional investigation headed by Senator Estes Kefauver.

The man in the grey suit was Colonel Francis Grevemberg, who has been waging a relentless war for decency in his home state.

The Kefauver hearings revealed the existence of lavish gambling casinos—like the Club Forest, O’Dwyer’s and the Club 118—running wide open within easy taxi range of New Orleans. Today Club Forest is a cafeteria, O’Dwyer’s a hall used by a patriotic society, and Club 118 a deserted ruin, its car park overrun by weeds.



In all the years of their more convivial relationships with the police, the racketeers of New Orleans have never come across anyone quite like Grevemberg. "Cops we can deal with," they lament, "but this guy's a——*citizen*."

Forty-year-old Colonel Grevemberg speaks with the precise accents of a university professor, and is equally at home discussing Louisiana agriculture and the Italian Renaissance. He has been an artist, business executive, stockbroker and army officer. During the war he commanded an anti-aircraft battery and fought in Tunisia, Sicily and Anzio.

Like most Louisianans, Grevemberg was shocked at the Kefauver Committee's revelations about widespread gambling and corruption in his state. But he had no idea they would affect his own career. Then came the elections of 1952. Robert Kennon, the newly elected governor, sought a superintendent of state police with no possible taint of corruption. He offered the job to Grevemberg. Although he had had no experience in either politics or police work, and despite the financial sacrifice entailed, Grevemberg took another look at the Kefauver Committee record—and said yes.

Most Louisiana political experts expected the inexperienced war hero to serve his term in quiet anonymity—a figurehead. It didn't take Grevemberg long to dissipate such beliefs. On May 19, 1952, six days

after he took office, he ordered 'll gambling to be closed down in Louisiana, on the grounds that it is gambling which finances most other criminal activity. He let the significance of the order sink in for a while. Then, without further warning, he attacked.

Phase one of the attack was a series of more than 300 raids to close down the gambling casinos and betting shops.

Since gamblers have been difficult to convict in Louisiana, Grevemberg's policy was to "raid, raid, raid." He hit some casinos as many as six times, until customers became fearful of patronizing them. The basic pattern of each raid was essentially the same. First he sent plainclothes men to note the location of every exit and key target. Then he assembled his men at some nearby hide-out and briefed them, using a blackboard to show the plan of attack. Each man was given a specific objective—a dice-table operator, the gambling house's books, and so on. He planned his raids just like an infantry combat team assaulting a pillbox.

Not long ago, for example, a third-floor dice-and-roulette emporium flourished over a cocktail lounge across the street from one of New Orleans's biggest hotels. Police Superintendent Joseph Scheuering had often sent detectives to investigate, but the place was so heavily guarded that "by the time my men got through the various doors to the

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third floor, there was no evidence of gambling of any kind."

Grevemberg went to the cocktail lounge wearing spectacles and a false moustache. Unrecognized, he sipped a drink in the second-floor bar and took note of the layout. Among his 300 policemen he found a trooper who had once worked for a gambling establishment. The next day, this trooper applied at the gaming place for a job. He was sent to work as a tout in the lobby of a nearby hotel to round up likely victims from places out of town.

A few nights later, two men drove up to the hotel in an expensive car, tipped the doorman lavishly, then bounced into the lobby, dispensing large tips to the porters and purchasing expensive cigars at the news-stand. Grevemberg's trooper-tout spoke to them, then escorted them across the street to the gambling emporium.

The fake tout and his "victims" walked past two outside lookout men, nodded to a third lookout stationed in the window of the cocktail lounge, and then entered the bar. They walked up a flight of stairs, and a guard let them through a bolted steel door. A hallway led to a second flight of stairs, at the top of which was another guard controlling another steel door opening on the gambling room itself. The "tout" and his charges exchanged pleasantries with the guard, who opened the second door.

At that precise moment, two

groups of men entered the cocktail lounge from different directions. Grevemberg was at the head of one group. The men sprinted up the stairs to the first steel door, just as it was being opened from the inside by one of the "victims." At the top of the second flight of stairs, the second door was being held open by the other "victim" while the astonished guard was pinned to the wall by the "tout."

Grevemberg and eight state policemen (including the "tout" and his "victims") were inside the gambling den before the dice could be scooped off the table.

The raid was carried out so quietly that not even the doormen signalling taxis at the hotel entrance were aware that it was in progress. Grevemberg had worked out the timing to the split second, even arranging to have the bartender called to the far end of the bar—away from an alarm buzzer.

The gamblers threw up all sorts of defences against the raids, but, like a good general, Grevemberg always had an unexpected offensive weapon for new situations. In May, 1953, for example, he raided a casino in a private home. A two-inch oak door, barred by five locks, delayed the police just long enough for the operators to lose themselves in the crowd of 200 patrons.

A few months later, Grevemberg's intelligence operatives informed him that the casino was open for business again—and that the huge oak door



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had been reinforced with a steel frame. Grevemberg's first reaction was, "This calls for artillery," but he reminded himself that the use of high explosives might be considered extreme. He pondered the problem, and one night while watching mediæval battering-rams at work in a film he got an idea. He called in his supply sergeant and they sawed off a six-foot length of a foot-thick telephone pole. They affixed four handles to the weapon, and troopers promptly christened it Big Bertha.

That night, Big Bertha was placed in the rear of a shooting brake and covered with a blanket. Grevemberg then selected four men, each over 14 stone, from among his troopers. Two of the plain-clothes officers lay under the blanket alongside Big Bertha; the other two sat in the front seat. At the hour fixed for the raid, the shiny new shooting brake (a duplicate of a car owned by a wealthy patron of the casino) pulled up in front of the gambling house. The two troopers in the front seat leaped out and ran round to the rear of the car. Simultaneously, the other two "artillerymen" threw off the blanket, and all four men grasped the 250-pound weapon by its handles.

Before the startled guards knew what was happening, the troopers had swung Big Bertha against the door. Only one blow was needed. The heavy, steel-reinforced door flew open as if it had been dynamited, and then Grevemberg's

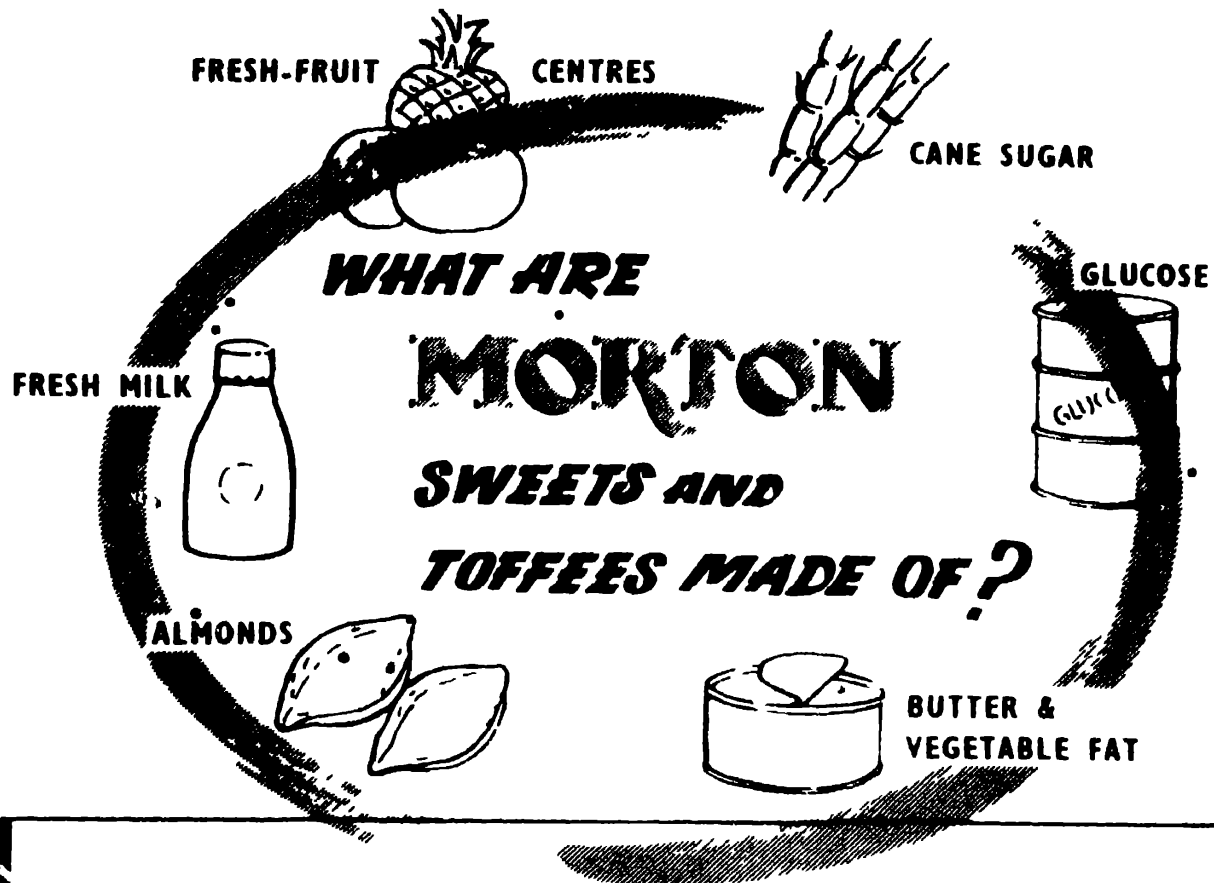
"infantry" appeared from nowhere to pour into the breach. The casino is now out of business.

Ever since the raid on this place, Big Bertha and a smaller 100-pound version called Little Bertha have been important weapons in Grevemberg's arsenal.

Phase two of the campaign was aimed at the slot machines. These were as much a part of the Louisiana scene as the Mardi Gras. They were banned by law, but the state had given them a sort of cloak of legality by imposing a tax of \$100 per machine. So, although he declared war on the slot machines on July 25, 1953, Grevemberg gave owners a few months to get rid of them. Then the carnage began.

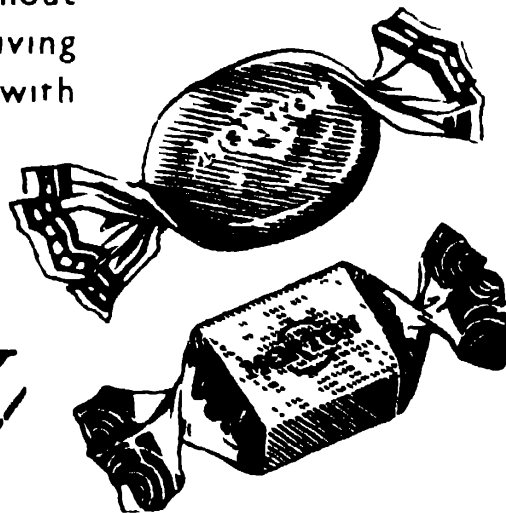
This time the colonel used his troopers as demolition squads. Armed with 16-pound sledge hammers, they fanned out through the state, smashing and crushing slot machines wherever they were hidden—in barns, warehouses, trucks. Because of the known friendship between slot-machine interests and certain local officials, Grevemberg told his troopers, "Don't even bother to make arrests. Just smash the machines."

The outraged owners appealed to the courts, but the state Supreme Court sanctioned Grevemberg's campaign of destruction. It had been estimated before the battle that there were about 4,000 slot machines in the state; Grevemberg's troopers found and destroyed over 5,500.



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Grevemberg has applied the same aggressive tactics to other forms of gambling and to vices other than gambling. He has led a spectacular series of raids on narcotics rings, houses of prostitution (one brothel had operated continuously for 47 years without interference from local authorities), juvenile delinquency dens and organized trading in illicit liquor.

When the Kefauver Committee began their investigations in 1950, they found slot machines, betting shops, lottery companies, narcotics rings, and white-slave rackets, all flourishing. Today you need an underworld guide to find them.

It would be unrealistic to say that all vice has been wiped out in Louisiana. It is interesting to note, however, that 315 former gamblers, with commendable candour, applied for unemployment compensation at the New Orleans area office. Other gamblers have conceded defeat and moved out of the state altogether.

"My ambition is to continue as superintendent of police for another four-year term," says Grevemberg. "I think that at the end of eight years the people of Louisiana would become acclimatized again to living without crime and graft, and they would not allow a return to the old tradition of corruption."



Digging Bait

By John Masefield

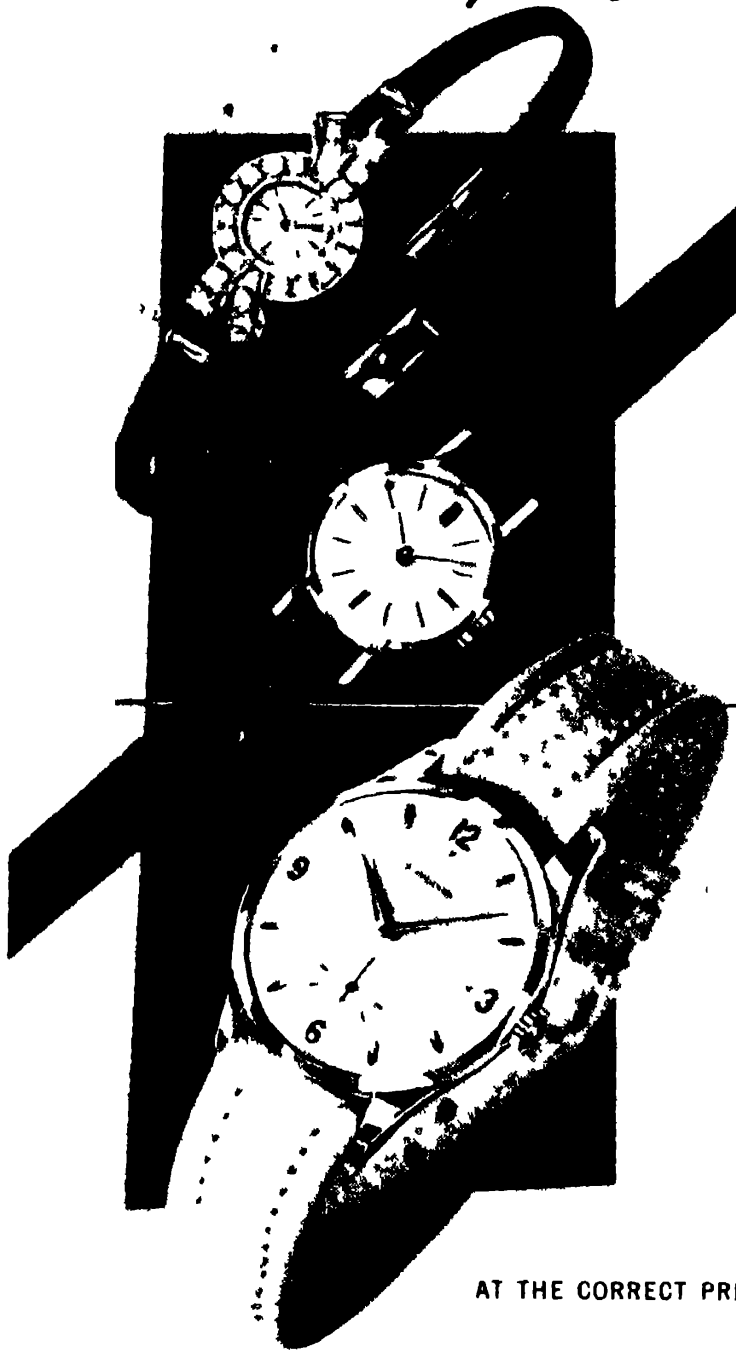
I WAS ONLY 17 or 18. I had quit my life as a seaman and was working in a carpet factory in Yonkers, New York, while trying to learn to write. Having just read Keats and Shelley for the first time, I was on fire to be a poet, but the new task I had set myself was far more difficult than climbing masts or painting decks. I had almost despaired when I came upon this homespun sentiment:

*Sitting still and wishing
Makes no person great.
The good Lord sends the fishing,
But you must dig the bait.*

This easily remembered stanza somehow gave me the courage I needed to go on. I dug bait for months—and finally caught a publisher who accepted my first poem.

It would have been very easy for me to sit and dream of being a writer, but I would never have been one without a constant goad. The little quatrain gave it to me. To this day I do not know the name of the author of the lines. But I have been indebted to him many times for helping me see a job through. —*The Saturday Review*

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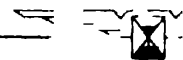
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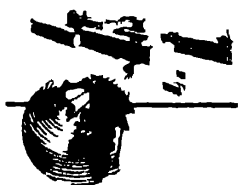
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Incident at Huckleberry Knob meeting house

By W. Bruce Bell

THE TELEPHONE jangled our number that morning at about nine o'clock—one long and two short—as Mother and Grandma were making sickle-pear preserves. Mother took down the receiver from the wall phone. At first she used her everyday tone of voice in greeting Miss Delia, the operator. But soon a sharp change of key told us that Miss Delia was reporting bad news. In the kitchen Grandma sliced a pear and listened, trying to

find a clue as to what had happened.

"What was the matter with her, Miss Delia?" Mother cried. "What? Speak up, I can't hear you! You don't say! Yes, of course I will. I'll have to hurry. Thanks for calling."

Mother hung up. "Aunt Hettie Wade is dead," she said. "Her funeral is to be at the church at ten and they want me to help with the singing. They tried to reach us yesterday but the phone was out of order."



Grandma was so surprised she hardly knew what to say. "How *could* Hettie be dead? Why, I saw her only last Sunday after church and she was as pert as a jay bird. What did she die of?"

"Miss Delia tried to tell me, but there was so much frying on the line I couldn't hear her." Mother looked at the clock. "Goodness! It's already 20 past nine. I must hurry."

She paused briefly. "Ma," she said, "don't you think you ought to go with me? Aunt Hettie was almost the same as kinsfolk."

Grandma studied a moment, because she was in a quandary. On Huckleberry Knob in our little Indiana farming community, everybody dressed up and turned out for a funeral as a sign of respect. That is, everyone except Grandma. She didn't want to be unsociable, but she differed in one way from other elderly women in our community. She just didn't enjoy funerals. Country people of the early 1900's didn't always embalm their dead, and Grandma once knew a woman, she said, who had fallen into a deep coma and had suffered the terrible fate of being buried alive. So ever since then Grandma had balked at funerals. She had the creepy notion that the main character might wake up during the services.

But now Grandma said, "I reckon I'll put near have to go. People will talk if I don't. I didn't have a chance to wait on poor Hettie before she died. But I do hope"—

Grandma hesitated—"I do hope that Hettie is really dead." Grandma set her crock of sickle pears on the table and spread a towel over them.

Mother and Grandma rushed across the churchyard just as the bell clanged the first note of its slow, measured tolling. Mother went up and joined the choir, and Grandma dropped into the first empty seat she found. She peered out at the hearse when it pulled up just outside the open door. Through the tassels and plush draperies she could see one end of its black, silver-handled freight with the bouquets of pink and white carnations on top. Inside the church, here and there a muffled sob broke the silence.

As the flower-covered coffin moved down the aisle, the choir sang softly the sad, comforting words of "What a Friend We Have in Jesus." Sniffles broke out all over the meeting house, and Grandma held a black-bordered handkerchief to her face. The preacher mounted the platform and delivered a brief prayer, then put on his glasses and spread the obituary out on the pulpit. Just as the congregation settled down to hear the reading, a small woman tiptoed in and sat down in the back row not far from Grandma. Grandma blinked through her tears, wiped her eyes and took another unbelieving look. The woman was Aunt Hettie Wade!

Aunt Hettie nodded to Grandma and gave a brisk smile. Grandma

wanted to stand up and holler: "Stop the funeral! Aunt Hettie's not dead. There she is on the back seat!" But she hesitated to make a spectacle of herself, so she decided to wait and see what happened when the time came to view the remains.

At last the preacher finished the closing prayer, and the undertaker shuffled down the aisle and opened the coffin lid. He didn't jump when he looked inside, Grandma noticed, so at least it wasn't *empty*.

The choir began to sing "When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder," and now, pew by pew, the people rose and filed past the coffin. Finally it was Grandma's turn. She joined the line, hesitated a moment, then peeped in—at a middle-aged woman she had never laid eyes on before.

After the service Grandma was swept along with the congregation into the cemetery, and there she saw Mother with Aunt Hettie. They could hardly keep from laughing at

the look on Grandma's face. Mother had learnt right away from someone in the choir that the woman who died was Annetta Wade, a distant relative who didn't live in the neighbourhood any more. In Miss Delia's excited phone call, the name Annetta Wade had come over the noisy wire as Aunt Hettie Wade. Grandma was happy to see Aunt Hettie alive, but it made her wild that she had left her pear preserves to go and cry her eyes out over a stranger.

PERT though Aunt Hettie looked, she went down with pneumonia the following winter and died. She lingered long enough, however, for Grandma to be of some service in caring for her. The morning she was to be buried, Mother asked: "Ma, are you going with me to Aunt Hettie's funeral?"

"No, I'm not," Grandma stated flatly. "I've already been."

Fixation

KARL ARCHIBALD, a Londoner, listened as two American newspapermen discussed clarity in news writing and the need for simplified language.

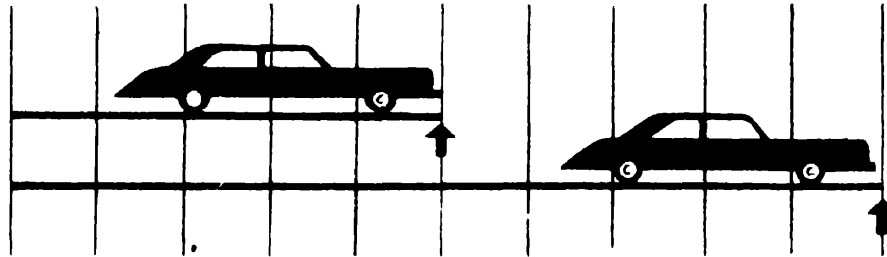
"And how you Americans do simplify it," the English visitor said. "I am interested in the use here of the word 'fix.' I am invited to dinner and my host asks how I would like a drink fixed. He means mixed. My hostess calls to us to hurry because dinner is all fixed—and she means prepared. My host says he must have a flat tyre fixed—and he means repaired. You say you are on a fixed income—and you mean steady and unchanging. You say you will fix something to the wall—and you mean attach. And you say 'I'll fix him'—and you mean get revenge."

"Finally you remark that you are in 'a Hell of a fix' and I see that you may have some comprehension of my predicament in trying to follow your simplification."

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Why Women Act That Way

By
Judith Churchill

Why are women so clumsy at throwing a ball and running? Put it down to bone structure. The reason most women can't throw an efficient overhand may be connected with the "carrying angle" of their arms. The average woman's arms are more bent at the elbow than a man's. This may help to cause the stiff downward motion in ball-throwing men find so hilarious.

Most women are also knock-kneed; their legs are built in the same bent angle as their arms. Men's legs are usually straighter, like their arms. That's why men run straight and gracefully and women awkwardly, throwing their legs round in an arc. It's why, too, women have a harder time with ordinary balance and are more prone to tumbles—a fact for which insurance companies will vouch.

Why do women go on periodic frenzies of house-cleaning and furniture-moving? The husband who comes home to find his favourite chair moved to a new place can blame his wife's thyroid gland. It's larger and more active than his and gives her more pep and enthusiasm. She also has a regular monthly "nesting impulse" that sends her bustling about, making everything neat and orderly.

How can a woman get away with such flimsy clothes in cold weather? Two reasons. First, she's better upholstered. Nature has padded women with a layer of subcutaneous fat which acts as first-rate insulation to hold heat in and keep cold out. Second, a woman's metabolism is a lot more flexible than a man's. It increases heat production in winter and slows it down in summer. In hot weather a woman gives off eight per cent less heat per square inch of skin than a man does.

Why are women such glib fibbers? Truth is, it's the men who tell the whoppers. But most psychologists agree that women are more adept at "small fibs, deception, hoodwinking, exaggeration and evasion." Like intuition, it's an age-old weapon of the physically (not biologically) weaker sex. To compensate for their lesser strength women have always had to rely on strategy; they've taught themselves keen perception, observation and deduction. Women have learned that when they're cornered it's best for them to take to superior guerilla tactics—word power and imagination.

Why are women for ever smelling something burning or hearing burglars? There is some evidence that their senses may be keener than a man's. A woman may be wrong in her conclusions but she probably did hear something her husband didn't. Her sense of taste is sharper too, and so is her sense of touch.

Why are women always so suspicious of their husbands' love of adventure? According to Richard Curle in *Women, An Analytical*

Study, it's this: The wife interprets it as an escape from obligation. Women think men are congenitally flighty and don't take their jobs as husbands and fathers seriously enough. It frightens women to feel they've handed over their lives to those who can't be relied on.

Why do women go in for concerts and "culture" so much more than men? There's a biological basis. Such things call for sitting still, and it's hard for a man to sit still. Woman's greatest avoirdupois is round her hips. This anchors her down in chairs and makes her more comfortable. A man is top-heavy, with his maximum weight round his chest and shoulders. He's built for action, not sitting.

Why do women change their minds so much more often than men? They don't. Women are more indecisive than men and take a long time to make up their minds. But once they have formed opinions they usually stick to them. Actually it's the men who are the mind-changers. Surveys show that men change their minds two or three times as often as women do.

Tee Time

ACTOR PHIL SILVERS recalled that he was playing golf with Bing Crosby one afternoon. "You know how golfers concede short putts," he said. "Well, on one hole I had to sink a seven-foot putt for a par. I looked at Bing confidently and said, 'Conceded?'"

"'You sure are, brother,' Bing countered. And I missed the putt.

—Iles Barry in *Cue*



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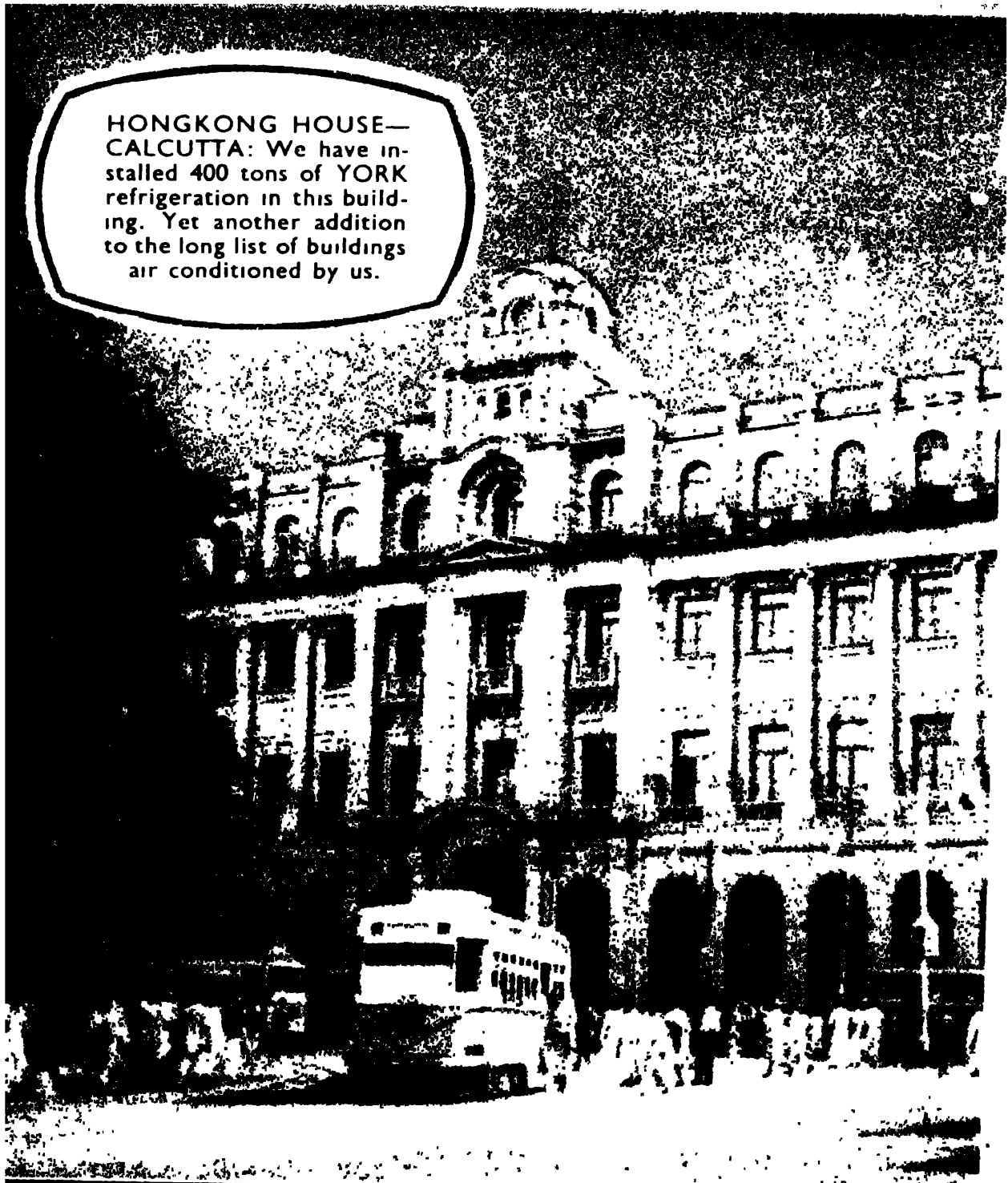
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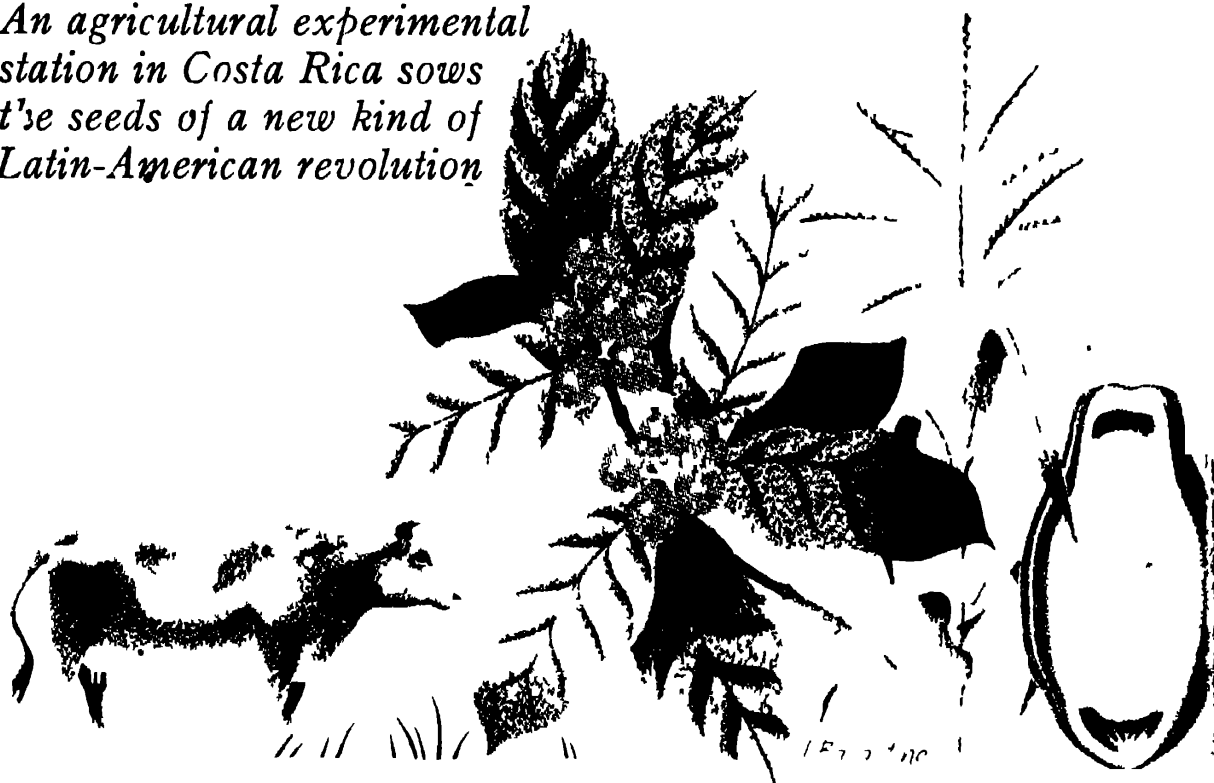
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An agricultural experimental station in Costa Rica sows the seeds of a new kind of Latin-American revolution



TURRIALBA

By Michael Scully

-Skyscraper Farm in the Tropics

IN TROPICAL Costa Rica there is a farm which grows crops under more varied climatic conditions than any other farm on earth. It begins at sea level, producing rubber, rice, cacao and hemp. Then it climbs into cooler climates until it finishes by growing northern potatoes, grains and grasses near the top of an 11,000-foot mountain. At points in between are sugar, coffee, vegetables, fruits and cattle.

This agronomic skyscraper is also producing trained young men who are sowing the seeds of agricultural revolution in the countries of central

and southern America. Formally, it is the Inter-American Institute of Agricultural Sciences, but even its scientists call it simply "Turrialba," after the town where its activities are centred. And they say "Turrialba" very much as Moslems speak of Mecca.

The usage is apt, too, for Turrialba is also a symbol of salvation. By 1985, at today's rate of population growth, there will be 150 million more mouths to feed in the Americas and, unless farm output is multiplied, famines are likely. Turrialba's main job is to prevent them.

Its second job is to build Pan-American self-sufficiency and prosperity. The American tropics can grow many critical commodities now imported from Asia. Latin America could also earn an extra \$1,000 million yearly with bigger and more diverse crops.

In nine years Turrialba has found some vital answers. It has proved that rice crops can be increased by 50 per cent. Its two new types of maize will double the yield in some areas. It is producing coffee at lower costs. Lank, almost milkless cattle are being replaced by hardy meat and milk producers. Turrialba's techniques are being introduced on farms from Mexico to Chile.

In Uruguay, for example, Turrialba specialists selected a zone of 148,000 acres embracing 1,803 small farms whose soil was depleted. Small demonstration plots were located so that every farmer in the zone could watch results. The farm of Ernesto Rosas had been producing a scant nine hundredweight of maize per acre from the flint-type seed used by the community for generations. Here the demonstrators made three plantings for comparison. For No. 1, without improving the soil, they used a hybrid top-cross seed and harvested 12½ hundredweight per acre. On No. 2 the old-type seed was used but the soil was fertilized, and an acre yielded 13½ hundredweight. On No. 3 the hybrid seed plus fertilizer produced 22½ hundredweight.

Rosas's amazed neighbours besieged the Turrialba men with questions. Today they are producing their own hybrid seed and queueing up to use the Institute's fertilizing machine. Manuel Elgueta, head of the Uruguayan programme, estimates that the whole area will eventually double its maize production.

Parallel demonstrations proved that wheat production can be doubled and pastures made to support twice as many cattle. This plus income from chickens, pigs, bees and other supplementary sources can help to raise the living standard of this region above that of any other in rural Uruguay.

Turrialba grew from the Inter American Scientific Congress of 1940. War, cutting off European markets, meant hunger and political crises in parts of Latin America. It was clear that, for security and stability, Latin farming must be revitalized. But how?

"Perhaps through a common research centre, school and information service," suggested Ernesto Molestina, then Ecuador's director of agriculture, "if we can find a region that offers a cross-section of all our climates."

The Pan American Union studied 11 areas and finally agreed on Turrialba, where, by going up or down a few thousand feet, conditions in Montana or in the Amazon Basin could be simulated. Costa Rica eagerly provided the necessary 2,500 acres. The United States gave

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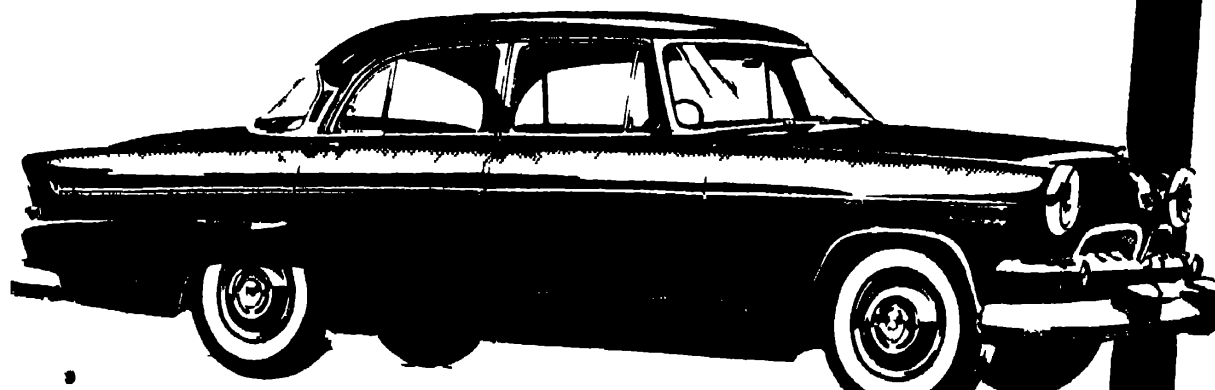
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\$500,000 for buildings. Support from participating countries was put on an equitable basis of \$1 for each 1,000 of population.

The Shell Oil Company and Standard Oil of New Jersey gave grants for chemical research. By 1946 a full-scale programme was under way. Today 14 member nations contribute to the work of Turrialba's 70 scientists and assistants.

At Turrialba an *élite* corps of young specialists is carefully screened and thoroughly trained. Only 60 are enrolled as students each year, all of them university graduates. On reaching the Institute the student works a probationary month under a staff research worker. Then a council of teachers questions him on every aspect of his programme. If he passes this test he is in.

"Our first aim," says Ralph Allee, the Institute's director, "is to equip a man to return as soon as possible to his native country and attack a specific problem. Often we can do that in six months."

Nearly 250 of the Institute's former students are now scattered over the countries of South America as government experts, teachers and plantation managers. In addition, there are three Turrialba outposts: in Cuba for the West Indies, in Peru for the Andean countries and in Uruguay for southern South America. These regional sub-schools offer students, farmers and government technicians short intensive courses given by Institute experts. Through

these, about 900 young Latin Americans get Turrialba training each year.

Part of Turrialba's work is done through the printed word. Its library, the most comprehensive of its kind in Latin America, publishes a magazine and textbooks for agricultural schools, technicians and scientists in 21 countries. To reach the farmer directly it issues pamphlets in simple language showing him how to increase his crop yields, profit by re-forestation, get best results from his dairy herd and combat major insect pests. Previously, not ten per cent of Latin-American farmers have had access to such information.

Fifteen nations are represented among the teaching staff, most of the teachers being young Latin-American graduates of U.S. agricultural schools. One senses in all of them a dedicated aim beyond national or personal interests. That was demonstrated when the Institute's programme over-taxed its budget; for two years the staff voluntarily deferred a promised increase rather than postpone urgent projects.

"We have hardly a staff member who couldn't better himself financially elsewhere," says Director Allee. "But what comes first is the feeling that they couldn't do anything else as important as this."

Broad, towering Jorge de Alba, head of the Institute's livestock programme, is typical of the group. Far

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removed from his upbringing as a Mexican diplomat's son, he symbolizes a new and potent idea in Latin America. That true culture begins in the earth itself and in the intelligent use of natural resources to promote a vigorous life for the many. De Alba's contribution is the new *criollo* cow. The old *criollo* is the chief reason for the shortage of meat, milk and butter in the Latin-American diet. Originally brought from Spain in the 1500's, it has degenerated into a thin, almost meatless creature. By careful selection and feeding, De Alba is now producing cows that give seven times as much milk.

What the group at Turrialba does in the next ten years can affect the whole Western Hemisphere. The housewives of the world, for instance, have a stake in the Institute's coffee programme. Nearly all Latin-American coffee now grows at heights of 2,000 to 5,000 feet, where usable land is limited and, when under cultivation, sells at \$600 or more an acre. From Africa Turrialba has brought coffee plants that are thriving near sea level on cheap land.

For centuries coffee has been planted in a chequerboard pattern and protected from full sunlight by banana or other big-leaved trees. At Turrialba it is planted in straight hedges, to cut the cost of picking and cultivating, and is completely exposed to the sun. This reduces the life of the shrub from 30 to 15 years,

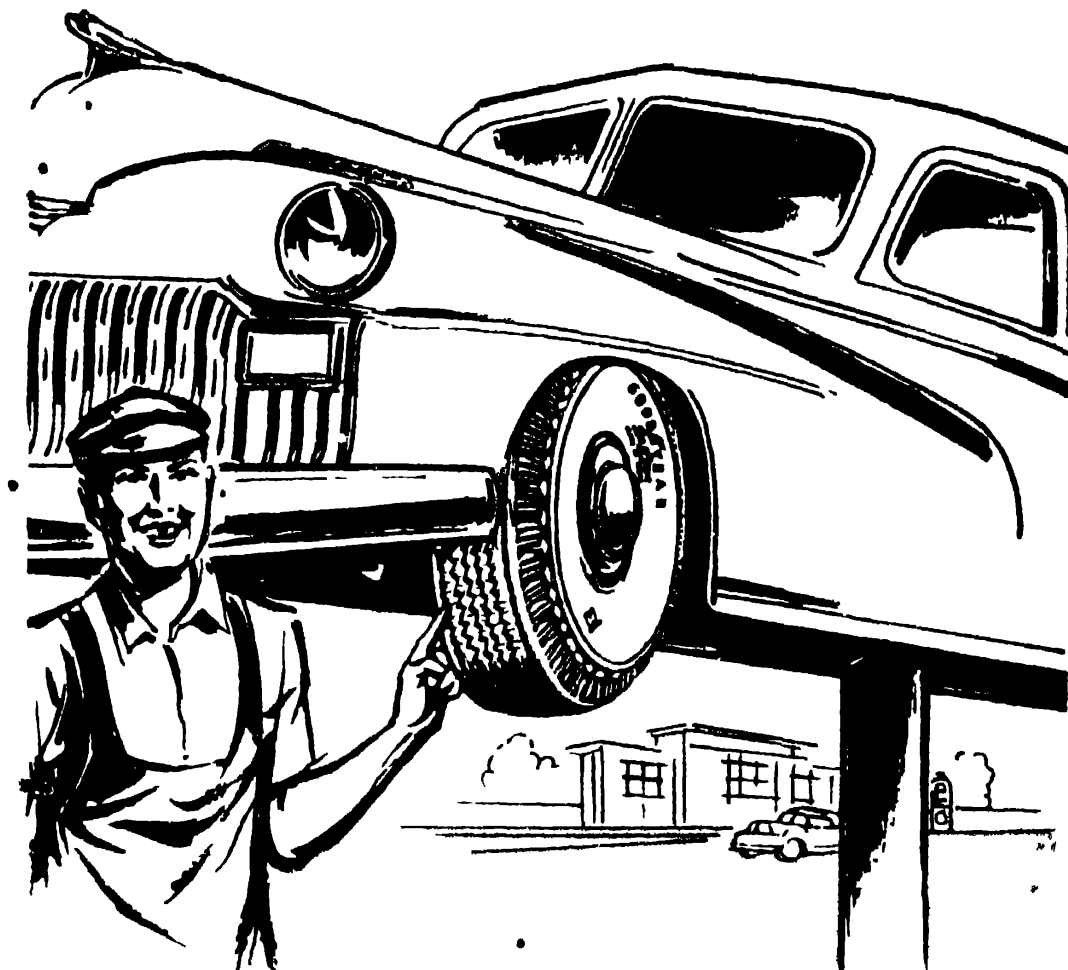
but it doubles production. While it requires careful management, its general use would mean a plentiful coffee supply instead of a shortage.

Nine tenths of Latin-American rubber still comes from wild jungle trees because the Latin planter cannot compete with the low wages paid in the Far East. Moreover, planted rubber requires five to seven years of careful, costly cultivation before production begins. But co-operating with the Goodyear Rubber Company, the Institute now offers a simple solution. On Goodyear's Costa Rican plantation, maize and other food crops are planted between the widely spaced young rubber trees during their first five years. Thus the worker provides much of his food with little more effort than he would use in any event to cultivate the seedlings.

A costly drawback in tropical agriculture is the fact that plant diseases thrive as fantastically as plant life. In the temperate zone a fungus attack can be controlled by spraying, but in the months-long tropical rainy season fungicides are washed away before they can be effective. Turrialba, mixing fungicides with thin latex solutions that oxidize and cling to the plant, believes the answer to that problem is in sight.

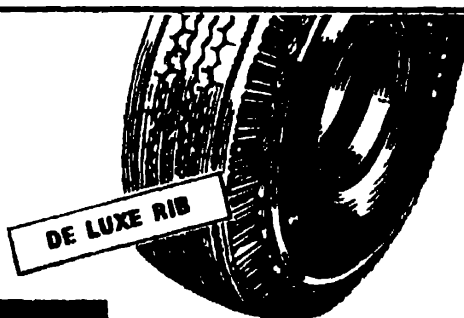
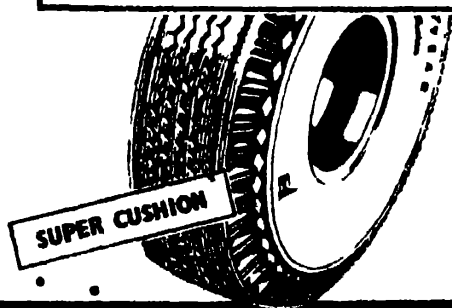
What has been accomplished so far has justified the Turrialba project many times over. There is a healthy prospect that Latin America's most important revolution will come from this Costa Rican valley.

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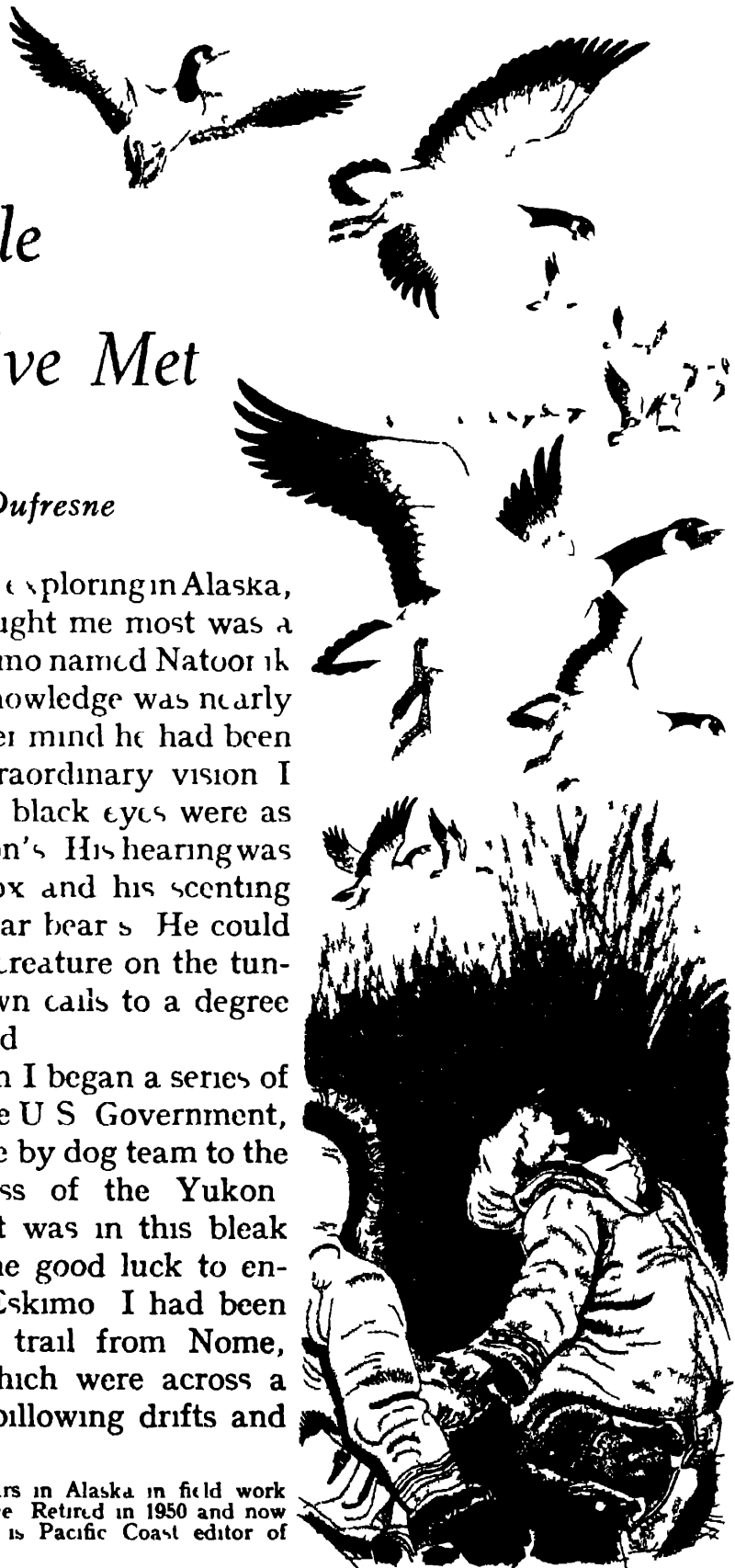
The Most Unforgettable Character I've Met

By Frank Dufresne

DURING MY YEARS of exploring in Alaska, the guide who taught me most was a primitive, fun loving Eskimo named Natootik. As a field naturalist his knowledge was nearly perfect. To match his eager mind he had been gifted with the most extraordinary vision I have ever known. His jet black eyes were as sharp as an Arctic gyrfalcon's. His hearing was as keen as that of the fox and his scenting powers challenged the polar bears. He could mimic almost every wild creature on the tundra and interpret their own calls to a degree I have never seen equalled.

In the early 1920's when I began a series of reconnaissance trips for the U.S. Government, one of my projects took me by dog team to the then little-known vastness of the Yukon-Kuskokwim Delta, and it was in this bleak tidal marsh that I had the good luck to encounter this remarkable Eskimo. I had been two weeks on the snow trail from Nome, the last three days of which were across a trackless white waste of billowing drifts and

FRANK DUFRESNE spent many years in Alaska in field work for the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service. Retired in 1950 and now living in Olympia, Washington, he is Pacific Coast editor of *Field & Stream*.



shrieking winds. Finally I spied a lone figure, his eyes shaded against the low red sun of late April as he watched my approach.

When I brought my sled dogs to a stop beside him he took a brown hand from a wolfskin mitt and held it out in greeting. He was about my age—25 years. Like most Eskimos he had a barrel chest and short, bandy legs. His garments were entirely of furs and feathers; his knee-length parka, which had been sewn from the breast-skins of Emperor geese, was surmounted by a hood trimmed with wolverine fur to shed the frost. Save for his grinning, copper-brown features and his black, squirrel-bright eyes he looked less like a human being than a bear.

This was Natoonik, destined to be my lifelong friend. This place was his home; under his mukluk-clad feet, buried in drifted snow, were a dozen sod-and-driftwood igloos which comprised the dreary outpost where I was to spend many weeks. When I made him understand that I wanted accommodation and also a good guide, he grinned as he flew into action. A few vigorous scoops with a snowshoe laid bare the tunnelled entrance to an empty igloo alongside his own. Before the other Eskimos knew that a *kabloona* (white man) was among them he had installed my grub and duffel, guns and cameras, and had lighted an open-pit fire in the centre of the igloo. And he appointed himself as my guide.

This unschooled Eskimo proved a more competent biologist than I would ever become. I conceded this a few days later when melting snow-banks signalled the start of the great waterfowl migrations I had come to Alaska to study. As we picked our way across the coastal bog Natoonik stopped and listened. Myriads of feathered songsters fresh from the south, recognizing familiar nesting sites, were pouring out their hearts in ecstatic cadenzas, but he seemed to be listening *through* the bird trills to something beneath the frozen tundra. With a finger placed across his thick lips he shushed me to silence, then gestured towards the opening of a burrow nearby.

We sat in dead stillness for a while, then he made an odd, barking sound deep in his throat. In a moment, slowly from the mouth of the den crept nine powder-puff puppies, the young of an Arctic white fox. Trembling and with stubby tails switching, they inched towards us. A timid, wet nose all but touched his finger tip. Suddenly there was an alarmed squall from the mother fox, which had slunk up behind us, and the pups whisked down the hole as if sucked into a vacuum cleaner.

To Natoonik, wild creatures were people garbed in furs, feathers or fish scales. Eskimo folklore imbued them with powers of speech as understandable and as filled with homely troubles and joys as his own. He could literally call birds out of the sky.

The dozen or so men of the village often gathered in the *kazhim*, or council house, to swap yarns about their adventures, tell endless folk tales and practise imitations of bird and animal calls. Here Natoonik clearly excelled. He imitated the cheeping of ptarmigan chicks and his companions smiled in admiration. When he screamed like an attacking hawk I could see alarm in their eyes as they lived every minute of his show.

Though desperately poor by any white man's standard, my guide was always in bubbling good humour. Living in a bleak land, his possessions limited to a few always-hungry sled dogs, a kayak, spear, knife and rusty old rifle, and with rarely enough food on hand to last out the day, there seemed little enough to be thankful for. Yet he was one of the happiest men I ever knew.

The two outstanding qualities of his nature, in fact, were merriment and patience. He never displayed the slightest temper. When he fell into the icy water he accepted the wetting without a word. When his kayak sprang a leak he calmly set about repairing it. When his sled dogs got into a fight he quietly separated them.

When I first knew him I occasionally exploded in anger when something went wrong. Natoonik would look at me in puzzlement, then he'd grin. The next thing I knew, things didn't seem so bad. He made a better man of me, and what he taught

me has helped me all my life.

He laughed at danger. During a seal hunt in June when the melting icebergs around our sealskin kayaks gleamed like sapphires on the green velvet of the sea, he sat smiling and motionless, suddenly attentive to the cacophony of sounds from puffing whales, croaking eider ducks and flocks of twittering sandpipers. After a while he held up his paddle, turning it until I caught the sparkle of its wet blade in the sun.

"More better we go shore," he halloed. "Soon big storm."

Not a breath of wind was stirring. The water between the ice floes was calm, but his paddle chopped resolutely into the sea as he headed for the village. I was puzzled at his show of fear but followed him.

I soon noted a strange darkening in the sky. The ice chunks started lifting and falling and rubbing against one another, creaking and groaning like rafters in an old barn.

I was within 100 feet of the shore when a wind blast struck us. Through sheets of wind-flung water I saw Natoonik grinning as he rode his kayak high on the beach atop a foaming breaker and stepped out nimbly before the next roller splattered on the sand. Then a giant wave spun my frail craft athwart the swells, yanked it under a curling crest and engulfed me in icy water. Borne shoreward in the overturned kayak, I was near to drowning when I felt his strong grip on my jacket collar.

TIME AND THE NATION



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THE WATCHMAKERS



OF SWITZERLAND

As I shivered and questioned him in the warmth of his family igloo he explained that his warning barometer had been the voices of the red-throated loons. Their shrieking "Kuk-Row-w! Kuk-Row-w-w!" alarms had not only told him of the coming storm but their vehemence had indicated its severity.

While his three sons, from four to about seven years of age, squatted in pop-eyed silence against the hide-lined wall of the igloo, his butterball wife, Noolik, kneaded our garments back into shape as they dried. Her almond-shaped eyes were carefully averted from our naked bodies. Because the wetting had been caused by the white man's inept handling of a kayak, Natoonik made no mention of the incident.

But somehow they knew. I could sense their suppressed mirth at this spectacle of a *kabloona* stripped of all dignity and his clothes. All at once the three youngsters started tittering, and when I looked their way with mock severity they quickly clapped hands across their mouths and their round red cheeks puffed out until they appeared about to explode. Noolik turned away and buried her button nose in her parka.

Faced with this breach of good manners towards a guest in their home, Natoonik tried to maintain a serious expression but grinned in spite of himself. Suddenly they all burst out in the merriest laughter I have ever heard, and we all howled until tears coursed down our faces.

Loyal to the folk tales passed down at gatherings in the *kazhim*, and to his elders, Natoonik believed all their legends. For instance, he was sure that no creature ever died—its spirit always escaped to another body. In fact, such a spirit dwelt in his own family circle. It seems the ghost of a departed relative had taken up residence in one of his sled dogs. One day this malemute was bitten by a mad red fox, and in a few days developed rabies. We watched the frothing-mouthed malemute as it tried to break way from the stake to which it was chained. Natoonik remarked unhappily, "My uncle, he bery sick."

Natoonik did not always need weapons to catch game. While on the tundra one day we watched a furious duel between two male ptarmigan. They sparred like gamecocks. The Eskimo wormed under some thick low bushes and began ejaculating a challenge so much like that of the birds that I could not distinguish one from the other. Neither, apparently, could the ptarmigan, because shortly they rose on buffeting wings and landed squabbling on the branches above him. In a moment a grinning face showed over the thicket. Grasped in each of Natoonik's brown fists was a live and indignant cock ptarmigan.

"He damn fool birds," he observed as he wrung their necks and stowed them in his loon-skin bag. "No woman ptarmigan left to fight over—all now sitting on eggs!"

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Natoonik was never happier than when teaching his sons. One day he brought his oldest boy, Ogitkon, on a tundra hike that turned out to be a valuable lesson on how to survive with no weapons other than one's bare hands. My guide revealed to me that the tundra, far from being a barren land, was a vast storhouse of foods. Among the edible succulents he plucked were yellow salmonberries, tart lingonberries and purple, bitter-sweet mossberries. His sharp eyes located many an egg-filled nest. From the shallow tundra pools he scooped glistening little fish to be eaten on the spot. We fed well.

My Eskimo friend had no comprehension of the *kabloona's* game laws that set seasons and limited the number of animals that one should kill. He killed when he was hungry and he did his best to kill enough to fill every stomach in the little village. Dread of starvation hung like a dark cloud over his people. Three times in his own memory he had seen only the strongest among them survive the long, sunless winter until spring brought fresh migrations of birds and fish.

When the opportunity came he sometimes slaughtered until the doorway of his igloo was heaped with carcasses. Neighbours would come then to bear away their share of the booty, and there were seldom more than a few ragged scraps left to hang on the curing racks. This was the custom of his people. Next week it might be his own turn to

tote home a slab of seal blubber from another hunter's kill. As one family, the community burped over a feast—or tightened their belts on empty stomachs.

Natoonik's overpowering desire to keep his family supplied with meat almost claimed his life after I left the village that autumn. Game had been scarce all through the stormy equinoctial period. Weeks ahead of schedule, his family had been forced to draw on its precious winter store of dried salmon. On the first morning when the new sea ice would hold, he trudged six miles to an opening in the ice and in his white parka sat humped there, waiting patiently to shoot a seal. Early that afternoon the new ice field quietly wrenched free from the shore and began drifting to sea. When darkness fell, his village had all but faded below the horizon, and he realized that the ice pan was beginning to break apart in the heaving swells of the open sea.

On the third day, his ice raft reduced to a patch of about an acre, he managed to shoot a seal. He devoured the hot liver and chunks of blubber. Strengthened, he walked up and down his ice island all night. Next morning he ate the intestines, and on the fifth day started gnawing on the frozen flesh. Some time that night snow began sweeping across the ice pan, and, for the first time since he had been cast adrift, he dared believe he might be saved, for he knew that snowstorms such

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as this always blew towards land.

All through the blizzard he nibbled away on the bone-hard carcass and patrolled his ice raft to make sure that if it broke apart again he would be on a large section of it. He stamped his numbing feet against the ice and fought sleep because he realized there would be no awakening.

It was still dark when the raft jolted against a solid object. He fell, scrambled up and made his way to the beach.

At dawn on the sixth day Noolik pushed through the doorway of her igloo to take up her vigil as she had done on all the other days, and saw her husband's squat figure coming. When he reached her he waved a tired hand at the remnants of seal-meat he had brought. "I'm sorry I could bring back so little," he said.

When I returned just ahead of the spring birds, Natoonik was watching from the roof of his igloo. Shortly I was once more installed in my sod-banked quarters. Soon afterwards I carried a filled gunny sack down the tunnel into his home.

Everything was the same. No, not quite, because a new baby son nursed at Noolik's breast. Out of my gunny sack came the needles she had asked for, and enough coloured glass beads to make her the envy of every woman in the village until she, of course, gave each a share. There were sticks of chewing gum for the boys and a pink rattle for the baby. For my friend there was a supply of ammunition for his rifle.

We all squatted around the hide-covered floor beaming at one another. Natoonik blinked blissfully. "Me laughing inside," he said.

The Written Word

THE MENU in an hotel in Reykjavik, Iceland, was in English except for a line of Icelandic across the bottom. Curious, I asked the waiter what it meant. "Oh, that's Icelandic," he said, moving away.

"I know," I said, "but what does it mean?"

Reluctantly he translated, "Ten per cent will be added to your bill for service. No tipping, please."

—Contributed by Glenn Tryon

A QUESTION that set U.S. Department of Agriculture employees wondering came from a woman who wrote: "Could you possibly send me a booklet explaining the use of different poisons for vegetables in the garden? I have lost my husband and have a lot of different poisons on hand."

—Patricia Wiggins, UP

A HOUSTON, Texas, rabbi received this thank-you letter from a bridegroom he'd married: "Dear Rabbi, I want to thank you for the beautiful way you brought my happiness to a conclusion." —Earl Wilson, Hall Syndicate



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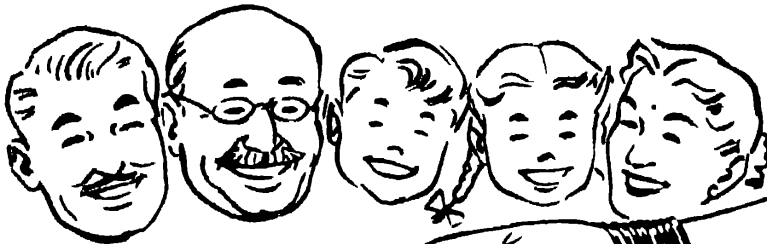
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HAMMERED BY a heavy gun and
swell our destroyer edged to-
wards a huge oil tanker. At just the
wrong moment our bows swung in and
struck the tanker's plates with a boom
that resounded round the bay.

With less than a second's delay a
large porthole level with our bridge
swung open.

A white-coated steward with a
Jeeves-like expression leaned out
and looked calmly at our red-faced skip-
per and said: "You run, sir?"

G. I. Smith

THE U.S. ARMY regularly publishes
instructional posters for display in
barracks. One of a series encouraging
proper care of housing and equip-
ment, became a museum piece treas-
ured by WAC units: the subject was
"Take Care of Your Quarters" and
it depicted two exhausted GIs asleep
in a foxhole. Across the top was
printed in bold letters: "They'd give
a lot to sleep in YOUR bed tonight."

John S. Bonner

THE AFTERNOON was scorching hot
and the sergeant major had been put-
ting his sweating company of officer
candidates through hours of fast-
paced drill. He halted them and
barked:

"And now we're going to do some

work to develop those commanding
voices that all of you as officers will
be expected to have. When I call your
name, keep your place in the ranks
but give a command which the entire
company will then execute. All right,
let's go.

SMITH!

Out to march! roared Smith,
and the company complied.

CARRIER!

Company *halt!* And the com-
pany halted.

RYAN!

Right now! came the command,
and the men executed the movement.

BACKER!

Company *dismiss!*

In less than a minute the only man
left on the hot parade ground was one
slightly scorched sergeant major.

W. K. Barnes

DURING THE first few days of the
Battle of the Bulge, some units were
wandering around not too sure just
where they were. I was on a roadblock
when an artillery unit came up from
behind. One man asked how far the
Germans were ahead and I told him
about a quarter of a mile.

His eyes opened wide. "Good
Heavens!" he exclaimed. "here I am
with a gun that will fire ten miles—
what am I doing right up here?"

R. F. Michel

THE MEMBERS of a submarine crew
were about to go to action stations,
and the ship's captain was worried
about a young rating whose job it was
to close the watertight doors between
certain compartments. The boy didn't
seem to realize his responsibility and
the captain undertook to make him

He told him that if he failed in his job the ship might be lost, and it had cost an awful lot of money. Not only that, some of the men were specialists and it had cost a great deal to train each of them, these men might be drowned.

"So you see how important it is that you do your job properly. This very expensive ship, these important men - the captain concluded.

"Yes sir, and then there's me too," replied the lad.

The captain stopped worrying.

Ruth Russell

ON U.S. ARMY manoeuvres, one night on a blackout drive we half buried one of our 155 mm. howitzers in the mud of a creek bed. As the colonel watched from a bridge above the soldiers stripped to the waist and covered with mud, tried to dig the gun free enough to be pulled out. A lieutenant, newly posted to our unit, arrived on the bridge and immediately

started shouting commands. Finally one soldier threw down his shovel and came up on the bridge. With a muddy hand, he picked the lieutenant up by the front of his shirt, sat him on the rail and said, "Just one more damn word out of you, and I'll shing you off this bridge." Then he returned to his digging.

Furious, the lieutenant jumped down from the rail. "Colonel was that one of your sergeants?" he roared. "I'll put him on a charge!"

"No lieutenant," replied the colonel. "That wasn't one of my sergeants" - that was one of my majors!"

George McPherson

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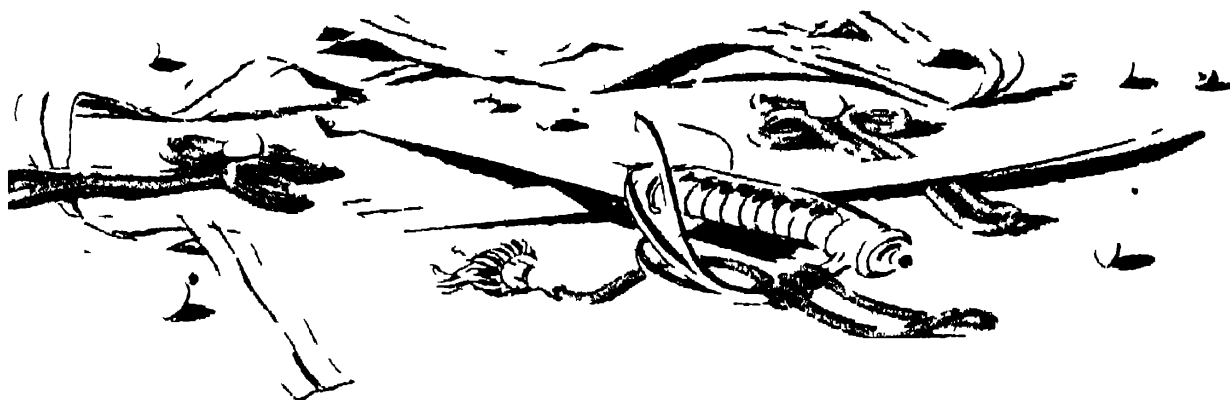
BECAUSE SHE was born "out of all reason" on Christmas Day, Robert Louis Stevenson gave his own birthday to little Anne Ide, daughter of the Chief Justice of Samoa. In a formal document bristling with legal terms, she was admonished to "enjoy the same by the sporting of fine raiment, eating of rich meats and receipt of gifts, compliments, copies of verses." But if Anne should neglect any of the above conditions, he revoked the gift and transferred "said birthday to the President of the United States for the time being."

Many years later, when she was Mrs. Bourke Cockran, Anne received, a few days after the 13th of November, an official letter from the White House. In fine legal phrases, President Taft demanded proof that all requirements had been carried out. Otherwise, he wrote, as residuary legatee, the birthday belonged to him.

- Isobel Field *This Life I've Loved* (Michael Joseph)



The Story of a Mass Hysteria



Condensed from the book by

NICHOLAS HALASZ

THE DREYFUS AFFAIR, in which an innocent man stood branded before the world as a traitor, is perhaps the most notorious miscarriage of justice in modern times. For 12 tortured years the question of Captain Dreyfus's guilt or innocence kept all France in a turmoil and caused the world to doubt the sanity of that obsessed nation.

Dramatic, terrible, relentlessly absorbing, the case disclosed forgers and liars in the highest places; it set family against family and poisoned a whole people with hysteria and unreason. But before the end it also brought forth heroes and patriots who risked everything to restore the ideal of rule by law and absolve the conscience of France.

In *Captain Dreyfus*, Nicholas Halasz has recaptured the gripping fascination of a time when a man, a nation and the very concept of justice itself were on trial.

Captain Dreyfus: The Story of a Mass Hysteria copyright 1955 by Nicholas Halasz is published by Simon and Schuster, New York.

CAPTAIN DREYFUS

ON JULY 20, 1894,
a visitor was
announced to
Colonel M.

A black and white portrait of Captain Dreyfus, a man with a mustache, wearing a military uniform with a high collar and epaulettes. He is looking slightly to the left.

*The Story of a
Mass Hysteria*

N JULY 20, 1894,
a visitor was
announced to
Colonel Max von
Schwarzkoppen, military attache to
the German Embassy in Paris. The
caller was a slightly built man with
drawn features, deep-seated black
eyes and a large moustache. He was
in his early 40's and wore the red
ribbon of the Legion of Honour. He
was unmistakably a French officer
in civilian dress.

The visitor explained that he had come to volunteer his services as a spy. Financial difficulties aggravated by his wife's illness forced him to this expedient. He had excellent connections, he said, in the French Ministry of War. To prove it he reached into his pocket and offered to hand over a secret document.

At this point the astonished Prussian terminated the interview. He refused to look at the document, and the pale, deeply disturbed Frenchman left the Embassy.

Colonel Schwarzkoppen rejected the services of the Frenchman for practical rather than moral reasons. Who can trust a man, however desperate, who comes unknown

from the streets to
peddle such goods?
Who is to say he
is not an *agent pro*
by the French?

However the colonel was a soldier and did not have to make decisions on his own. He reported the unusual visit to Berlin. The reply came back swiftly. Negotiate

The colonel had no way of locating the French officer, but he did not have long to wait. Two days later the desperate figure called again. This time he gave his name and showed credentials. Major Count Ferdinand Walsin-Esterhazy, commander of a battalion of the French Army stationed at Rouen. He asked to be put on the pay roll at a salary of 2,000 francs a month.

Schwarzkoppen refused this request, but agreed to pay cash on delivery for documents according to their worth.

Three weeks later Esterhazy delivered general orders for the French artillery in the event of mobilization. Its value appeared unquestionable. Schwarzkoppen handed over 1,000 francs.

On September 1 Esterhazy delivered several fresh documents. He had also meant to deliver with them, written out in his own hand, a *bordereau*, or itemized list of the kind that careful clerks prepare to make sure that all items of a shipment may be checked by the recipient. That *bordereau* was to become world famous, for when Esterhazy later sent it on through the post it was intercepted and fell into the hands of French counter-espionage. Its discovery set off a scandal that rocked France to its foundations and for 12 long years divided the country into factions of unparalleled bitterness.

It was the beginning of the historic Dreyfus Case.

LONG BEFORE Esterhazy began his traffic with Schwarzkoppen, France had been plagued by espionage leaks. As long as three years before, the Second Bureau, as the General Staff's department of intelligence was called, had been aware that the German Embassy had access to secret information. New military maps of regions along the German and Italian frontiers had been mysteriously disappearing, and no one could discover how. Intelligence officers worked hard to unearth any possible avenue into the General Staff. It was a period of grave tensions between France and Germany and mail to the German Embassy was regularly intercepted. The military attaché's post in particular

was carefully scrutinized.

This surveillance had disclosed that Schwarzkoppen was working very closely with his counterpart, the Italian military attaché, both signing their communications to each other with the same alias, "Alexandrine." One note signed in this way had especially alerted the Bureau:

Enclosed are 12 detail maps of Nice that the scoundrel D——— left with me for you. I told him you had no intention of taking up relations with him again. He said there was a misunderstanding, and that he will do his best to satisfy you

An examination of the handwriting proved that the "Alexandrine" who wrote this note was Schwarzkoppen. But who was "the scoundrel D———" who had supplied him with the maps? The Second Bureau sought in vain to learn his identity. The problem was still agitating them when Count Esterhazy's *bordereau* was intercepted from Schwarzkoppen's mail.

The *bordereau* was written on both sides of a sheet of cream-coloured graph paper. It read:

I am sending you some interesting information.

1. A note on the hydraulic brake of the 120 mm. gun.

2. A note on the new plan for the supporting troops.

3. A note on the modifications of artillery formations.

4. A note concerning Madagascar.

5. The provisional Firing Manual for Field Artillery.

This last document is extraordinarily difficult to procure and I have it at my disposal only for a few days. If, therefore, you will take notes of whatever is of interest to you and hold it at my disposal, I shall take it back. I am off to the manoeuvres.

When this document was delivered to Colonel Jean Sandherr, chief of the Second Bureau's counter-espionage, he was appalled. For it was apparent that the author of the *bordereau* must be on, or closely connected with someone on, the General Staff. How else could he get secret information about such different activities of the Army? Here, Sandherr decided was the ghost that had been haunting them, "the scoundrel D——— of Schwarzkoppen's note.

No suspicion of Major Esterhazy crossed his mind, although Esterhazy's squalid financial practices were by no means unknown to his fellow officers. Although he was born in Paris, Count Esterhazy came from the high aristocracy of Hungary. He had served with distinction in both the Austrian and Papal armies before joining that of France. As a French officer, he fought the Prussians in 1870 and was decorated for valour. But he was a nearly unmitigated scoundrel. He married into the French aristocracy, soon squandered his wife's substantial dowry, and for the rest of his life was never to be

out of financial difficulties. He turned up now as director of a dubious finance company, now as a shareholder in a fashionable house of prostitution.

But Colonel Sandherr was to look elsewhere for the culprit. Since the author of the *bordereau* had written, "I am off to the manoeuvres," he decided to consult the chief of military transportation, Colonel Pierre-Elie Fabre.

Fabre scrutinized the *bordereau* and concluded that its author must be an artilleryman with contacts in other branches of the Service. "A probationer!" It seemed a dazzlingly brilliant solution.

Breathlessly, they got out the file of probationers—the young officers who were not yet attached to any one bureau of the General Staff but were shifted on temporary postings from one office to another. They went down the D's and came to a halt at the name Dreyfus.

In their immense relief, they found no words. Each read the other's thought: "It was the Jew!"

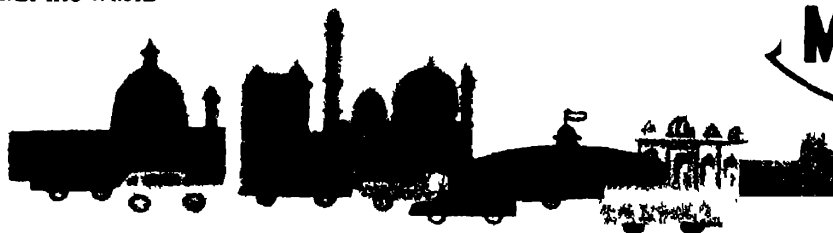
MANY ACQUAINTANCES of Alfred Dreyfus, the only Jew on the General Staff, regarded him as a very caricature of the Army type. He was cold, unbending, brilliant, and devoted to his profession to the exclusion of all else. His reserve was impenetrable, his zeal for study boundless, his appetite for work insatiable.

Alfred was born in Alsace in 1859,



RICH in the history of two vividly different eras, Old and New Delhi provide a wonderful contrast between past and present. Moghul civilization is perpetuated in the splendour of the Kutub Minar, Jama Masjid and the Red Fort, while the Central Secretariat, Parliament House and Rashtrapati Bhavan reflect the graceful simplicity of modern architecture.

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the son of a prosperous textile manufacturer. He early decided to become an Army officer, and at the age of 19 entered the Ecole Polytechnique, that famous institution which had launched so many young men on military careers. He earned a reputation there as a daring horseman and a good fencer, but he was not popular with his classmates. They were for the most part sons of the old nobility or civil servants, had gone to the same Jesuit preparatory school, and formed a closely knit group—obvious candidates for preferment in the Army and promotion to the General Staff. They thought Dreyfus a bore, and the fact that he had an independent income of 25,000 francs a year did not make him better liked.

In the Army, where he was posted to the artillery, he devoted himself to his work with single-minded ambition. At the age of 30 he was a captain in the Central School of Explosives at Bourges. He then applied for admission to the Ecole de Guerre, open only to officers who were considered suitable material for the General Staff.

Meanwhile, he had become engaged to Lucie Hadamard, a serious-minded girl from a wealthy and distinguished family of French Jews. On the day of his marriage he was notified that he had been accepted at the Ecole de Guerre. After the honeymoon Alfred and Lucie settled down to a life of military scholarship, taking up residence in

a fashionable district of Paris. During the next three years two children were born to them, a boy and a girl. The family was a happy one.

In the Ecole de Guerre, Dreyfus was not of the inner clique. He had to compete on unequal terms with the pick of the Army, the brightest officers of his generation, most of them buttressed by the good will from on high which goes with family connections and the old school tie. Dreyfus had nothing to buttress him but his mind and his formidable capacity for gruelling work. He finished the course ninth in a class of 31.

In 1893 he was appointed to the General Staff as a probationer. It was a time of rising anti-Semitism in France, and to some staff officers the presence of a Jew in this inner sanctum came as a shock. A last minute effort was made to fend off Dreyfus. Colonel Sandherr entered a formal protest, describing the appointment as a security risk. But such a description would have struck too many people as outrageous, for the fitness reports on Captain Dreyfus throughout his military career testified to his abilities and his high standards of professional conduct. There was nothing the anti-Semites could do to prevent his appointment. He had been on the General Staff a year when Esterhazy wrote the meticulous and treasonous *bordereau*.

Dreyfus's file was now brought out and samples of his handwriting

placed side by side with the *bordereau*. Sandherr and Fabre pored over the exhibit, comparing the two handwritings. Not being men who needed much convincing, they noted a similarity. Sandherr informed his immediate superior and, after a further and equally conclusive check of the handwriting, the news of Dreyfus's suspected guilt was passed on, through channels, to General Auguste Mercier, the Minister of War.

Mercier at once closeted himself for a long talk with the Premier, Charles Dupuy. Both these men were aware they were handling dynamite. The fate of the government was involved. To announce that a spy had been caught would inevitably reveal that the General Staff had been lax in allowing spying to be done. They must make sure of the criminal before letting the political opposition learn of the crime. Premier Dupuy and General Mercier agreed that all must be kept secret until the case was airtight.

The handwriting expert of the Banque de France, who had been called in, said the *bordereau* could have been written by a person other than the writer of the samples submitted to him for comparison. But Alphonse Bertillon, famous criminologist of the Paris police, considered it "manifest that the identical person wrote both the samples and the incriminating *bordereau*." This opinion was accepted as proof of Dreyfus's guilt, and War Minister

Mercier moved swiftly into action.

The awkward fact that the writer of the *bordereau* had said he was "off to the manoeuvres," whereas no probationers had attended the manoeuvres that year, was somehow explained away. And the fact that the *bordereau* was full of obvious Germanisms, whereas Dreyfus wrote a flawless French, was ignored. Assuming that investigation would almost certainly disclose further evidence, Mercier ordered Dreyfus' arrest.

The arrest, which for political expedience was to be made in secret, was arranged by the Marquis du Paty de Clam, a major on the General Staff. Dreyfus was directed to appear at an inspection of General Staff probationers at the office of the Chief of Staff. The time: October 15, 9 p.m. Civilian attire.

Dreyfus arrived punctually. He was astonished to discover only Major du Paty present and three men in civilian dress who were obviously not staff officers. The three stood about feigning indifference, and the bemonocled marquis did not introduce them. They were police officers. The marquis asked Dreyfus if he would write a letter for him while awaiting the arrival of the inspecting officer. He had injured his finger, he explained, and could not hold a pen.

Dreyfus sat down at a desk and du Paty began to dictate. He dictated an ordinary letter, but loaded it with phrases from the *bordereau*,

meanwhile watching Dreyfus's reaction intently. Dreyfus remained unmoved and du Paty became annoyed. "Watch out," he warned, scowling. "This is very serious."

It seemed to du Paty that the blackguard had no nerves. Phrase after phrase from the *bordereau* peppered him, yet his writing remained calm and business-like. Du Paty gave up in midstream.

"I arrest you in the name of the law!" he shouted. "You are accused of high treason."

As the plain-clothes men moved to stand over Dreyfus, he jumped to his feet and cried out in terrible anger, "Show me proof of the infamy you pretend I committed."

"The proofs are overwhelming," du Paty replied curtly.

He took out a pistol and put it on the table before Dreyfus. Then he stared silently. But Dreyfus had no intention of killing himself; when this became apparent, he was removed to an isolated cell in the Cherche-Midi prison.

Du Paty and another officer then hastened to Dreyfus's home to take Lucie Dreyfus by surprise. Mme Dreyfus sensed disaster instantly. Du Paty was courteous but grave. "I am afraid I bring bad news," he said.

Lucie paled. "Is he dead?"

Du Paty shook his head.

"Has he fallen from his horse?"

Again du Paty shook his head.

"It is much worse," he said at last.

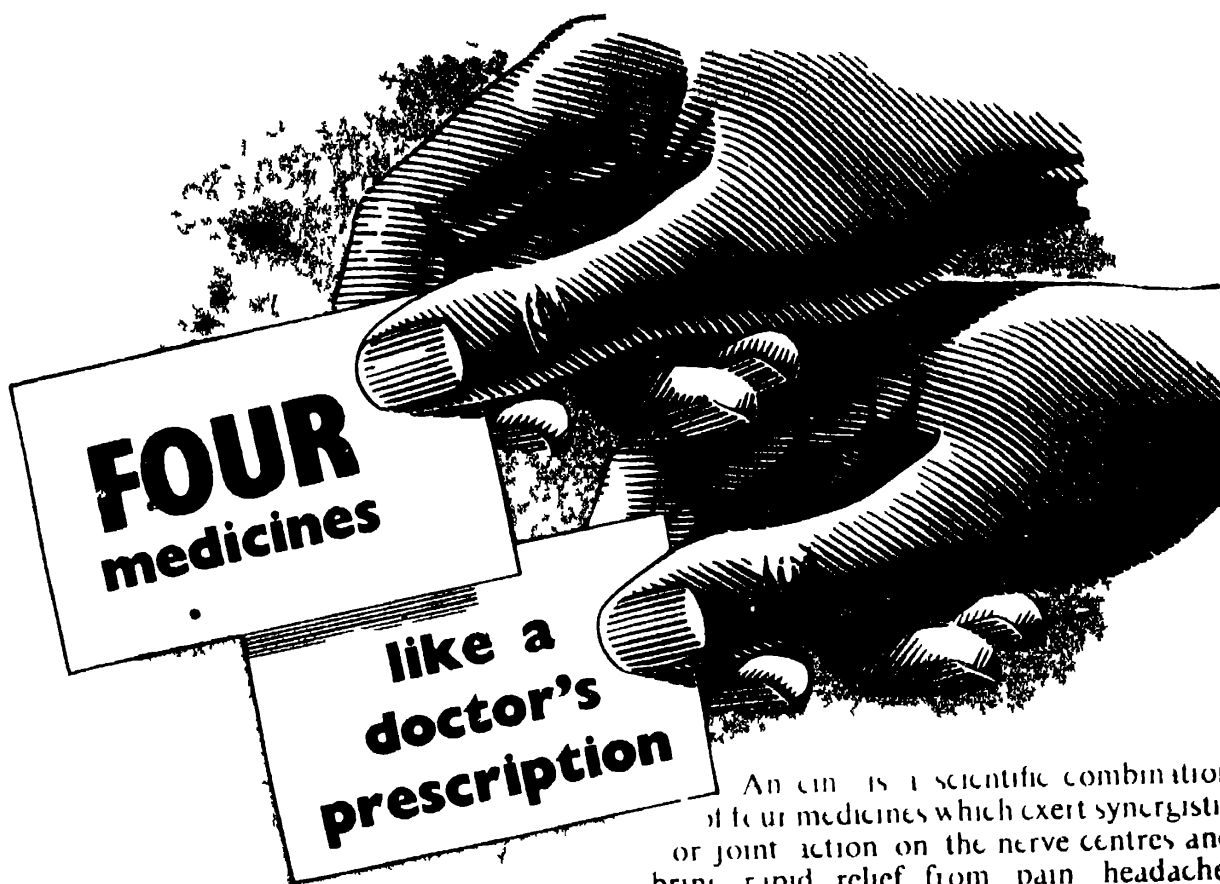
"He is in gaol."

The small, slender woman straightened. "Where is he?" she demanded. "I want to be taken to him immediately."

But du Paty warned her that if she wanted to help her husband she must not try to find him; she must keep everything secret and tell no one. He appealed to her on patriotic grounds. A slip of the tongue, he said, and war might break out. Lucie apparently believed him. She did not inform even Dreyfus's brothers of the arrest. This was a mistake, as it turned out. For, at this juncture, when the Army had not yet staked its honour on conviction, energetic intervention might have rallied public opinion and freed her husband.

Du Paty produced a search warrant and he and his fellow officer ransacked every drawer, cupboard, bookshelf, and examined every slip of paper. They took away the household ledger and the love letters Alfred and Lucie had written during their engagement. But they turned up no incriminating documents, nor did they find any cream-coloured paper such as the *bordereau* had been written on—which was what they were looking for.

WHILE CAPTAIN DREYFUS raged in his cell, General Mercier pushed the investigation to develop further evidence. For a moment hope flared. Paris's network of informers produced a report that Dreyfus frequented suspicious cafés and was a



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gambler. But it turned out to be another Dreyfus, the owner of a police record. Police Chief Louis Lepine himself checked inch by inch over Dreyfus's entire life and found not a suspicion of perfidy.

The Marquis du Paty, who was considered the General Staff's handwriting "expert," spent hours in Dreyfus's cell, making him write the text of the *bordereau* in various postures. Dreyfus wrote sitting, standing, leaning against a wall, crouched over the floor—in every possible posture. Du Paty was convinced he must in the end discover the position which would make Dreyfus's handwriting identical with that on the *bordereau*. But this game proved futile.

A week went by, and du Paty succeeded in getting nothing out of Dreyfus except the truth, which he refused to believe. The police investigation was equally fruitless. There remained only the highly assailable evidence of the similar-dissimilar handwriting on the *bordereau*. It seemed as if Dreyfus must be released with the verdict of "not proven."

Then the dreaded leak to the public occurred, which made this course impossible. It was Major Henry who pulled the plug.

Major Hubert Henry, who did the Second Bureau's dirty work, was the only officer on the General Staff to have risen from the ranks. Of peasant stock, uneducated, and unversed in any foreign language, he

was snubbed socially even by the Bureau's junior officers. Thus Major Henry was ready made to be taken in when the aristocratic Count Esterhazy, for his own purposes, had set out to cultivate him as a friend. The count spoke seven languages. He knew German affairs thoroughly, and had considerable background on Austrian and Italian affairs as well. For an international illiterate like Henry, the count's help in translations and in background information was invaluable. The two had become close.

If Major Henry recognized his friend Esterhazy's handwriting on the *bordereau*, he gave no indication of it. Instead, perhaps on his own, perhaps prodded by Esterhazy (who had everything to gain if the issue against Dreyfus were forced), Henry now communicated the fact of Dreyfus's arrest to the Press.

On October 29 the following item appeared in the popular anti-Semitic newspaper *La Libre Parole*.

Is it a fact that on orders from the High Command a very important arrest has been made? The prisoner is accused of high treason. If this news is true, why the silence? An answer is urgently requested.

General Mercier felt impelled to issue a guarded communiqué, admitting that an Army officer had been arrested on suspicion of "giving to foreigners some documents which, though of slight importance,



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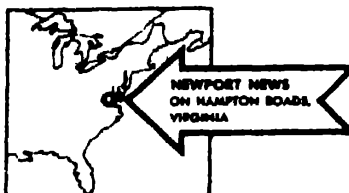
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were nevertheless confidential."

But all the newspapers were now on to a big story, and within 48 hours Alfred Dreyfus was headlined as the traitor. Soon most of the Paris newspapers echoed *La Libre Parole's* accusation that the Minister of War's office was "a cesspool, worse than the Augean stables." The furore was so great that the Cabinet held an emergency meeting. It was decided that the government could not survive a quashing of the case. Dreyfus must be tried.

WITH HER HUSBAND'S name made public, Lucie Dreyfus sent a telegram to Alsace to her brother-in-law Mathieu, who had been closest to Alfred. He hastened to Paris and implored Major du Paty to let him visit his brother's cell. He gave his word of honour that, should his brother confess that he had committed treason, then he, Mathieu, would hand his own brother a revolver and demand that he kill himself then and there. Du Paty rejected his plea.

On December 4 the Investigator for the Court, Bexon D'Ormeschville, drew up his case. It rested mainly on the *bordereau*. No handwriting expert today would have the least difficulty in deciding that Dreyfus could not have written this. And even then, when their science was far more rudimentary, the five handwriting experts who were to testify held contradictory opinions.

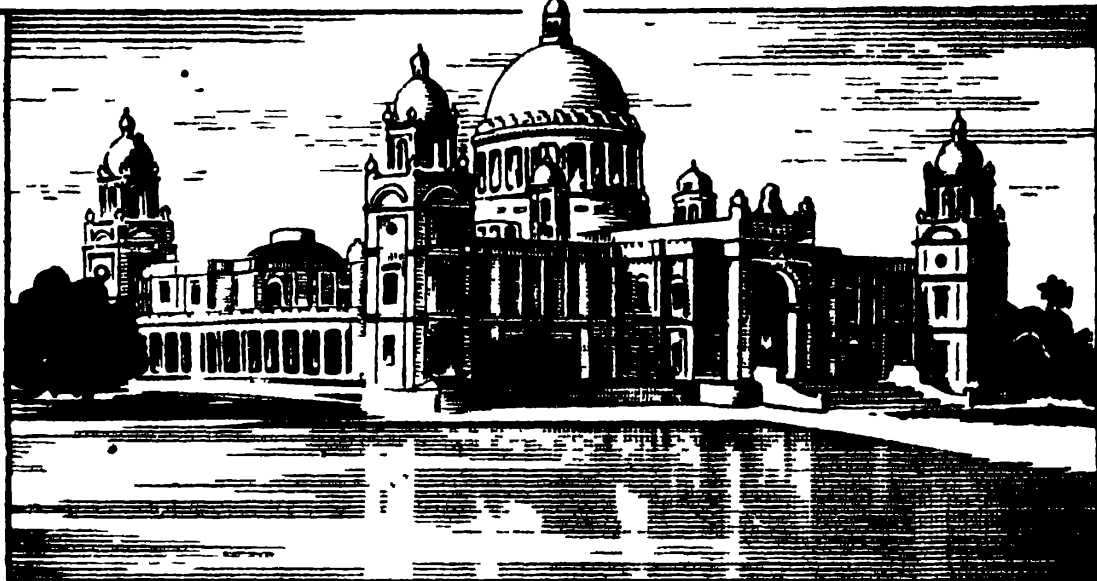
So this aspect of the case was a bucket of eels.

Hence D'Ormeschville would have to rely on argument, painting Dreyfus as an arch-criminal who was so crafty that he had left no evidence, and who had even taken the precaution to disguise his hand when indulging in criminal penmanship. The chances are that he was not very happy about his case.

He was even unhappier about another document that had just come into his hands. When the Italian military attaché, Lieutenant Colonel Panizzardi, learned of Dreyfus's arrest he was understandably concerned lest he somehow become involved in the case. On November 2 he sent a cable in code to Rome: "If Captain D. had no relations with you, a denial would be welcome to avoid Press comment." The Italian code had been broken and the message was decoded. Major du Paty made a "free translation" of it for the Second Bureau's files: "D. arrested. Precautions taken. Emissary warned."

The prosecutor knew his French penal code. Article 101 reads: "All documents that might serve to convict the defendant must be shown to him." How long could du Paty's "free translation" stand up under the scrutiny of a defence lawyer who could lawfully demand to see the original? The prosecutor felt that such evidence, if presented in court, would inevitably blow up in his face.

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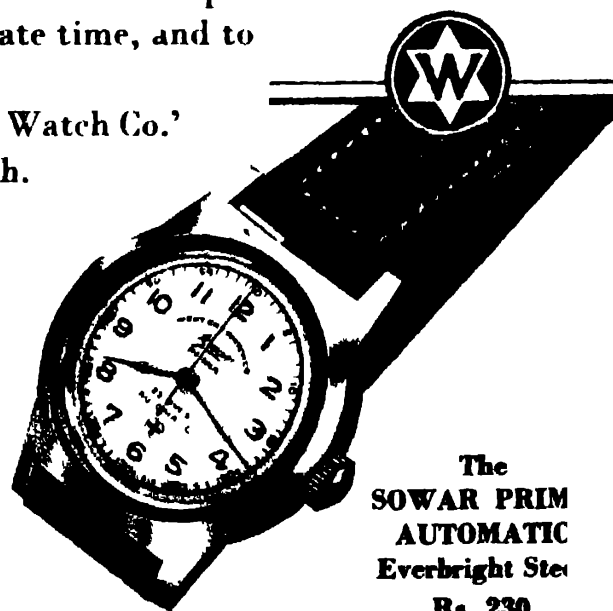
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But the pressure was on. The Press was already inflating the case to monstrous proportions. "Dreyfus is an agent of international Jewry," wrote *La Croix*, "which has decided to ruin the French people and acquire the territory of France." All unsolved treasons of the recent past were charged to the Jewish captain, and *Le Temps* and *Le Matin* joined in unearthing a love interest. Dreyfus had a sweetheart in Nice, they announced, an Italian beauty of noble birth who had seduced him into committing treason. *La Libre Parole*, *La Cocarde* and *La Patrie* all demanded that he be put to death.

It was obvious what would follow a failure to convict Dreyfus. Mercier would be out, probably the government, too. Possibly the entire General Staff would be replaced.

In this crisis a proposition was put forward by Colonel Sandherr. This was simply to confront the court with the Second Bureau's file on the case and classify it "secret," thus preventing the defence from examining it and tearing it to pieces.

General Mercier hesitated for a long time. That Dreyfus was actually guilty he never doubted, nor did any other officer on the staff except possibly Major Henry. But a War Minister cannot ignore the law without incurring grave risks. To set aside Article 101 in the present temper of affairs would be regarded as an act of patriotism. How would it

be regarded at some later date when the present temper changed? If some political opponent then brought it to light, it would be irreparably damaging.

He told Sandherr that he must have time to think about it. Three days passed without word from him.

Then on December 15 *La Libre Parole* announced triumphantly:

Dreyfus is committed for trial by court martial. Mercier with the brutal bluntness of his patriotism has prevailed over his enemies who conspired in the dark.

The die was cast. The ideal of government by law and not by men was committed to its ordeal.

IN SEARCHING for a lawyer to defend Alfred, the Dreyfus family settled on Edgar Demange. Demange of high repute in criminal law was a man of advanced age and a devout Catholic. He would not be attracted either by the withering publicity or by a fee, however large. Nor was there any nonsense in Demange about giving the benefit of the doubt to the defendant. "Should I find the least reason to doubt his innocence," he told the Dreyfus family,

I will refuse to defend him. In effect, I shall be his first judge."

Demange studied the family's evidence on Dreyfus's career and then called for the government's evidence under Article 101. He was thunderstruck. Was this all the *bordereau*, a dispute among some

better dressed men demand



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blucher cut with
mudguard front
—soft counter for
comfortable wear —
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handwriting experts, a prosecutor's petit-point of suppositions and theories? It was all. The decision to use the Second Bureau's secret file had not yet been taken.

The old man went to see Dreyfus in his cell. "I am convinced of your innocence," he said. "I will defend you."

The decision to go to trial taken, Dreyfus was permitted to write to his wife. "My judges are loyal and honest soldiers like myself," he wrote. "They will recognize the error that has been committed. I have nothing to fear."

The trial began on December 19, 1894, in an eighteenth-century palace on the Rue Cherche-Midi. The courtroom was large and gloomy, illuminated by yellow gaslight. Its tiny windows were cut into thick stone walls. The Press had intimated that the court martial would be held behind closed doors. As a result, few of the public attended.

Colonel Maurel, the presiding judge, ordered that the accused be escorted in. Captain Dreyfus entered rigidly. The thin-haired, bespectacled man, a small moustache under his sharp nose, his skin drawn and shining, had attired himself in the full dress uniform of an officer of the General Staff. He glanced round stiffly and felt reassured. Seven Army officers were to serve as judges; he was among his own. But he answered the first formal questions about his name, address and rank in a voice that, while firm and

carefully emotionless, yet had an artificial intonation. This had always happened when he was fighting for self-control. He had long known it made a bad impression. But that only made it more difficult to eliminate.

Proceedings began with an argument over whether the trial should be public. The prosecution wanted the trial held *in camera*. Demange, for the defence, naturally wanted the public present. A stormy debate ensued, in which the old man could hardly get a word finished. In the end the trial was declared secret.

It was a defeat, and Demange knew it. Dreyfus, too, sensed the significance of the ruling. The public prosecutor's ominous argument still rang in the suddenly hushed room: "There are other interests involved in this case than those of the defence or of the prosecution." Dreyfus's two brothers, Mathieu and Jacques, left grudgingly and anxiously. Only witnesses and experts, the chief of police and the official Ministry of War observer, Major Georges Picquart, were permitted to remain.

The early nervousness left Dreyfus when he began his testimony. He went over the various items listed in the *bordereau* in a matter-of-fact, almost discursive tone. He explained why it was impossible for him to have been in possession of information about the 120 mm. gun and its supporting troops, or on the Madagascar expedition, and why

he could not have written, "I'm off to the manoeuvres." His memory never failed him, and he did not hesitate over his answers.

His testimony occupied the court's first session. When it was over it was obvious that Captain Dreyfus had made a very good impression. Official observer Picquart reported to War Minister Mercier that it seemed quite likely that the court would acquit the prisoner.

This report made for a busy night in the War Ministry. The lights in high places burned late.

Together General Mercier and Colonel Sandherr sifted through the Second Bureau's records and put together a long memorandum. It consisted of the files of previously unsolved espionage cases, with commentary by General Mercier deftly linking Dreyfus to each. It included du Paty's "free translation" of the Italian telegram, and mentioned that Dreyfus had served at Bourges where an explosives formula had been stolen (although the theft occurred before his tour of duty there). It was in effect a kind of criminal biography which interpreted Dreyfus's studious and unrelenting zeal as a German-inspired desire to learn all about the French Army. They sealed it in a large envelope, placed this in a still-larger envelope, then sealed that, too, and gave it to du Paty to deliver to the court. It was to be given to the judges as they retired to deliberate on their verdict.

On the second day of the trial Major Henry asked to appear as a witness. Had he had any advance warning that Dreyfus was a spy? "Yes," he answered in a thunderous voice. An "unimpeachable source" had warned Major Henry as early as the previous March that there was a traitor in the Ministry of War. Then suddenly the witness pointed straight at the accused. "And there is the traitor!" he roared.

Dreyfus jumped indignantly to his feet. So did his counsel. They demanded under Article 101 that Henry name the person who gave the warning. Henry refused. And the presiding judge intervened. "You do not have to name the person," he told Henry. "It will suffice if you affirm on your honour that this person told you the traitor was Dreyfus." Major Henry lifted his hand to the crucifix and in a voice that shook the courtroom cried: "I swear."

On the fourth day of the trial, December 22, the presentation of evidence concluded. The verdict would now be deliberated. As the judges rose and prepared to retire, Major du Paty sauntered over and unobtrusively slipped the presiding judge the envelope from General Mercier. Colonel Maurel opened it and found a note from the War Minister requesting him to read the contents of the enclosed envelope to the judges in the course of their deliberation.

It was an impressively bulky espionage file, and whatever the commentary which accompanied it lacked in logic it made up for in authority. It was signed by General Mercier. It would not have taken a very clever lawyer to make hash of it, but no lawyer was present—only General Mercier's subordinates.

After an hour they called the court into session again to hear the final pleas. Demange spoke for three hours. He concentrated on the *bordereau*. After all, it was the only evidence the Republic had produced. The prosecutor's speech was brief. He suggested that the judges take a magnifying glass and examine the *bordereau* themselves. Then Dreyfus rose. "I am innocent," he said simply.

Dreyfus was now led from the courtroom. After another brief period of retirement the judges returned and Colonel Maurel read the verdict. It was unanimous. Captain Alfred Dreyfus was found guilty of treason and condemned to dishonourable discharge from the Army, to deportation and exile for life in a fortified place.

In the courtroom the only broken heart was Demange's. The old man wept aloud.

ON JANUARY 5, 1895, Alfred Dreyfus was publicly drummed out of the French Army. The proceedings, as formal as an execution, were held on the parade ground of the Ecole Militaire. The great crowds that

came to watch had to be held at bay by a heavy military cordon. They were in a lynching mood, and "Death to the Jew!" was heard from all sides.

Each regiment of the Paris garrison had sent a unit. A trumpet sounded, commands were barked, and a giant sergeant of the Republican Guard led out four soldiers with drawn swords. In their midst walked Captain Dreyfus.

The vast crowd was silent as the little group ground to a halt before General Darras, who sat awaiting them on horseback. The general drew his sword. In a voice that sounded tiny in that huge, silent space he cried: "Alfred Dreyfus, you are unworthy of carrying arms. We herewith degrade you in the name of the people of France."

Dreyfus stirred. He had been standing at attention. Now he flung back his head. "Soldiers!" he shouted. "An innocent is dishonoured. Long live France!" His voice, too, sounded tiny, but it carried to the crowd outside. The crowd roared back angrily, "Death to the Jew!"

The giant sergeant rushed at Dreyfus. He tore the epaulets from the captain's shoulders and then tore the red stripes, marking him as a General Staff officer, from his trousers. Finally he took the captain's sword and broke it in two. He threw the pieces on the ground. With the epaulets and the red stripes it made a little pile of refuse, all that remained



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of Dreyfus's once high place in the world.

Dreyfus was then marched past the soldiers ranked column after column in lines of parade dress. He walked with the unbending precision of a staff officer on inspection. The effect was ghastly. His uniform seemed suddenly naked. At regular intervals he threw up his arms and with a face that was nearly maniacal in its effort to conceal its suffering cried: "I am innocent. Long live France!"

Six weeks after this devastating ceremony, Dreyfus was en route to Devil's Island, the notorious French penal colony off the coast of French Guiana. He need not have gone there. For General Mercier, who still yearned for proof that the court-martial verdict was just, sent du Paty to his cell with a proposition: There were many ways in which his life in exile could be made supportable. The place chosen need not be a blistering rock in a desolate sea. It could be a garden spot. His family might be permitted to join him. There could be other privileges. Dreyfus had only to confess. He need not admit deliberate treason. It would suffice if he pleaded a moment of mental aberration, perhaps only criminal carelessness.

Dreyfus replied to this offer instantly, in a letter to General Mercier. The only privilege he wanted was that the search for the traitor be continued and pressed to a successful conclusion.

As he was being transported to the ship, the crowd at La Rochelle station angrily rushed the convict train and tried to mob him. Dreyfus thoroughly sympathized with their feeling. He was a soldier to the core, and the people's trust in their Army was a sacred charge to him. "I was transported as the vile scoundrel whom I represent deserves to be," he wrote to Lucie at the time. "As long as I represent such a miserable creature, I cannot but approve."

DREYFUS made the long voyage to Devil's Island in chains, and his incarceration there was arranged with fantastic caution. He was placed in a stone hut which was surrounded by a high stone wall. The windows and door were barred and from a small ante-room of the hut a guard, who was relieved every two hours, kept a constant watch on his movements. Five men were detailed for this duty.

He was never allowed to sit facing the sea. It was feared he might signal to someone in that blinding glitter. His request that work be assigned him was turned down; and Lucie's request to join him in exile—? favour the law accorded to wives of deportees—was likewise rejected. No letter containing any allusion to his case was allowed to reach him. When he was taken for a walk on the shadeless strip of rock adjoining his hut, no one was allowed to talk to him. His guards were not permitted to answer his questions.

Dreyfus maintained his rigid bearing and his military composure. But violent neuralgia began to rack his head. When storms stirred up the sea and the waves thundered against the rock, he took advantage of the sound to give vent to shrieks of despair. He waited for storms because he did not want anyone to hear him.

No one heard. He and his case were entombed in silence.

This existence continued for 18 months. Then the precautions concerning Dreyfus were suddenly doubled. All letters and packages from the outside world were stopped. Where there had been one man watching him day and night, there were now two, with orders to report Dreyfus's every gesture and change of expression. A second stone wall was erected round the first one, and for the two months until it was completed he was confined to his bed each night in double irons.

These measures were taken because Mathieu Dreyfus had made a move. The silence that had fallen over his brother's case was its worst enemy, he knew. He had resorted to a hoax to break it.

Through a friend, he succeeded in getting published in England a fabricated report that Dreyfus had escaped from Devil's Island. As Mathieu had expected, the item was widely reprinted and the entire Paris Press took it up. It caused the Minister of Colonies an immensely agitated hour while he awaited the official report from Devil's Island; and his

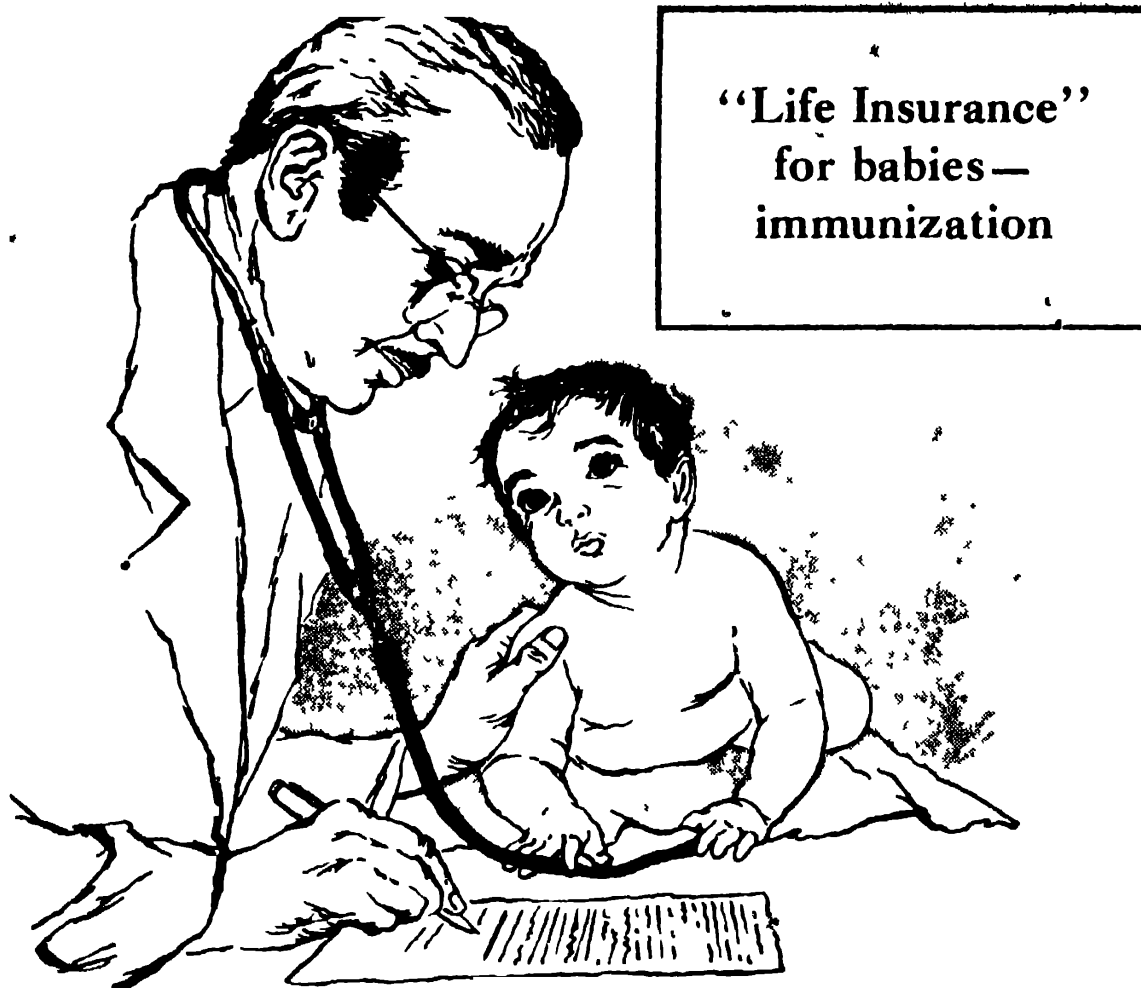
frenzied fears were communicated to Alfred's gaolers.

Mathieu's hoax accomplished nothing except publicity. But other developments, already under way in the War Ministry, were to keep the Dreyfus case very much alive.

IN MARCH of 1896, some 15 months after the case had been closed, an interesting *petit bleu* or special-delivery postcard came into the possession of the Second Bureau. It had been written by a woman friend of von Schwarzkoppen and given to him to post. Schwarzkoppen had never succeeded in posting it, for it was somehow stolen from him, or possibly even removed from the letter box. The message on the *petit bleu* was innocuous, but it was intimate in tone—and it was addressed to Major Count Ferdinand Walsin-Esterhazy!

It was brought to the desk of Georges Picquart, now a Lieutenant-Colonel and head of the Second Bureau. When Picquart first glanced at the *petit bleu* his reaction was immediate. "What, another spy?" he asked. "What is Esterhazy doing getting *petits bleus* via the German Embassy?" In view of the count's unsavoury record, Picquart decided to keep an eye on him.

Three months later Count Esterhazy made a mistake. Perhaps Major Henry had failed to warn him that he was being watched, perhaps it was simple brazenness. At any rate he chose this moment to make



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BEFORE World War II, health statistics show that up to 24% of the world's babies died before they were one year old. By 1952, this figure dropped to 16%. In many countries, the life expectancy for new babies has nearly doubled in the last 75 years—because doctors can now win out against many ills once fatal to young children.

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mycin are now highly effective against some forms of meningitis, which once killed 60% to 80% of its victims. Penicillin and other antibiotics have taken the fright away from pneumonia.

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Nature may protect newborn babies by equipping them with temporary immunities to many infectious diseases. But these immunities are gradually lost during the first few months of life and babies become susceptible to serious contagious diseases like smallpox, diphtheria, whooping cough.

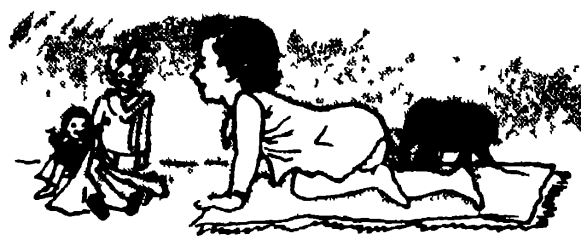
And keeping a baby "safe at home" doesn't mean he's free from danger. Germs can be brought into your house quite innocently by visitors—another child—a member of your own family. So it's extremely important to get protection against smallpox, diphtheria, and whooping cough *early*—by bringing your baby to your doctor or public health clinic for inoculations.

Immunization inoculations for smallpox, whooping cough, diphtheria and tetanus make your baby *immune* to these serious diseases—provide your baby with healthy, vigorous resistance to their deadly germs.

How long does immunization protection last? It varies—*smallpox* immunization can protect for 2-20 years, while *diphtheria* immunization must be reinforced before it can give protection for 4-5 years. Ask your doctor or public health worker about *your* baby's immunization requirements.

Immunization is the safest kind of "life insurance" you can buy for your child. It will help keep him safe from baby-killers like smallpox, diphtheria, whooping cough and tetanus. With the help of immunization, doctors have halved deaths from these dread diseases in just one generation.

And contagious diseases strike fast—without much warning. One sick child can soon infect many others in the community. Make sure *your* child is protected. Immunization is such an



easy, fast, practically painless way to protect your child.

The immunization timetable shown below will help you remember when to visit your doctor or public health clinic for inoculations. But remember—this table is a simplified guide. Your doctor may prefer to give additional reinforcing inoculation more frequently—or perhaps give your baby *combined* inoculations. So make an appointment to see your doctor *soon*. Give your baby protection when he needs it most!

<u>Disease</u>	<u>Inoculation at</u>
Whooping cough	2 to 6 months old, additional inoculations yearly until 45 years old
Smallpox	6 months old or earlier, additional inoculations on entering school
Diphtheria	2-6 months old, additional inoculations within a year, when entering school, and when 12 years old
Tetanus (lockjaw)	2-6 months old, additional inoculations yearly or following "dirty" wound or injury



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a written application for General Staff duty. The application came to Picquart's desk and it struck him that there was something familiar about the handwriting.

In his new post, Picquart had recently had occasion to examine the highly secret Dreyfus file. He now went directly to the safe, got out the *bordereau* from the Dreyfus envelope and compared its writing with that of Esterhazy. Immediately, he summoned the criminologist Bertillon. To Bertillon's credit, he did not quibble. He studied the *bordereau* again and then examined Esterhazy's application. "This is the man who wrote the *bordereau*," he said.

Picquart had once taught Dreyfus at the Ecole de Guerre. He did not like him and, unlike the other instructors, was not even impressed by his intelligence. But he was now to jeopardize his career to see justice done. His lonely crusade was to win him bitter enmities on the General Staff, cause his eventual imprisonment and all but ruin his life.

His conversation with General Charles Gonse was testified to subsequently in court.

"You should have kept the two cases separated," General Gonse said, when Picquart approached him. "The Dreyfus case is closed."

When Picquart insisted that it should be reopened, General Gonse lost patience. "What do you care for this Jew anyhow?" he asked.

"He is innocent," Picquart re-

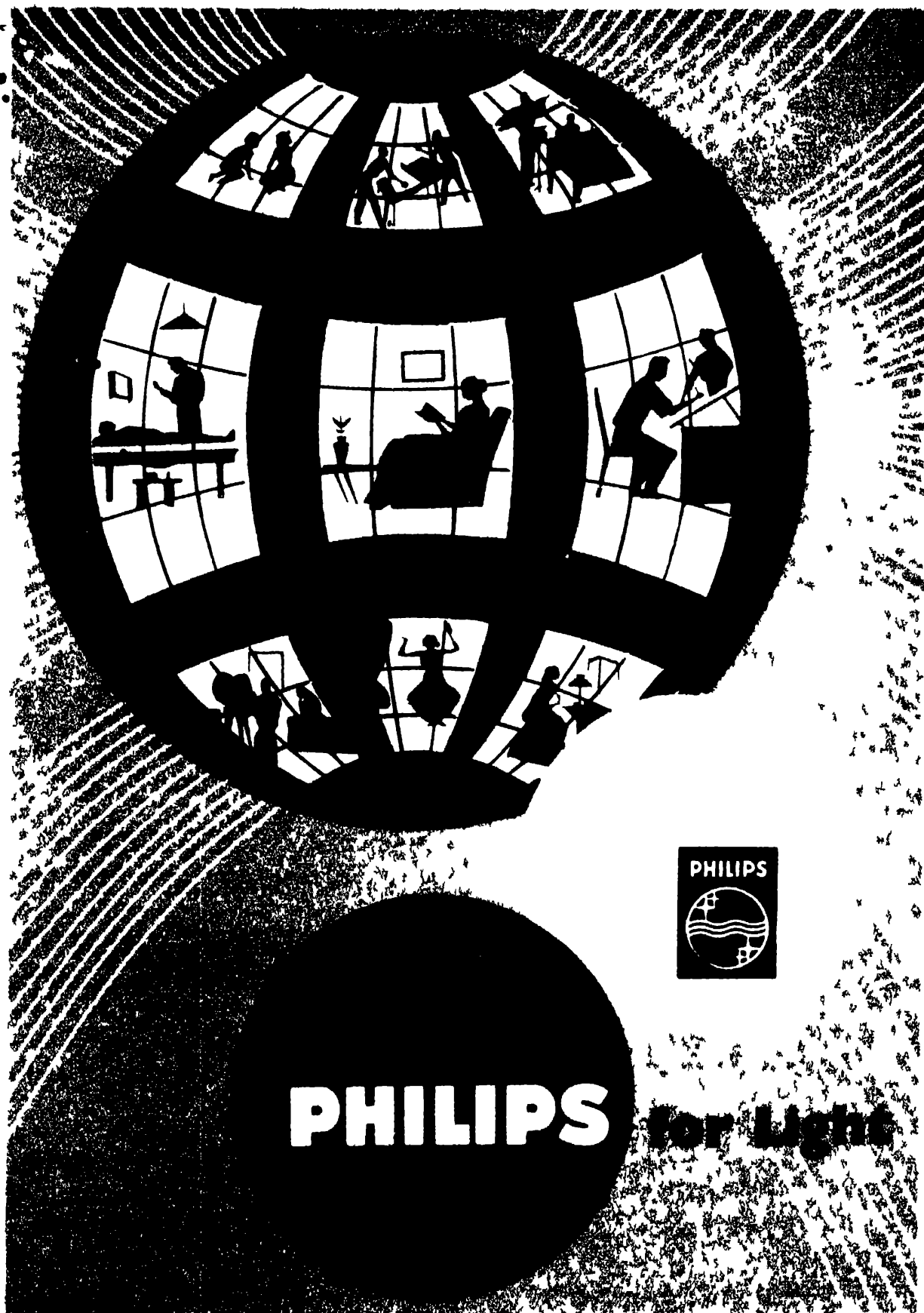
plied quietly. He could not understand why that should not be reason enough.

But the general understood. "For me," he said, "truth is what the Minister of War and the Chief of the General Staff tell me is true." Then he added, "If you keep silent, no one need find out anything."

Picquart forgot the difference in rank. He forgot the power of a general of the Army. "General," he cried, "what you say is abominable. I do not know yet what I am going to do. But I will not carry this secret to my grave."

The general did not freeze. He did not bark. But not long afterwards he ordered Picquart to investigate the Intelligence Service on the eastern border. When that task was done, he ordered him directly to the Italian frontier to inspect the Intelligence Service there. From the Italian frontier Picquart was sent urgently to Algiers, and from Algiers to Tunisia—each time with letters of praise for work well done. At first Picquart suspected nothing. But after nearly three months a friend wrote to complain that, whenever he inquired, the Second Bureau replied that Picquart was expected back immediately. How long was immediately, the friend asked. And Picquart realized that he had been practically exiled.

In his absence, Major Henry took over his place and ran things with his huge fist. Picquart's mail, addressed to the bureau, came to



PLX 33

Henry's desk for forwarding. Henry began steaming it open. A file on Picquart was started. Into it went whatever compromising material could be found, and if nothing could be found it was invented.

But there was a simpler way of disposing of the troublesome Picquart. Henry suggested that Gonse dispatch him to the Tripoli border where skirmishes were taking place. A bullet in the right place would, he felt, successfully stop any reopening of the Dreyfus case. General Gonse sent the order.

But Picquart had already ensured that the truth should survive. On a brief leave in Paris he had left with his lawyer, Louis Leblois, a letter to the President of the Republic. The letter, to be delivered in the event of Picquart's death, described how Picquart had discovered the real author of the *bordereau*. It concluded:

1. Walsin-Esterhazy is a German agent.
2. Acts charged to Dreyfus were committed by Esterhazy.
3. The Dreyfus case was treated with unheard-of lightness, with a preconceived conviction of Dreyfus's guilt, and in disregard of the law.

When Picquart told him the story in confidence, Leblois was profoundly disturbed. He finally obtained permission to impart the secret to reliable friends if he could do so without divulging Picquart's name.

The lawyer felt this could be managed. He got in touch with Auguste Scheurer-Kestner, Vice-President of the Senate, an old and trusted friend of the Dreyfus family. Senator Scheurer could do nothing until the mysterious officer Leblois represented was willing to come forward with proof. He hinted privately, however, that there was evidence of Dreyfus's innocence. When his views became known he was savagely reviled by the Press and ostracized in the Senate. His interest in the case was to bring him only abuse. But it was the beginning of a Dreyfusard or "revisionist" movement in high places.

COUNT ESTERHAZY was becoming increasingly uneasy. He knew that several people now suspected him of having written the *bordereau*. And when France's largest newspaper, *Le Matin*, published a facsimile of that famous document, having somehow obtained a photograph of it from one of the handwriting experts, he was thoroughly alarmed.

In his panic, he rushed to the German Embassy and told Schwarzkoppen that their connection had been discovered and would soon be made public by a leading senator. He suggested that Schwarzkoppen go to Mme Dreyfus and assure her that her husband had actually committed treason. Schwarzkoppen refused, and Esterhazy then said he had reached the end. He would kill himself in Schwarzkoppen's office.

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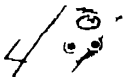
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The prospect failed to alarm the military attaché, and Esterhazy became enraged. He threatened to make public Schwarzkoppen's relations with a lady whom he named. Schwarzkoppen rang for an attendant and ordered Esterhazy to be shown out forcibly.

When he reported Esterhazy's melodramatics and growing recklessness to Berlin, it was decided that Schwarzkoppen had better get out before the brewing scandal boiled over. He was promptly recalled to Germany. On leaving Paris, he did the most that a spy can do for his own self-respect. He could not name one of his own agents. But in bidding the President a formal farewell, Schwarzkoppen assured him on his honour as an officer that he had had no dealings with Dreyfus.

Meanwhile Henry, aware of the mounting suspicion of Esterhazy, consulted du Paty, who assured Esterhazy on behalf of the General Staff that there was nothing to fear, that matters were well in hand. He was not exaggerating. In order to protect the count (who was quite capable of blackmailing him if he did not), Major Henry was busily forging fresh evidence to reinforce the case against Dreyfus. Capitalizing on Colonel Sandherr's recent death, Henry let the news leak out that he had discovered yet another secret file in Sandherr's office safe. It contained documents, he declared—shoals of them—certifying

Dreyfus's guilt. There were no fewer than seven letters in Dreyfus's own hand to the German Emperor. On one of them the Kaiser had scribbled a marginal comment to the German Ambassador, saying in effect that "the scoundrel" was getting more and more demanding but was to be kept satisfied.

SOME THREE YEARS after his brother had been convicted, Mathieu Dreyfus learned the identity of the real traitor. It came about by chance. Mathieu had brought out a pamphlet on the Dreyfus case, to be sold in the streets of Paris. On its cover was a reproduction of the *bordereau* as it had appeared in the newspaper *Le Matin*.

In a moment of idle curiosity, a stockbroker named Castro bought one of the pamphlets. He had had business dealings with Count Esterhazy, which had netted him only acrimonious correspondence. Castro now recognized the handwriting, and went to Mathieu with the letters Esterhazy had written him. Mathieu embraced him in gratitude; and on November 15, 1897, he formally charged Esterhazy with having written the *bordereau*.

Since, under French law, anyone with knowledge of a crime can bring a charge, an investigation could not be avoided. The General Staff wanted the charge dismissed at once on the technicality that the only evidence was the *bordereau* and that this was inadmissible because the

Dreyfus case was closed. But they were at the mercy of an adventurer's whims. Esterhazy insisted that he could not allow his reputation to remain under a cloud. He demanded a complete vindication. So the "investigation" dragged on.

Now that he was under fire, the newspapers lauded Count Esterhazy to the sky. Only the revisionist papers, a tiny segment of the Press, attacked him. *Le Figaro*, a small high-brow publication, brought up from the *bordereau* that telling bit, "I am off to the manoeuvre," and was now able to prove that Dreyfus had not attended the manoeuvres that year and that Esterhazy had.

Le Figaro also published, side by side, reproductions of the *bordereau* and of Esterhazy's handwriting so that its readers might judge for themselves. The mass-circulation papers retorted with two voices: one group said that the handwritings were not identical; the remainder said they had been "reliably" informed that Dreyfus had imitated Esterhazy's handwriting.

Esterhazy spent most of his time in newspaper offices, handing out juicy bits about "the international Jewish syndicate" and its plots to destroy the Army and thus France. He painted his own portrait in glowing colours. He was, it seemed, a superbly courageous man of indomitable will, fanatically jealous of his honour. His every word was enshrined in print for posterity and debated avidly. Paris was at his feet.

When he was finally brought into court on Mathieu's charges, the official announcement emphasized that Esterhazy was not being tried. His innocence had already been established. The trial, it was declared, was being held only in justice to Esterhazy. The accusation rather than the accused would be tried.

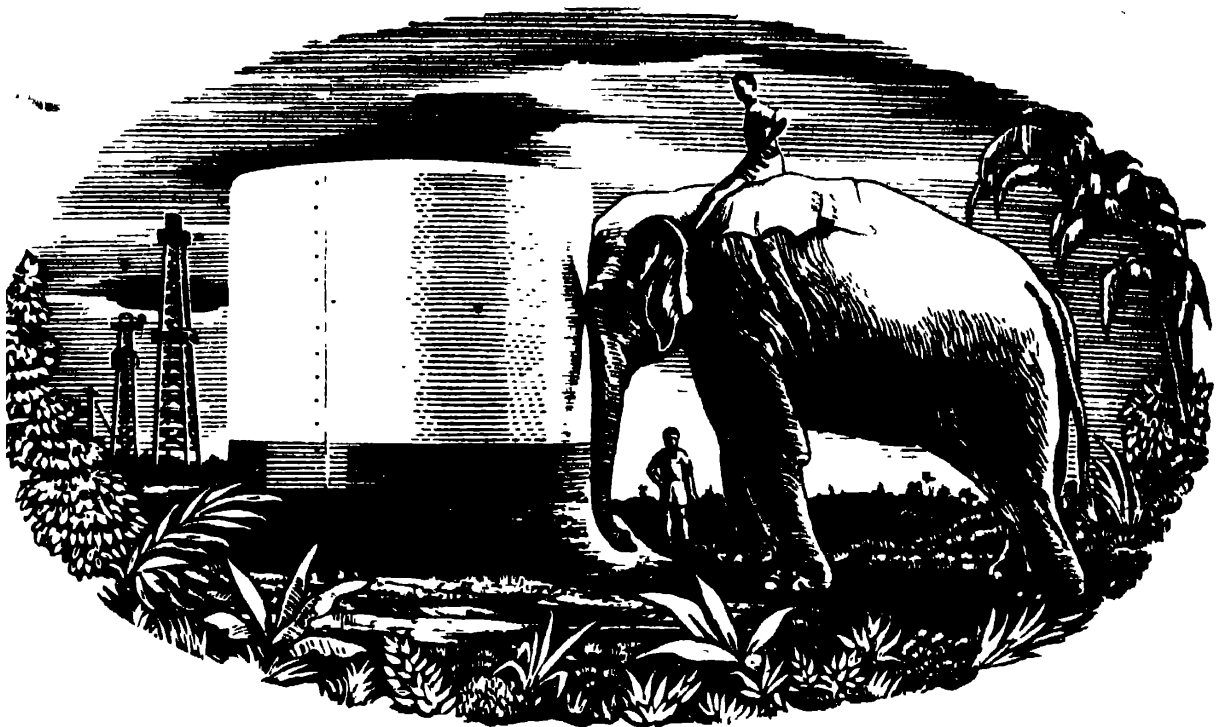
On the stand, Esterhazy made a calm and reserved witness. His one outburst occurred when he cried out fervently, "All I have said is as true as that I am innocent." It is perhaps the one truthful statement he made.

When Mathieu's turn came, Esterhazy's lawyer criticized him sharply for circulating a reproduction of the *bordereau*. "You may defend your brother before the court but nowhere else," the lawyer told him.

"I shall defend my brother everywhere," replied Mathieu. And the throng in the courtroom hissed its hate so loudly that it had to be called to order.

The bulk of the testimony was taken behind closed doors. At the end the public prosecutor formally dropped the charge against Esterhazy. Nevertheless, Esterhazy's attorney spoke for five hours. The court deliberated for three minutes, and then it voted unanimously for acquittal.

A pandemonium of joy broke out. It was as if France had won a great victory on the battlefield. Officers, newspapermen, women and



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men, old and young, rushed up to Esterhazy to embrace him with tears in their eyes. For long into the night triumphant processions marched through the streets of Paris chanting, "Long live Esterhazy! Long live the Army!"

One victim of the trial was Colonel Picquart, who had been summoned from Africa to testify. At the court he stood alone, isolated by the enmity of his fellow officers—a proud figure, handsome and poised. Only Senator Scheurer-Kestner talked to him, and Mathieu and Lucie Dreyfus, and Demange, who had been retained to represent Mathieu.

Despite heavy pressure, he resolutely gave his testimony about the *petit bleu* which linked Esterhazy with the German Embassy. But it was heard secretly behind closed doors; the opposition described the *petit bleu* as a forgery, and his sacrifice availed nothing. After the trial Picquart was arrested, charged with having divulged secret information, and held in the fortress of Mont Valerien for weeks.

And on Devil's Island, 5,000 miles away, Dreyfus's guard was increased to 13 men and a warden. A tower was built to watch over the sea. A large gun was mounted on its top. Dreyfus had no idea why. All postal privileges had been denied him for months, and the guards never spoke to him.

The acquittal of Esterhazy and

the arrest of Picquart made black headlines all over the world. France is no more, Europe mourned from Lisbon to Moscow. The country that had led Western civilization in her ideas of justice and freedom had fled from her senses. In her madness she had created a morally upside-down world in which, as one writer put it, "the fraudulent glorified fraud, and the impostors erected a monument to imposture."

"Courageous men defying tyrants are never wanting in history," wrote Georges Clemenceau, the Tiger, "but it requires true heroism to defy the tyranny of public opinion." The monster in France was now public opinion, inflamed and fed on lies by the ultranationalist Press. Few within or outside the government dared defy it.

True, there had always been Dreyfus adherents—about one per cent of the population by contemporary estimate—and they were found in all walks of life. Early Dreyfusards included the writer Anatole France; the scholarly director of the Pasteur Institute, Emile Duclaux; and the senator and former Minister of Justice, Ludovic Tratieux. Led by the aged Senator Scheurer-Kestner, this little band of stalwarts gave voice to the dissent. And slowly, one by one, other honest and courageous men began to line up with them. But Picquart's arrest came as a terrible blow, for the battle to see justice done now appeared lost.

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Then came January 13, 1898—and the leaden atmosphere of despondency was dispelled as if by the elemental force of a hurricane. On that date Clemenceau's newspaper, *L'Aurore*, published Emile Zola's *J'Accuse!* a title which was to become a watchword, for ever associated with Zola by the whole world. It was a challenge to France and to every Frenchman to hold by cherished ideals and stand up and be counted.

Zola was then at the peak of his world fame. His novels were best sellers in almost all civilized languages. He had been writing about the Dreyfus case in the columns of *Le Figaro*. But he came to realize that only a stark witness to faith—an invitation to martyrdom—could break the spell that had descended on the nation. He did not consult anyone but wrote for a night a day and another night until he had finished his appeal to sanity. In publishing it, he threw into the scales all he had attained in a lifetime of creative achievement.

J'Accuse! was a document of formidable power. With magic insight it pierced the smoke screen of fraud, confusion and contradictions, and showed with precision and clarity how the General Staff, having committed a fateful blunder, had attempted to cover it up and had sunk into a morass of fraud and forgery.

At the close of his long plea, Zola made several specific accusations. the last being:

I accuse the first court martial (of Dreyfus) of having violated all human rights in condemning a prisoner on testimony kept secret from him and I accuse the second court martial (of Esterhazy) of having covered up this illegality by order, committing in turn the judicial crime of acquitting a guilty man with full knowledge of his guilt.

Zola knew that he could be prosecuted for making these accusations.

The action I take here is designed to hasten the explosion of truth and justice. Let them dare to carry me to court, and let there be an inquest in the full light of day!

I am waiting.

The repercussions were immediate. *L'Aurore*, a paper of insignificant circulation, sold 300,000 copies of the *J'Accuse!* number. Thirty thousand letters and telegrams poured in from all parts of the world, testifying to the relief felt everywhere at Zola's stand and to mounting revulsion over the French dim-out of reason. In France itself, the internal tensions broke into violence. In Paris huge protest meetings were held, ending in bloody clashes. In other French cities angry crowds plundered Jewish stores, publicly burned copies of *J'Accuse!* and hanged Zola in effigy. The uproar, which sometimes had to be quelled by the military was to continue for weeks.

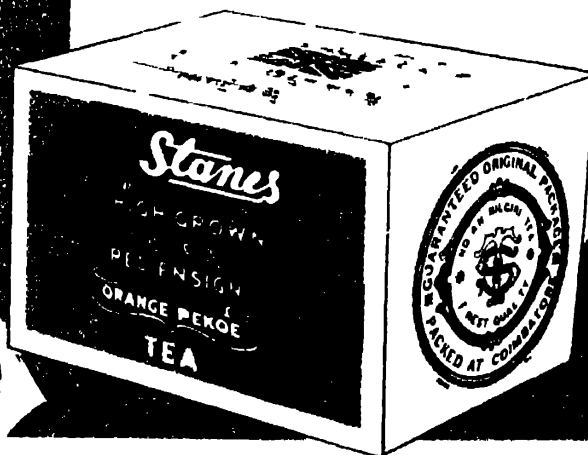
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could not let Zola's accusations go unchallenged, for both public and Press were demanding harsh punishment for him. Yet prosecuting him for libel would mean reopening the Dreyfus case, for the defendant had the legal right to attempt to prove the truth of his statements. A face-saving formula was finally devised. Zola would be charged with criminal libel only for that passage of *J'Accuse!* in which he stated that a court martial "acting on orders" dared acquit Esterhazy. This would give him the right to produce evidence against Esterhazy but not in favour of Dreyfus.

On February 7, 1898, the trial of Zola opened. It lasted for 15 days and was followed with anxious interest throughout the world. It intensified feelings that were already high, and Army troops were held in constant readiness to control the mobs that surrounded the building.

The judge made every effort to prevent the witnesses from wandering out of the narrow area embraced by the indictment. "The question is out of order" became the signature of the trial. For, on Zola's instructions, his attorney ignored Zola's defence and simply tried to reopen the Dreyfus case before the civilian court.

In his own plea Zola assured the jury that not he, and not Dreyfus, were on trial but France. The question was whether France was still true to her character as the guardian of justice and humanity. He ended

his speech with these words:

Dreyfus is innocent. I vouch for it with my life and honour. By all I have gained, by the name I have made, and my contribution to French literature, I swear to it. May all of this perish if he is not. Dreyfus is innocent.

The room was breathless. For an instant it seemed as if the Dreyfus case must be heard in public at last. But Zola was no match for the prestige of the General Staff. It was impossible to believe that these men, the cream of the Army, the backbone of national defence, could be forgers, liars and criminals. And the General Staff drew the issue clearly. It would resign *en bloc* if the jury acquitted Zola.

It took the jury only 35 minutes to bring in the verdict. By an eight-to-four vote, Zola was pronounced guilty. He was given the maximum penalty, one year in prison and a fine of 3,000 francs.

The news caused riotous joy throughout France, and political parties vied with one another claiming the lion's share in the triumph. Abroad, the dismay was almost universal. English and Continental newspapers called the sentence savage and barbaric, and felt that France's moral decay augured ill. The unanimous hostility abroad only strengthened the prevailing opinion in France, however, for the French public resented it and were quick to dismiss any appeal, advice or opinion coming from outside.

But the Dreyfus case would not die. The excitement Zola had touched off in France continued to rage at fever pitch. The battle over Dreyfus's innocence or guilt was carried on in hundreds of pamphlets. It seemed that almost everybody wished to make a public declaration of his stand. The scientists lined up almost to a man on the revisionist side, professors of the humanities and writers were divided. The revisionist youth set up headquarters in a bookshop in the Latin Quarter and took their work with great seriousness. Jules Renard's diary tells of a young man whose family desired him to marry a certain girl. He requested her parents to let him have her photograph and also to inform him of her views on the Dreyfus Affair. A French expedition to the Arctic wintered on an iceberg and was feared lost. When they were found in the spring their first question to their rescuers was, "What about Dreyfus. Is he free?"

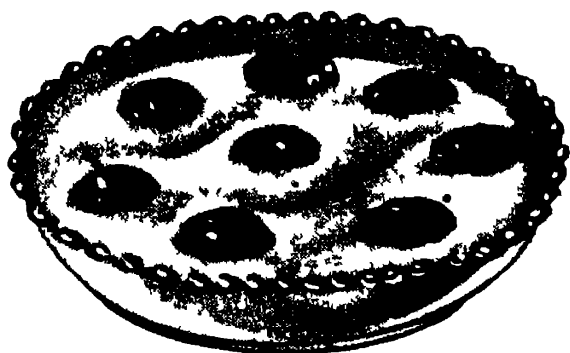
Godefroy Cavaignac, the new War Minister who now came into office, felt the government had mishandled the Dreyfus case and was convinced he knew what to do about it. Cavaignac firmly believed in Dreyfus's guilt, in the existence of the Jewish syndicate and, innocent that he was, in the integrity of the General Staff and its documents. He wanted to end the debate once and for all by simply bringing all the secret documents into the open,

and thus prove Dreyfus's guilt beyond question.

From the now vastly swollen Dreyfus file (Henry had added sheaves of irrelevant documents to make examination difficult) Cavaignac selected the best evidence he could find. It included a letter from the Italian military attaché, Panizzardi, which mentioned Dreyfus by name. Shortly afterwards, when he spoke in the Chamber, he announced he would read from "three documents chosen out of a thousand pieces of correspondence exchanged for six years between people active in espionage." He felt this evidence answered the question about Dreyfus's guilt "definitely, conclusively and for ever." The deputies agreed, hailed Cavaignac as a soldier-statesman and voted to display his speech publicly throughout the country.

That honestly indignant speech became the turning point in the Dreyfus case. For when Picquart read it he at once recognized the documents cited. As a result of his forthright testimony in the Zola trial, Picquart had been retired from the Army for "grave shortcomings in service." He knew the step he was taking might lead him to prison again, or worse. Yet he now wrote to the Prime Minister.

Up to the present I did not feel free to give an account of the secret documents on the strength of which Dreyfus's guilt was allegedly established. The Minister



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of War quoted three of these documents in the Chamber. I consider it my duty to let you know that two of the documents quoted do not refer to Dreyfus, and the third has all the characteristics of a forgery.

A careful examination of the documents, which Prime Minister Henri Brisson now ordered, revealed that the Panizzardi letter was indeed a forgery. It consisted of two letters, glued expertly together. When Minister of War Cavaignac was informed, he summoned Colonel Henry and confronted him with the forged document. How did he explain it? After an hour of denials Henry conceded that he had rearranged a few sentences but denied that he had fabricated the text.

He stubbornly stuck to his denial, then conceded one step. "My superiors were disturbed. I wanted to calm them. I said to myself: 'Let us add a sentence that can pass as proof in the situation in which we are.' I acted alone and in the interest of my country."

But after further savage prodding, Henry finally admitted he had manufactured the whole letter except for the signature. Cavaignac at once informed the Press and ordered Henry's arrest.

The next morning—it was August 30, 1898 — Colonel Henry was found dead in his cell. He had used a razor to cut his throat.

THE EFFECT of these events on the Army was shattering. General

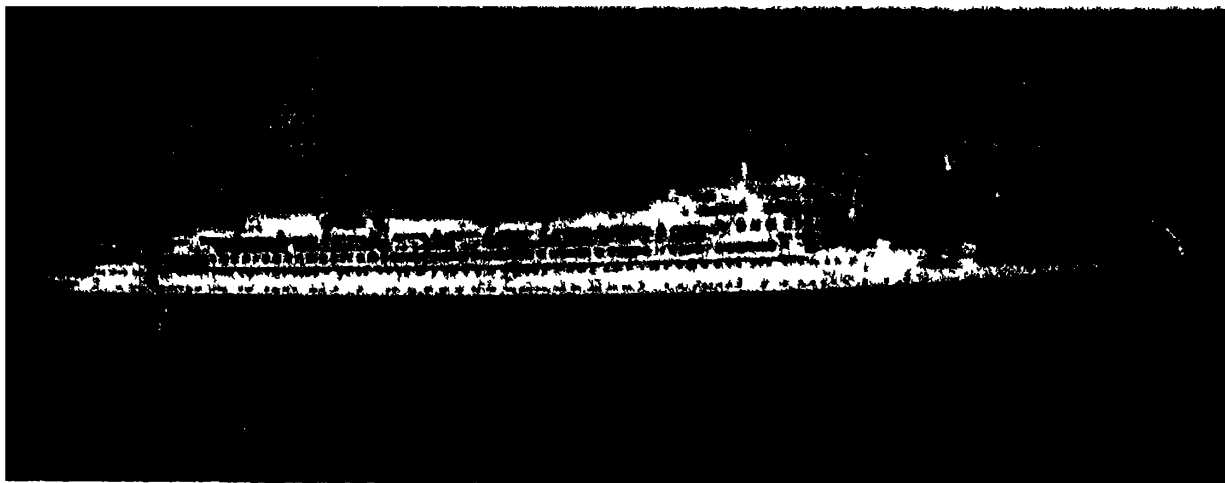
Raoul de Boisdeffre, Chief of the General Staff, resigned at once, as did General Georges de Pellieux, who was indignant at having been deceived into misleading the jury in the Zola trial.

Esterhazy, when the news of Henry's suicide reached him, fled without luggage to London. The time had come to confess for a good price, and take revenge on his accomplices for deserting him. His side of the story, vividly written, was soon appearing serially in both London and Paris.

The late Colonel Sandherr, he insisted, had briefed him to become an agent of the Germans, to sell them inconsequential data and garbled versions of secret documents. His mission had been to gain access to German secrets, he said.

A retrial of Dreyfus now became inevitable. Overnight everybody seemed to have turned revisionist. The government deliberated night and day. The anti-revision bloc was still powerful, but Premier Brisson was determined on a new trial. He dispatched a friend to Mathieu Dreyfus advising him to petition for one. Demange, whose large practice had crumbled away because of his defence of Dreyfus, immediately complied.

The Army tried every possible manoeuvre to defeat the move, including the re-arrest of Picquart; but the revisionist fold was growing constantly now, even within the government. Some six months after



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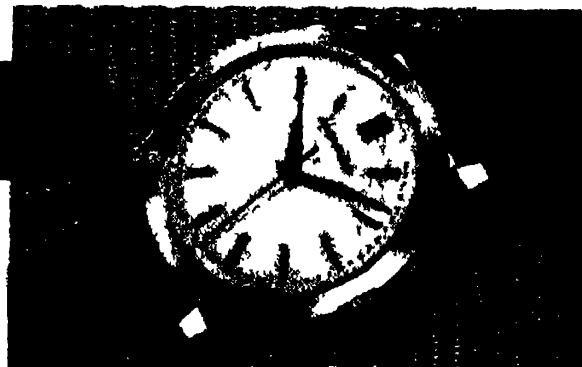
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the petition for retrial was presented the Senate enacted a special law enabling the High Court of Appeal to review the case. The court studied it for three months, then voided Dreyfus's original sentence and ordered him to stand a new trial before a court martial at Rennes.

RENNES was a sleepy town in devoutly Catholic Brittany. The trial was held in the high-school hall, the only place large enough to hold the crowds. When Captain Dreyfus was brought in, avid eyes were turned on him to see at last the man behind the legend. For years now every person present had known Dreyfus's name as well as his own, yet hardly anybody had ever seen him.

Dreyfus had been brought back to France on the cruiser *Sfax*. The news that he was to be retried, that the outside world had remembered his existence, had come as such a shock that he had feared he would not survive it. Only 39 years of age, he was now an old man, grey-haired, frail. The eyes behind the glasses were so pale they seemed a ghostly blue. His skin, like faultily tanned hide, yellowed and browned, appeared glued to the protruding bones of his face. Even in his brand-new uniform he looked no more than a bag of bones.

Through an accident of time and place this man had been for years a symbol in a clash of ideas so violent that its fury nearly drove France to fratricide. But to have responded

with emotion to the rôle foisted upon him would have struck him as indecorous and unmilitary. Clemenceau complained that "Dreyfus never understood the Dreyfus case." And a younger Dreyfusard, Leon Blum, wrote: "If he had not been Dreyfus, he would not even have been a Dreyfusard."

Dreyfus defined his point of view later: "I was only an artillery officer prevented by a tragic error from following my career. Dreyfus, the figurehead of justice, was not I. He was created by you." Certainly a courtroom appeal to the feelings of others would have violated his own deepest feeling. He would not even reveal his physical misery. His weakened condition and loss of self-control became apparent only when his eyes would suddenly stream tears. Otherwise his bearing remained militarily stiff, reserved, colourless.

The defence was not well conducted, and a grave error was made in permitting the exclusion of the public after Dreyfus's testimony was taken. Demange was now very old and had lost much of his force. His co-attorney, Fernand Labori, who had defended Zola, was shot in the streets of Rennes by a rabid anti-Dreyfusard. The wound was not serious, but until it healed the ineffectual Demange was left to conduct the case alone.

General Mercier dominated the trial. He was a poised and impressive figure, and his testimony

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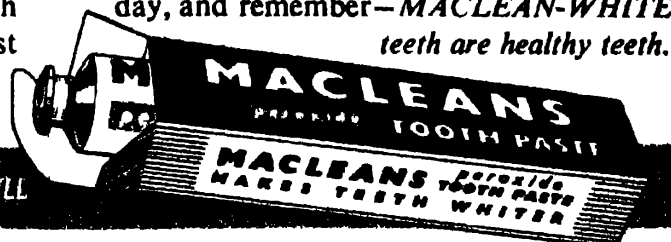
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ALSO AVAILABLE WITH CHLOROPHYLL



abounded with hints that what he told was but part of the truth, that the whole truth was still too dangerous to France to tell. Mercier described the days when Dreyfus had been put under arrest. The German Emperor, through his ambassador, had threatened war, he said. Those had been days and nights of anxiety. He, Mercier, had kept the Chief of the General Staff on the alert to issue the order for mobilization at a moment's notice. In such a situation legal scruples were not so compelling as in less critical times, and of course you couldn't aggravate things by divulging proofs.

In summing up, Mercier thrust home the final dagger. "My convictions have not changed since 1894. They have only been strengthened by a more thorough study of the files and by the attempts I have seen to prove that guilt is innocence."

The judges, a cross-section of officers from the provincial garrison, were perhaps fair. But in a military court, if it comes to the question whether it is a captain or a general who is lying, the general gets the better of it. After 33 sessions and a parade of 115 witnesses, the court, by a vote of five to two, again found Dreyfus guilty of high treason and sentenced him to ten years in prison.

It COULD not stand. The world responded to the verdict with a tempest of indignation. From Russia to America people were shaken by the

event. It was incomprehensible to them. French embassies and consulates all round the globe were besieged by protest demonstrations. Mass meetings were held to urge the boycott of everything French, including the World Exhibition in Paris, scheduled for the coming year. Everywhere was echoed the comment, "Not Dreyfus but France stands condemned."

The Premier of France, anticipating just such a reaction at home as well as abroad, had made no secret of the fact that he would not allow a conviction to remain in effect. Now he promptly issued Dreyfus a full pardon. On September 19, 1899, after he had spent almost five years in prison, Dreyfus was released. In order to recuperate safe from mob annoyances, he moved with his family to Switzerland.

Clemenceau opposed the whole idea of pardon since it was an acknowledgment of inability to get justice from a French court. The Dreyfusards had been fighting not only for Dreyfus but for law in French courts. Picquart, who had spent nearly a year in prison because of his efforts to free Dreyfus, bitterly resented the fact that a pardon was accepted without consulting him. He felt that in accepting it Dreyfus had acknowledged guilt. Thus Picquart was left alone to face the hatred and contempt of the Army he still loved. The pardon freed Dreyfus, but it did not vindicate Picquart for championing him.

Mathieu Dreyfus had not objected when his brother accepted a pardon. But he would not rest content until the Dreyfus name had been completely exonerated. He kept digging away at every aspect of the case until, finally, he found an approach which was rewarding. One of the judges who voted for acquittal in the Rennes trial had since retired. Mathieu cultivated his acquaintance and eventually learned the details of how the Rennes trial was conducted. Above all, he secured the vital intelligence that General Mercier had used the same trick on the second court martial that he had used on the first: secret forged documents which the defendant was given no opportunity to inspect.

Armed with this new evidence, Mathieu presented a request for revision, and in March, 1904, this was sent to the High Court of Appeal. That court, determined to leave no doubt or ambiguity unresolved, ordered a new hearing.

The hearing was long and exhaustive—a parade of witnesses and documents from the past; from the Rennes court martial of five years before, from the Zola trial before that, from the Esterhazy trial and from the first trial of Dreyfus in 1894. When it was over the High Court, on July 12, 1906, set aside the sentence of the Rennes court martial and declared its verdict of “Guilty” erroneous. The court announced that there existed no

incriminating evidence of any kind against Dreyfus and that a retrial was unnecessary since there had never been any facts to try. At last, after 12 years, the case was closed.

THE GOVERNMENT without delay undertook the rehabilitation not only of Dreyfus but of Picquart as well. “To liberate the conscience of France,” both chambers voted to re-integrate the two officers into the Army. Dreyfus was promoted to *chef d’escadron* and awarded the Legion of Honour as “an appropriate reparation for a soldier who had endured a martyrdom without parallel.” Picquart was recommended for the rank he would normally have achieved by now—brigadier general.

General Picquart went on to become Minister of War in 1908, in Clemenceau’s Cabinet. Dreyfus retired from the Army after a year, but was summoned back in 1914, and fought in two of the bloodiest battles of the First World War—Chemin des Dames and Verdun. The other principal of the case, Major Esterhazy, survived to an obscure old age in the slums of London under the name of Count Jean de Voilemont.

Perhaps the high point in the drama of restitution—in righting the terrible wrong done to Captain Dreyfus—came in 1906, immediately after his vindication. It was a ceremony at the Ecole Militaire grounds, the same spot where, 12

years earlier, Dreyfus had endured such frightful degradation. It was not public; only a few friends were invited.

Dreyfus arrived at half past one and quietly chatted with a group of officers. A trumpet sounded a call. Two *escadrons de cuirassiers* formed a rectangle. A captain went to escort Dreyfus who was in full dress. They stepped briskly along the line of *cuirassiers* and drew up before Brigadier General Gillain.

The general drew his sword. Four calls sounded from the trumpet.

"In the name of the President of the Republic and on the basis of the power conferred on me, Commander Dreyfus, I make you a Knight of the Legion of Honour," the general announced, and touched his

sword three times to Dreyfus's shoulders. He pinned the cross on Dreyfus's black dolman and kissed him on both cheeks.

The last trumpet calls rang out. Dreyfus stood to attention as the troops marched off to the sound of fanfares. Suddenly a boy ran up to embrace him. It was his son Pierre. Only then did Dreyfus burst into tears.

Seated in an open carriage flanked by Mathieu and his son, Dreyfus rode out of the grounds. There was a surprise. A crowd estimated at 200,000 had gathered spontaneously in the streets. Hats were raised to Dreyfus. "Long live Dreyfus! Long live justice!"

He waved greetings and thanks, a smile on his pale face.

Art Connoisseur

A WEALTHY businessman, in quest of an even wealthier widow, consulted a matrimonial agent. A candidate described as "a girl who looks like a picture" took the client's fancy, and the agent arranged for them to meet her at a corner table in a certain restaurant.

The client winced as he spotted the woman, conspicuous by her cauliflower ears, a nose that resembled a bent mudguard, and a hank of hair that fell over her forehead like a dangling participle. "I thought," he scolded the go-between, "that you said she looked like a picture."

The agent shrugged. "Either you like Picasso or you don't!"

—Hy Gardner in New York *Herald Tribune*

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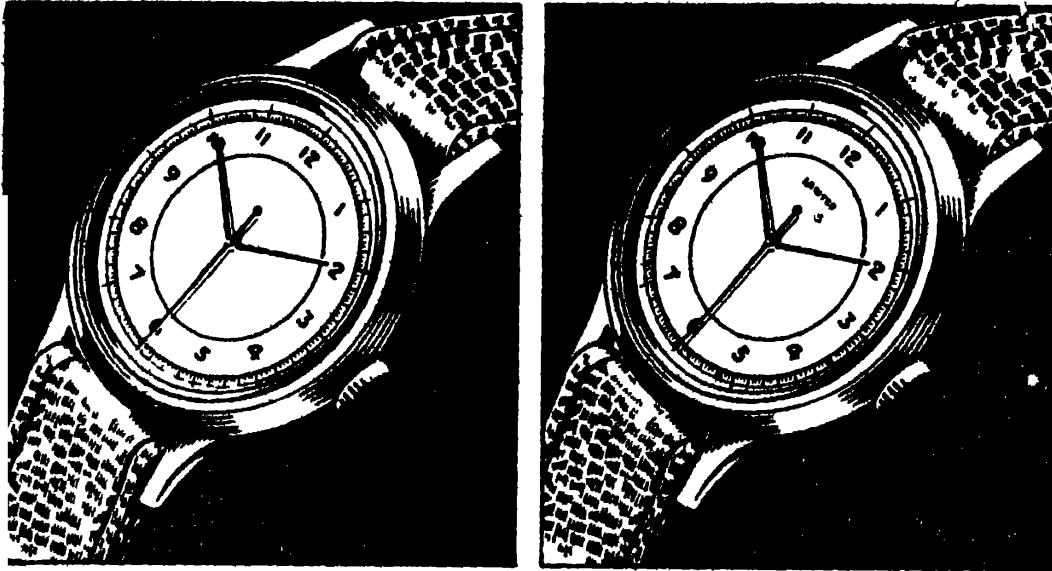
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Does advertising influence quality?



SUPPOSE you want to buy a watch. You find two that are the style, type and price you want. One is a well-known make, the other has no maker's name shown anywhere. Almost certainly you'll choose the one made by a maker whose name you know and trust.

How do you come to trust a certain maker's name? Simply, because he is not ashamed of telling you about his products. The article itself, the package, are clearly marked with a brand name. More than that, he *advertises*. By seeing advertisements in which he tells you about his goods and their qualities, you learn what advantages they have for you, what needs they are designed to meet. If, when you bought his goods, they proved unsatisfactory, you would certainly never buy them again—you'd know that brand was one to avoid.

That is why "advertised goods are

good goods." The manufacturer or retailer who advertises knows that if his products do not live up to the claims he has made for them, no one will want to buy them a second time.

Advertising, therefore, is a powerful influence in maintaining the *quality* of goods—and so performs a most valuable service to the public. For the manufacturer himself, advertising is just as useful, it enables him to tell large numbers of people, cheaply and efficiently, about his product, so that he sells more. Because he sells more, he can very often reduce prices, and so enable more people to buy better goods.

So advertising makes an endless chain of cause and effect—benefiting everyone. And, because *The Reader's Digest* accepts only advertisers of repute, you can place extra reliance on what you see in its advertisement pages.

